THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

FEBRUARY, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Short Stories of Our Time

THE Authors League of America has in preparation an edition de luxe of certain celebrated short stories by members of the League. The edition of this book will probably be limited to three hundred copies, to be sold at twenty-five dollars a copy, the net profits from the venture to be made the basis of a fund for the furtherance of the ideas for which the League stands.* The plans for the volume at the present writing call for a selection of from twelve to fifteen stories. Then there will be autographed portraits of the authors of the stories and considerable original matter in the form of introductions in which the writers will tell of the inception of these tales, of the pleasures and trials of writing them, and of such adventures as they experienced after they had been written. Alphonse Daudet did much the same thing elaborately and wonderfully well in his "History of My Books," in which he told the stories of his experiences in the writing of *Tartarin of Tarascon, Little What's His Name, Letters from My Mill, Kings in Exile, Numa Roumestan, Fromont and Risler* and *Jack*.

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The Authors League of America has a distinguished and promising precedent for its venture in the *Liber Scriptorum* that was issued in 1893 by the Authors Club of New York. Almost two years earlier Mr. Rossiter Johnson had laid before the Council of the Authors Club the project of the *Liber Scriptorum,* to be made up of contributions from each member of the Club and signed by them in each copy; the edition to be limited to two hundred and fifty-one copies and sold at a subscription price of one hundred dollars. The object was, primarily, to form the nucleus of a building fund. The plan was adopted, and Rossiter Johnson, John D. Champlin, and George Cary Eggleston were appointed to be the editors of the publication. The profits of the *Liber Scriptorum* amounted to over ten thousand five hundred dollars, which provided for the furnishing of the Authors Club's rooms, the foundation of a library, and left a balance of five thousand dollars, that was invested in bonds and held as a nucleus of a building fund.

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While there are a number of conspicuous absentees, the membership list of the Authors League of America may be said to contain fully seventy-five per cent. of the best writing talent in the United States. In view of that the problem of making up the book in preparation is one entirely of selection and not of finding material. As a balm for wounded susceptibilities, the announcement has been made that this first volume will eventually be followed by others, in

*Any one wishing to know of these ideas can address the Secretary of the Authors League, 30 Broad Street, New York City.

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which will appear the stories of writers who are being neglected in the initial venture. At the risk of darkening glances and unkind thoughts we are going to say a few words on the subject of the most conspicuous short stories by members of the League that have appeared in recent years. By conspicuous we do not necessarily mean best, and it is obvious that many a writer of high talent will have to be overlooked simply because he or she has never been associated with one particular tale that stood out prominently above all the rest. To illustrate by a reference to the past—for the past cannot possibly hurt any one's feelings. Suppose Mr. Thackeray were alive to-day and a member of the League. He would concededly be the master of them all, yet it would be exceedingly difficult to give him representation in making up the list. Whereas on the other hand it would be impossible to ignore Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" despite the fact that, artistically, it is one of the most over-estimated and drearily written of all famous short tales.

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In going over in alphabetical order the membership list of the Authors League of America, the first name that attracts attention is that of Mr. George Ade. As representing Mr. Ade, we should select not one of the "Fables in Slang," but one of the best of his "Doc Horn" stories. The name of Gertrude Atherton presents a problem. Mrs. Atherton could not very well be overlooked, yet just what short story should be the one selected? Most readers of Josephine Daskam Bacon would, we think, hit upon "Ardelia in Arcady" as the logical choice in that case. Rex Beach presents approximately the same problem as does Mrs. Atherton, while on the other hand one has only to mention the name of Ellis Parker Butler to hear an imaginary chorus of "Pigs Is Pigs." A name or two farther on is that of Mr. Walter Camp, but Mr. Camp's only conspicuous contributions to fiction have been his selections of "All America" football teams. Which, though true, is flippant and entirely beside the subject. Coming to Robert W. Chambers, we can offer a real opinion. Though it was written many years ago, Mr. Chambers's "The King in Yellow" remains one of the most gruesome, entrancing, and haunting of modern short tales, and in whatever new form it may appear we wish it more and more readers. To the name of the League's President, Winston Churchill, there is just one answer. It is "Mr. Keegan's Elopement." James B. Connelly should be considered for representation, and so should Mary Stewart Cutting, and Maria Thompson Daviess. We are sorry that after Miss Daviess's name that of Richard Harding Davis does not appear, for somehow, we feel that any list of the American short stories of the past twenty years that does not contain "The Exiles," "The Other Woman," "The Bar Sinister" or "Gallegher" is more or less incomplete.

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There is a Deland in the membership list, but it is not Margaret Deland. So mentioning casually Harris Dickson, Thomas Dixon and Edna Ferber, we come to a consideration of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Here again is a case of unanimity for representation and division for selection. As we have to cast some sort of a ballot we write on it "An Humble Romance" and drop it into the box. Hamlin Garland should not be overlooked and certainly Ellen Glasgow belongs, though we should have difficulty in saying in just what form. Still in the G's is the name of Robert Grant. Mr. Grant is an industrious and competent literary workman, but if he has written any short story that can really be called conspicuous we confess that we have forgotten it. While not fiction, "The City That Was," that vivid description of old San Francisco before the earthquake came, unquestionably entitles Will Irwin to consideration, while no one who has read "The Future President" will be likely to question Mr. Owen Johnson's right to figure in the first book of the venture. Basil King

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should be considered, so should Joseph C. Lincoln, and Jack London, of course, from many different angles. If we are willing to consider "The Call of the Wild" a short story, the problem of Mr. London ceases to be a problem. Harold MacGrath must not be entirely overlooked, and when we come to George Barr McCutcheon, it is the simplest matter in the world simply because "The Day of the Dog" is so far and away the best bit of writing that Mr. McCutcheon has ever done. Cleveland Moffett once wrote a short story entitled "The Mysterious Card," which became so conspicuous that popular clamour forced him to write a sequel. "The Mysterious Card" was a very good story, but of the sequel the less said the better.

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The name of Meredith Nicholson inevitably catches the eye, but again is the problem of finding the one individual short story. When we come to Alice Hegan Rice it is the matter of Jack London over again. Are we to consider "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary" short stories? Kate Douglas Riggs is a problem. In her case it is not a question of finding one dominant short story, but in trying to decide between a number of them. With brief mentions of Mary Roberts Rinehart, Morgan Robertson and Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President of the League, we pass on to the S's and, among the Smiths, look in vain for that of the creator of our old friend, Colonel Carter of Cartersville. A little farther down the column appear Burton E. Stevenson, Julian Street and Ruth McEnery Stuart. Julian Street supplied just the individual kind of story wanted in "The Need of Change." Many discriminating readers will tell you how infinitely better the late George du Maurier's little read *Peter Ibbetson* was than his widely exploited *Trilby*. But the preference is not entirely due to discrimination. Had it been *Peter Ibbetson* that had won all the glory these same readers would very likely have been extolling *Trilby* to the comparative disparagement of the earlier book. Much the same thing is going on with Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Cherry," many persons professing to find in the comparatively neglected tale of colonial New Jersey an atmosphere far surpassing that of the more opulent romance of Bath. In our opinion it would not greatly matter which one of the two was selected. But a volume of this kind that contained neither of them would be quite inconceivable. If for no other reason Rowland Thomas's "Fagin" should be considered because it was a prize story that really deserved the prize it won. The name of Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy next attracts attention. It attracts more attention when we are confronted with the astonishing information that she is the author of *The Valiants of Virginia*. Then follow the names of Louis Joseph Vance, Jean Webster, Carolyn Wells and Jesse Lynch Williams. In the case of Mr. Williams there could be no hesitation. "The Stolen Story" has been one of the conspicuous short stories of the last twenty years, and that settles the matter. Personally, however, we consider "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain and The Great Secretary of State Interview" quite as ingenious as "The Stolen Story." Concluding, we call attention to the fact that the list of the League membership contains also the names of Harry Leon Wilson, Eugene Wood and Brand Whitlock.

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We have suggested that Will Irwin, despite the fact that he has written considerable fiction, should be considered as the author of the descriptive sketch "The City That Was." Which is a way of expressing our opinion that in selecting the material for the book like that that is being planned it is advisable to make use of considerable latitude and on occasion to go outside of fiction. For example, we should like to see the book include one of the early Dooley sketches of Finley Peter Dunne, preferably that one in which Mr. Dooley gave his opinions about the poetry of Rudyard Kipling. What Dooley liked about Kip-

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ling, it will be remembered, was that in his verse one could follow the really important news of the day, the pennant chances of the Chicago Cubs, and how Fitzsimmons was training for the fight. According to Dooley, if some one was unfortunate enough to tumble through a man-hole in the Archey Road there was Rudyard on the spot with his ready pen.

'Tis written of Cadi Cashum
In the Book of the Great Gazelle
That a manhole cover in anger
Is ten degrees worse than hell.

Which is nearly Kipling, though allusion to it seems to be carrying us a little away from the subject under discussion.

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It has been said that a feature of this projected book of the Authors League of America is a certain amount of new material in which the writers of the tales selected will tell the story of the inception, writing and adventures of these tales and shall talk of three or four of them now, and more in a later issue. We are at liberty to outline in THE BOOKMAN some of these introductions. We take it for granted that our readers are familiar with the plots of most of the selected tales, and are beginning, haphazard, with George Barr McCutcheon's story of the writing of "The Day of the Dog." That little book all came out of a dream. All his life Mr. McCutcheon has been dreaming plots and situations. Most of these dreams are forgotten. Some of them are jotted down in a waking moment or remembered in the morning. Usually these so preserved are found, in the bright light of day, too grotesque for any purpose; the idea that at the moment seemed one of the great new ideas of the world is nothing more than a tangle of gorgeous absurdities. But there are exceptions. For example, there were four or five episodes in Mr. McCutcheon's *The Rose in the Ring,* which grew out of the author's dreams. Mr. McCutcheon thinks that it was perhaps because he was going back so far, reliving in memory those boyhood days when the circus was a source of never-ending wonder and delight. It was much the same with "The Day of the Dog." In the dream he saw it all from the beginning of the tale to that critical moment when the hero, Crosby, and the heroine, Mrs. Delancy, were perched up aloft just out of reach of the leaps of the enraged bull dog. The situation was apparently hopeless, no possible relief was in sight, and then the author woke up. The next morning he told the story at the breakfast table to his brother John. "Write that story," was the advice of the historian of "Bird Centre."

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So George McCutcheon wrote "The Day of the Dog," leaving hero and heroine just where he had parted from them in the dream, and sent the tale to *McClure's Magazine.* Soon came a letter from Mr. McClure. He liked the story, would publish it, but was there not some possible solution? If it were printed in that first form he feared that the author would be accused of trying to do another "The Lady or the Tiger," and that curious readers would rise and curse story, author and magazine. For the time that seemed to settle the matter, for there was no apparent loophole. Of course, a casual passerby could have been dragged in to shoot the bull dog, but that would have been too obvious, too puerile. The story was almost put aside and completely forgotten when some memory, long dormant, flashed out the words *"When a bull dog once takes hold he never lets go."* The solution was found. All that Crosby had to do was to sacrifice his waistcoat, lower it to the jaws of the watching dog, and swing the dog into a box stall, there to be kicked to death by a frightened stallion. Incidentally, by leaving the hero's pocket book in the waistcoat there was added automatically an embarrassed condition which provided any number of complications in the carrying on of the narrative.

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"The Day of the Dog" began in a dream. "Cherry" grew out of a "Que-

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ries and Answers" department. According to Mr. Tarkington, many years ago, in a periodical of vast circulation, there was a letter department devoted to matters of amatory etiquette. Everybody read the letters and the editor's replies; and both were consolatory to people in affliction, to which order Mr. Tarkington then belonged, through an inability —protracted for several years—to interest editors or their readers, even sufficiently to get them to tell him what was the matter with him. One of the letters published in the periodical of vast circulations gave him the foundation on which to construct another fantastical little edifice for rejection. His recollection of that letter gives it about as follows:

DEAR R——— A———:—

I am a young man of good habits, diligent and studious, and a member of the Y. M. C. A. My evenings are employed in the perusal of standard works recommended for their moral tone, though sometimes I call upon a young lady. Now, can you tell me why it is that young ladies seem to prefer the flippant conversation of idle and probably dissipated nobodies, who have nothing to recommend them and talk mere froth and slang, to sober and serious topics discussed by a thinking young man of good habits? What is the matter with the girls of this era? Can nothing be done to turn their minds the right way?

Respectfully,

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The date was June; and that gave a perfect picture of the return of a jovial undergraduate for vacation, and the relief of the beleaguered "young lady." The previous siege was clear, for never did correspondent more naïvely sketch a truly horrible portrait of himself and the manner of his devotion. At that time, what people called "the historical novel" was incredibly prevalent. It was mechanically imitative of an old model: journeys, fights,—two up and two down —beautiful heroine, often in "boy's clothes"; entertainment for the "tired business man." It was written in the first person, with modesty of the "so-my-lord-was-pleased-to-say" kind. By the time you finished the book the hero had repeated to you in this affectation a series of magnificent tributes to his own beauty, dignity, strength, agility, modesty, "swordsmanship" and wit—the testimonial to the last appearing peculiarly undeserved. And if you assumed, for your amusement, that the story was actual autobiography, the hero at once emerged either as a blatant liar or as an hallucinated, credulous ass of whom people had been making game—Sancho Panza in the hands of The Duchess. So, in preparing a new manuscript for rejection, Mr. Tarkington played that his prig of the letter was such an ass, writing a book altogether unlike he believed himself to be writing—and the burletta of "Cherry" came into existence, though not then in print, because it got the expected rejection, and for a couple of years, the author is not yet sure whether deservedly or not, remained in a quiet, dusty place.

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Then there was Mr. Owen Johnson's story "The Future President." That tale was written in disbelief and trepidation. As a boy in Lawrenceville, Mr. Johnson had published in the school paper some eight or ten stories of school life, one or two of which, despite their naturally juvenile standpoint, had attracted some attention. It was almost ten years later before the author allowed himself to be persuaded that there could be a possible field in the reminiscent depiction of the curious psychology of the schoolboy. Curiously enough, of all the themes he had used at school, he found only one story which could be recast, and that one turned out the least interesting of them all in the end. "The Future President" and "The Great Pancake Record" were the first stories of the new series. Mr. Johnson's first editors must have been as much in doubt as he was himself, for of the four that he submitted three were returned, among them "The Future President,"—a re-

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sult that was far from encouraging. Although "The Great Pancake Record," "The Humming Bird," and "The Great Big Man" were probably more popularly received, "The Future President" has always been peculiarly its author's favourite. It is perhaps the only story he has yet written where he has consciously drawn upon himself. Many a time, when the June sun came invitingly through open windows did he forget the droning sounds of Latin declensions and go the dreamy ways of Snorky Green. And how many times when poignantly enthralled by heroic dramas of the imaginative world has he been rudely recalled to the Gerund and Gerundive by the insulting accusation of the old Roman: "Dreaming of eclairs and jiggers—O Johnson?"

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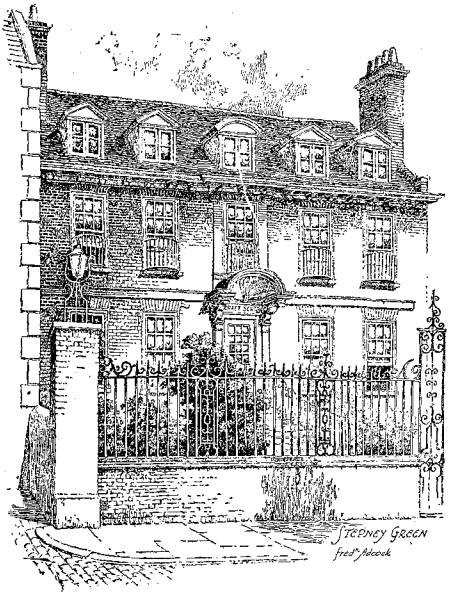
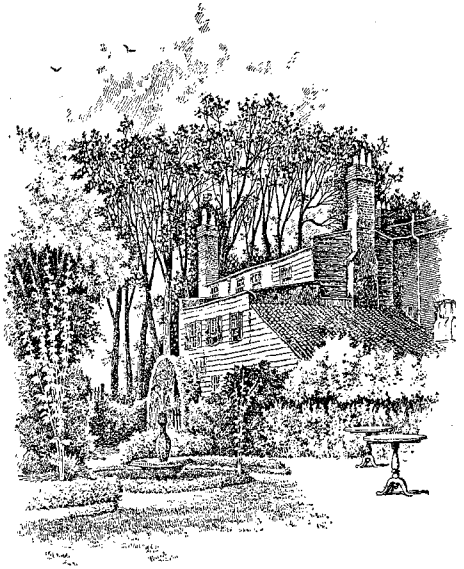
The Trail of Gissing

As a companion volume to the book issued a year ago, Mr. A. St. John Adcock now brings out *The Book Lovers' London,* which, like *Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London*, is exceedingly well illustrated in black-and-white by the author's brother, Frederick Adcock. The new book has a novelty in that while it follows to a certain extent the old beaten path of the Pickwicks, the Pecksniffs, and the Pendennises, it veers off occasionally to the trail of other men and women. Characters from the pages of Besant and Buchanan, Collins and Disraeli, and above all, George Gissing. Gissing's London is a London which does not come under the observation of the casual American visitor. His imaginary characters peopled gaunt and gloomy Workmen's Dwellings, eyesores of modern London, or tumbled down houses in the remote districts, such as the one in Walnut Tree Walk, Lambeth, where Thyrza and Lydia (*Thyrza*) lived in a top front room. Mr. Adcock records: "Nancy Lord, of Gissing's *In the Year of Jubilee* lived in Grove Lane, Camberwell, and from Camberwell Green Nancy and her brother, Miss Morgan and Samuel Barnby took a Westminster train on their way to Charing Cross to see the illuminations in the London streets on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee



STEPNEY GREEN. BESANT'S "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN"



THE SPANIARDS, HAMPSTEAD. FREQUENTED BY MRS. BARDELL OF "PICKWICK PAPERS" AND HER FRIENDS

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Beyond Camberwell lies Brixton, and west of it is Kennington. Osmond Waymark, in Gissing's *The Unclassed,* was teacher in a school at Brixton, and had lodgings in Walcot Square, Kennington; and Kennington — Kennington Road, particularly—and Battersea Park, which is still farther west, supplied the background for many of Gissing's scenes in *The Unclassed, The Town Traveller, Thyrza,* and the story of "Our Mr. Jupp" in *Human Odds and Ends.*

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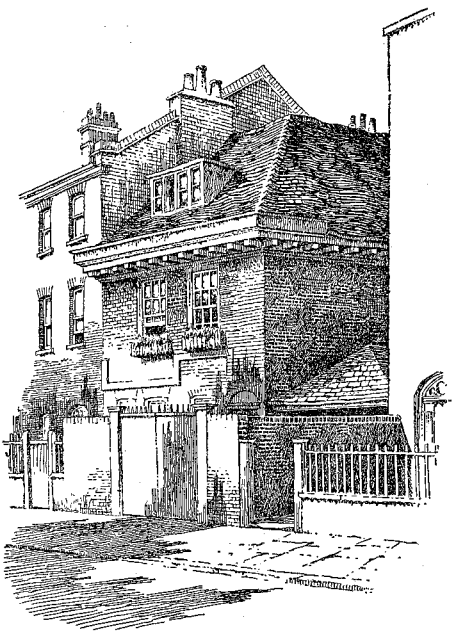
Dickens First Editions

Messrs. Chapman and Hall, of London, the publishers of the works of Charles Dickens in his lifetime, have brought out *First Editions of the Writings of Charles Dickens and Their Value,* with bibliography by John C. Eckel. Mr. Eckel, by the way, is an American. In the preparation of the work he has had the assistance of the great Dickens scholars, he has given prices freely from English and American sales and has made a



THE HOME OF LUKE ACKROYD. GISSING'S "THYRZA"

HIGH STREET, LAMBETH. GISSING'S "THYRZA"

number of discoveries, including the real first issue of "The Battle of Life." Of this only three copies are known at the present time. Of the first number of *Edwin Drood* fifty thousand copies were sold, "a good approach to his earliest triumphs." Forty-eight thousand copies were sold of the first number of *Nicholas Nickleby,* which was issued in April, 1838; thirty thousand copies were sold of the first number of *Bleak House.* The sale of *David Copperfield* was at first only twenty-five thousand copies, and Mr. Eckel says that the meagreness of the profits brought before the author the necessity of a periodical, and this subsequently formulated itself into his well-known *Household Words.*

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Lady Ritchie Memories

In the Chronicle of the December number we recorded that at the *Punch* dinner of November 20, 1862, Thackeray spoke of being troubled by a coolness of attitude on the part of one of Dickens's children and said: "Let fathers treat each other like hell, but why should their children quarrel?" That incident nat-

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urally comes to mind as we take up Lady Ritchie's recently published *From the Porch,* and turn to the chapter "Charles Dickens as I Remember Him." "It is curious to remember," records Lady Ritchie, "considering how rarely we met and what a long way off we lived from one another, the important part the Dickens household seemed to play in our early life. The little girls were just about our own ages: K. E. and my sister were the same age; Mary Dickens, whom my father also liked to play with, paired off with me. The Dickens books were no less a part of our home than our father's own books. Mr. Pickwick, Little Nell, Nicholas Nickleby and the glorious company to which they all belonged lived with us no less than did Becky and Dobbin and Major Pendennis and the beloved inhabitants of Fairoaks."

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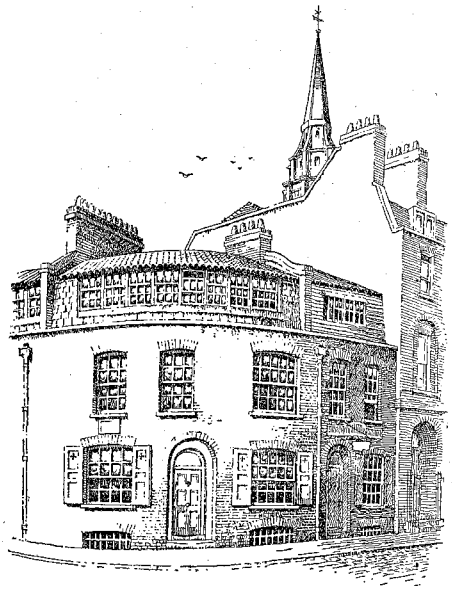
The first occasion of Anne Thackeray meeting Mr. Dickens was at the house of Charles Leslie, a painter for whom her father had a great sympathy and affection, and of whom there is a charming Life by Tom Taylor. On December 31, 1841, Leslie wrote to Washington Irving in America: "Mr. Dickens tells me you urged him to become acquainted with me, for which I now send you, by him, my thanks and every good wish of this wishing season." And it was accordingly at the Leslies' home, some ten years later, that Anne Thackeray and her sister first realised Mr. Dickens himself, though only as a sort of brilliance in the room, mysteriously dominant and formless. "I remember," records Lady Ritchie, "how everybody lighted up when he entered." Then there was the year when Thackeray was in America and his children were living with their grandparents in Paris on one side of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, while the Dickens party was across the road in a little, low, old house with many windows looking out upon the flowing thoroughfare. Lady Ritchie remembers that Dickens was a great man in France in those days and took a boyish delight in the recognition accorded him. If he went into a shop to buy anything, and gave his card the result usually was: "Ah, c'est l'ecrivain célèbre:



CLERKENWELL CLOSE. GISSING'S "THE NETHER WORLD"

WALNUT TREE WALK, LAMBETH. GISSING'S "THYRZA"

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S. WEIR MITCHELL. FEBRUARY 15, 1829-JANUARY 5, 1914

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LADY RITCHIE AT THE PORCH

Monsieur porte un nom très distingué: je suis honoré de voir M. Dickén; je lis un des livres de Monsieur tous les jours."

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Again Lady Ritchie remembers Mr. Dickens, one day long after those early times, when they were all in London again, and K. E. was dangerously ill of fever in an old house in Sloane Street. Thackeray's daughters went there to ask for news of her. It was an old house, panelled, and with a big well staircase, on the landing of which they met Mr. Dickens coming away from the sick room. He was standing by a window, and he stopped the girls as they were going up. K. E. said since that in those miserable days his very coming seemed to bring healing and peace to her as she lay, and to quiet the raging fever. He knew how critical it was, but he spoke quietly and with good courage—that curious life-giving power of his struck Anne Thackeray then no less than ever before. "When she is better," he said, "we must carry her off to her old home in the country to recover." And then he asked Thackeray's daughters with great kindness to come and stay with them at Gad's Hill, where he was living at the time.

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Then there is the chapter "A Discourse on Modern Sibyls," in which

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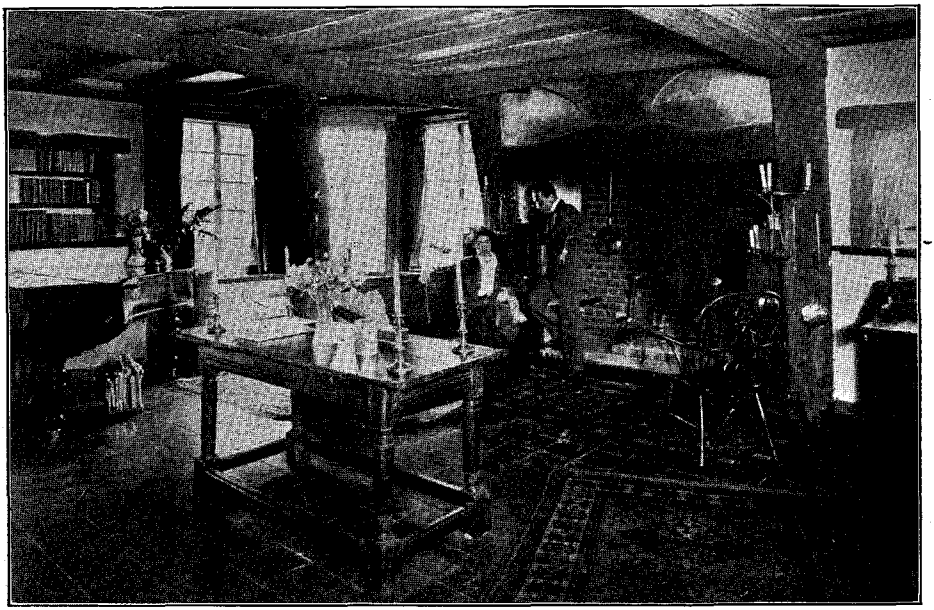

MR. AND MRS. E. TEMPLE THURSTON AT "GELLIBRANDS," THEIR ENGLISH HOME

Lady Ritchie rambles pleasantly among the women novelists that have meant the most to her. Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Oliphant were her torch bearers in youth as afterward. The Brontës were magicians, flashing romance into the little Kensington Street in which the Thackerays dwelt. Then followed George Eliot. When Anne Thackeray first made the acquaintance of these women through their books she was about twelve years old and forbidden by her governess to read novels. An exception was made in the case of Miss Yonge. A few years later Miss Braddon came to weave the spells which Thackeray and Dickens both so warmly praised. Thackeray liked *Lady Audley's Secret;* while Dickens's preference was *The Doctor's Wife.* All this was about 1850. Many other Sibyls were yet to be, but in those early days they did not concern Anne Thackeray. Rhoda Broughton was in her school room, Emily Lawless was in her nursery, Mrs. Humphry Ward in her cradle. Mary Cholmondeley and Margaret Woods were not even born.

Lady Ritchie records that once she had a talk with George Eliot. "It was in winter time with the snow lying on the ground. She sat by the fire in a beautiful black satin gown, with a green-shaded lamp on the table beside her, where I saw German books lying and pamphlets and ivory paper-cutters. She was very quiet and noble, with two steady little eyes and a sweet voice. As I looked I felt her to be a friend, not exactly a personal friend but a good and benevolent impulse. I remember she said 'it was better in life to build one's cottage in a valley so as to face the worst and not to fall away; and the worst,' she continued, 'was this very often, that people were living with a hidden power of work and of help in them which they could not apply, which they scarcely estimated. We ought to respect our influence,' she said. 'We know by our own experience how very much others affect our lives, and we must remember that we in turn must have the same effect upon others.' "

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Snubbing Thackeray

George Borrow's peculiar attitude of hostility toward the English writing men of his time is illustrated by that resolute Borrovian, Clement K. Shorter, in *George Borrow and His Circle,* which is coming early this month from the press of the Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, of Boston. Throughout his life Borrow's position toward his contemporaries in literature was ever contemptuous. He wrote of "the contemptible trade of author," counting it less creditable than that of a jockey. In a chapter of *The Romany Rye* he introduced a character who used Wordsworth's poetry as a soporific. He makes no mention of Carlyle or Ruskin or Matthew Arnold, and they in their turn, it may be added, make no mention of him or of his works. Browning and Tennyson were alike unrevealed to him. To Thackeray he administered the snub direct. "Have you read my Snob Papers in *Punch?*" Thackeray was indiscreet enough to ask. "In *Punch?*" Borrow replied. "It is a periodical I never look at." He was quite as brusque on other occasions. Miss Agnes Strickland asked him if she might send him her *Queens of England.* "For God's sake don't, Madam; I should not know where to put them or what to do with them." Then there is the story of the woman who, desirous of pleasing him, said, "Oh, Mr. Borrow, I have read your books with so much pleasure!" On which he exclaimed, "Pray, what books do you mean, Madam? Do you mean my account books?"

W. B. MAXWELL

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W. B. Maxwell

It is not necessary to harp back to Thackeray's liking for *Lady Audley's Secret* and Dickens's preference for *The Doctor's Wife* to recall the name of "Miss M. E. Braddon." A son of hers is rather conspicuously before the public just now in the person of Mr. W. B. Maxwell, whose latest novel, *The Devil's Garden,* has been rather seriously considered by English critics. In a recent article Mr. Maxwell is quoted as saying that he took to authorship after failing in all "serious" purpose in life. As a boy he had dreams of art and studied for some years in a London art school; then the country attracted him and he went in for fox hunting and other outdoor amusements. He rounded off his apprenticeship with foreign travel; and all the time while seemingly doing nothing in particular but living a life of ease and pleasure, he was imbibing impressions, collecting data, colour, romance—in a word, finishing his literary education in the university of the world. Like Arnold Bennett and many other contemporary English writing men, Mr. Maxwell began his literary career as a disciple of Guy de Maupassant.

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Censored

The Russian censor has now turned the shadow of his disapproval on an American book. The book of German poems written by the late Udo Brachvogel, and published only recently, some months after the author's death, by Lemcke and Buechner, has been forbidden in Russia.

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Two short poems entitled "Mukden" and "Moscow" are the reason. Although he wrote in his native tongue all his life, Mr. Brachvogel had made the United States his home for more than forty years. Never losing the spirit of sentiment in allegiance to his native land, he was proud to be an American citizen and was earnest in the endeavour to promote mutual understanding between Germany and America. Mr. Brachvogel was one of the foremost German journalists in this country. Besides his correspondence with many papers of importance on the other side of the ocean, he was connected, during his life in the States, with the New York *Staats-Zeitung,* the *New Yorker Journal,* was owner and editor-in-chief of the *Belletrische Journal,* published for many years in New York, and was also, for several years, one of the editors of the *Westliche Post,* of St. Louis. During the years of his activity on that paper, Carl Schurz was the editor-in-chief; and Joseph Pulitzer, later owner of the New York *World,* was a reporter on the staff. Mr. Brachvogel's life in the Middle West was bound up with much of the best development of that part of our country.

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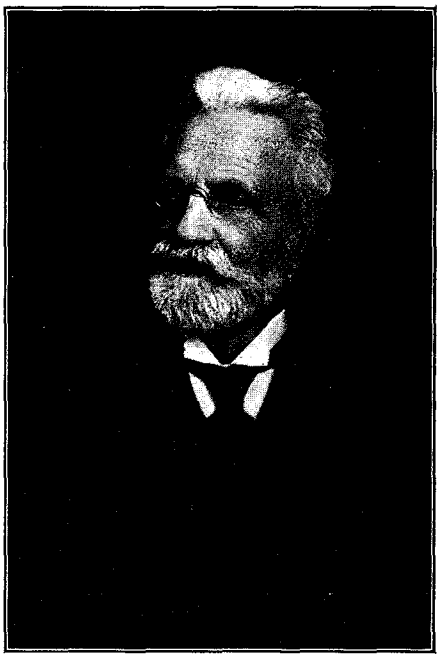
A Reincarnation

In *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven,* a little volume of poems, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay pays a tribute to the memory of O. Henry. In a poem entitled "The Knight in Disguise" Lindsay speaks of O. Henry as a reincarnation of Sir Philip Sidney—

And be it said, mid these his pranks so odd
With something nigh to chivalry he trod
And off the drear and riven would defend
The little shopgirls' knight unto the end.
Yea he had passed, ere we could understand
The blade of Sidney glimmered in his hand.
Yea ere we knew, Sir Philip's sword was drawn
With valiant cut, and thrust, and he was gone.

Prize Contest Statistics

Almost a year ago, announcement was made by the Reilly and Britton Company, of Chicago, of a novel competition for a prize of ten thousand dollars. This prize recently was awarded, by a committee of judges comprising Miss Ida M. Tarbell, Mr. S. S. McClure and Mr. G. N. Madison, to Miss Leona Dalrymple, of Passaic, New Jersey, for her manuscript, *Diane of the Green Van.* The contestants numbered about five hundred. The offer brought three thousand nine hundred and five inquiries for particulars. Of these, two thousand six hundred and twenty-nine were from women and one thousand two hundred and seventy-six from men. Although more than twice as many women as men made enquiries, about an equal number of manuscripts were actually submitted by men and by women. By far the greatest number of enquiries came from the State of New York—followed, in the order named, by enquiries from Illi-



UDO BRACHVOGEL

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nois, California and Indiana. Singularly enough, from all New England—once rated the literary centre of the country—there were only a few over two hundred letters, while from New York City alone there were four hundred and eighty-two.

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Although Miss Dalrymple is only twenty-eight years of age, she has been writing for a long time. The first money she earned in this way was a prize

CLARE HOWARD, WHOSE "ENGLISH TRAVELLERS OF THE RENAISSANCE" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

of five dollars from a high school magazine while she was a freshman; but this was only for an imaginary characterisation of Dickens's Scrooge. Her first real novel was a pirate story, produced at the age of eleven. It never was put into print, and to her regret she has lost it. Then, again, she won a prize offered by a newspaper; a number of plays of hers have been published; various magazines have used her short stories, and three books by her have appeared. So she is by no means a novice, but, as she says, the results of her hard work are just beginning to show. Besides *Diane of the Green Van,* which will be brought out in the spring, Miss Dalrymple entered in the contest *A Peck o' Maut,* which was ranked high by the judges and which will later be published under the usual royalty arrangement.

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Kipling and Riley

The almost simultaneous appearance of the new complete edition of the works of Rudyard Kipling, and the first complete edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley has brought to light the most interesting information that Kipling and Riley have for years enjoyed an acquaintance that has been the incentive to poems dedicated by each to the other. In 1890, Mr. George C. Hitt, then editor of *The Indianapolis Journal,* visited Mr. Kipling in England, and carried with him as a gift from Mr. Riley a copy of the latter's well-known collection of poems called *Rhymes of Childhood.* As an acknowledgment of the token from the Hoosier poet, Mr. Kipling sent Mr. Riley a poem dedicated to him, which is published for the first time in the *Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley.* The poem follows:

TO J. W. R.

Your trail runs to the westward,
  And mine to my own place;
There is water between our lodges
  And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verses
  'Tis easy to guess the rest,—
Because in the hearts of the children
  There is neither East nor West.

Born to a thousand fortunes
  Of good or evil hap,
Once they were kings together
  Throned in a mother's lap.

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Surely they know the secret—
Yellow and black and white—
When they meet as kings together
In innocent dreams at night.

By a moon they all can play with—
Grubby and grimed and unshod—
Very happy together,
And very near to God.

Your trail runs to the westward,
And mine to my own place;
There is water between our lodges,
And you cannot see my face.

And that is well—for crying
Should neither be written nor seen,
But if I call you Smoke-in-the-Eyes,
I know you will know what I mean.

Nov. 20, '90. RUDYARD KIPLING.

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The student and admirer of Riley, upon reading these affectionate lines will at once recognise the similarity they bear to the melody of Riley in his famous poem "Longfellow's Love for the Children." In that poem, Mr. Riley strove to reflect the true Longfellow melody, and so Mr. Kipling has adopted the metre of the most famous of all Riley's poems of tribute, in writing his dedicatory verses to the Hoosier poet. In response to Mr. Kipling's tribute, Mr. Riley composed his poem, "To Rudyard Kipling," while on a lecture tour in Colorado. The poem was written February 16, 1891, and is printed for the first time in the complete works of Riley. It follows:

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

To do some worthy deed of charity
In secret and then have it found out by
Sheer accident, held gentle Elia—
That—that was the best thing beneath the sky:
Confirmed in part, yet somewhat differing—
(Grant that his gracious wraith will pardon me
If impious!)—I think a better thing
Is: being found out when one strives to be.

So, Poet and Romancer—old as young,
And wise as artless—masterful as mild,—
If there be sweet in any song I've sung,
'Twas savoured for thy palate, O my child!
For thee the lisping of the children all—
For thee the youthful voices of old years—
For thee all chords untamed or musical—
For thee the laughter, and for thee the tears.

And thus, borne to me o'er the seas between
Thy land and mine, thy song of certain wing

MISS LEONA DALRYMPLE. THE WINNER OF THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE CONTEST WITH "DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN"

Circles above me in the "pure serene"
Of our high heaven's vast o'er-welcoming;
While, packeted with joy and thankfulness,
And fair hopes many as the stars that shine,
And bearing all love's loyal messages,
Mine own goes homing back to thee and thine.

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The Light that failed

Chapter V.

How goods were bought cheap and sold dear and who profited by the Bargain ⊙

I have a thousand men, said he
To wait upon my will
And towers nine upon the Tyne
And three upon the Till.

And what care I for your men, said she
Or towers from Tyne to Till
Sith you must go with me, she said
To wait upon my will.

Sir Hoggie and the Fairies

Next morning Torpenhow found Dick sunk in deepest repose of tobacco.
"Well you madman, how d'you feel. What made you go to bed last night"
"I don't know I'm trying to find out."
"You had much better do some work."
Maybe, but ~~I'm~~ I'm in no hurry. I've made a discovery ⊙ torp, there's too much Ego in my Cosmos.
Not really. Is this resolution due to my lectures or the Nilghais?
"~~No~~ it came to me suddenly, all on my own account much too much ego; and now I'm going to work ⊙"
He turned over a few half-finished sketches, drummed on a new canvas, cleaned three brushes, set Binkie to bite the toes of the lay-figure, rattled through his collection of arms and accoutrements and then went out abruptly, declaring that he had done enough for the day.
"This is positively indecent" said Torpenhow "and the first time that Dick has ever broken up a light morning. Perhaps he has found out that he has a soul or an artistic temperament or something equally valuable. That comes of leaving him alone for a month. Perhaps he has been going out of evenings I must look to this." He rang for the bald-headed old housekeeper, the chambers whom nothing could astonish or annoy.
"Beeton, did Mr ~~Torpenhow~~ Helder dine out ~~much~~ at all while I was out of town?"
Never laid 'is dress clothes out once; Sir: all the time Molly 'e dined in but 'e brought some most remarkable fancy young gentlemen up 'ere after theatres once or twice. Remarkable fancy they was. You gentlemen on the top floor does very much as you likes but it do seem to me Sir droppin' a walkin' stick down five flight of stairs an' then goin' down four ahead to pick it up again at half past two in the morning — not once or twice but scores o' times isn't charity to the other tenants. What I say is do as you would be done by that's my motto.
"Of course, of course. I'm afraid the top floor isn't the quietest in the house, ~~Mr Beeton~~
I make no complaints Sir. I have spoke to Mr Helder friendly an' he laughed an' did me a picture of the Nussis that is as good as a coloured print. It 'asn't the 'igh shine of a photograph but what I say is never look a gift 'orse in the mouth. Mr Helder's dress clothes 'avent been on him for weeks.

Ringing Bring back the whiskey bellie Darling

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF KIPLING'S "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

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Warning to Young Celebrities

Here is how Alfred Noyes came to the chagrin of reading in many newspaper headlines "Noyes says Ben King inspired Kipling." An interviewer in a city where King is a local favourite thrust a copy of the poems into Mr. Noyes's hand, and suggested that he read certain passages. Mr. Noyes did so, and wishing to be pleasant, remarked, "Very good! In some ways they remind me of Kipling." "Did King write before Kipling?" queried the cross-examiner. On investigation of the copyright page it proved that he did. "Do you think Kipling might have imitated King?" was the next question. Mr. Noyes smiled and said that he did not wish to accuse Mr. Kipling of plagiarism. This was but an incident in a long interview. The resulting article in the newspaper featured at great length a statement in which Mr. Noyes was made to say that while he did not believe Kipling was a plagiarist, King had probably inspired a number of Kipling's best known poems. It was easy for the head writer to translate this into a positive statement, and still easier for a news agency to flash the headline all over the United States. It may be consoling to know, however, that the English papers are also blameworthy, and sometimes perhaps in a more intentional manner. "The Wine-Press," Mr. Noyes's latest poem, to be published in America, is a rather sensational anti-militarist work. The *Westminster Gazette,* a strong militarist journal, published two reviews of it. The first praised the poem highly, but that evidently got by the managing editor in a careless moment, for a second soon followed, which called the poem the work of a crazy man!

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The Montessori Visit

The publishers of Montessori's books have been collecting the humourous aftermath of her short visit to this country, and exhibit the following from a Connecticut paper:

Dr. Montessori, on sailing home, exclaimed: "Your wonderful country is one of the hopes of the world." He kindly omitted reference to our white hopes which are so far from wonderful that we wouldn't have blamed the "doc" if he had called them ludicrous.

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From the *Chicago Tribune*—

THE MONTESSORI CHILD

I know some little girls and boys
Who play with blocks and other toys,
But no one offers toys to me
Except to use as "stimuli."

DR. MONTESSORI

I look at children romp and shriek;
They play a game called hide-and-seek;
They run and hide, and shout and run,
And have the greatest lot of fun.

But where I go they only play
To gather knowledge day by day,
And so absorb an education
Through "muscular co-ordination."

They gum rough letters on a board,
I learn them of my own accord;
I play at hide-and-seek with these,
And thus I get my A, B, C's.

Some children have a game called war,
They march lead soldiers on the floor;

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But where I go it is enough
To know that things are smooth or rough.

While other children call it fun
To hop and skip and jump and run,
I do these things unconsciously
To set my litle spirit free.

While other children merely play,
I garner wisdom every day.
I'm never up to childish tricks.
Yes, ain't I cute? I'm only six!

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From the New York *Globe*—

HOO'S HOO TO-DAY

BY JOHN W. CAREY

Who came to us to tell us why in sunny Italy the children cry to go to school to learn the rule of three? Who'd add to our curriculum of algebra and Greek a course in "Drop the Handkerchief" and one in "Hide and Seek"? Whose scheme it is to saccharise the old scholastic dope to make the student body come for same upon the lope? Who'd cart away the birch rods in a large-sized moving van and see that "Teacher" straightway quits the rôle of bogie man? Who'd clothe our schools with so much charm 'twould seem a burning shame that all of us can't go again? That Montessori dame.

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Roosevelt the Gaucy

We thought that every possible adjective had, at some time or other, been applied to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Claudius Clear, in a recent issue of the *British Weekly,* seems, however, to have found a new one. He is discussing the recent *Autobiography,* in an article entitled "The Heaviness of Mr. Roosevelt." He contends that this so-called heaviness is in the eyes of an important section of the public a positive merit. To quote: "Once I heard Dr. Begg, of Edinburgh, who was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, tell a story about a Paisley preacher. Two old women were discussing him, and one said, "I do like a gaucy man." The word is defined as meaning plump, jolly, stately, portly. Mr. Roosevelt is a gaucy man and pleasant to behold. There is enough of him. A large eupeptic man is apt to be good tempered. He can front an east wind."

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Strange Stories

It is an open secret that "Claudius Clear" and "A Man of Kent," of the *British Weekly,* are in reality Sir William Robertson Nicoll, one of the most industrious and widely read of all English bookmen. Some of Sir William's literary *causeries* have been gathered together and issued in book form with the title *A Bookman's Letters.* While by no means profound, these *causeries* are very easy and entertaining reading. For example, in one of the chapters Sir William takes up the question of "The Six Best Biographies." In his opinion these are, in order, Boswell's *Johnson,* Lockhart's *Life of Scott,* Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë,* Trevelyan's *Macaulay,* Froude's *Carlyle,* and Morley's *Life of Gladstone.* Then there is a chapter entitled "Stranger Than Fiction," in which Sir William discusses the most incredible true stories in the world. For example, there is that incident which James Payn told Charles Dickens.

I was returning home one summer night through a fashionable street out of Piccadilly, when there came on a violent thunderstorm. It was very late, not a cab was to be seen, and I stepped under a portico for shelter. There was a ball going on in one of the great houses in the street; the drawing-room has a huge bow window, which was open, and now and again figures flitted across it, and the dance music made itself heard through the storm. I had been under my shelter some time before I noticed that there was another person in the street also under a portico. He was nearer to the house where the ball was going on than I was, but I could see him quite distinctly. He looked like a beggar, and was dressed in rags. Suddenly he ran across the street in the pouring rain, and stood beneath the open window, at which appeared some lady

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in a ball dress; she threw out to him her bouquet, the gilt handle of which I saw glitter in the gaslight. He strove to catch it, but it fell, and I heard it clang upon the pavement. He picked it up, nodded twice to the lady at the window, and then ran off at full speed. The whole thing took only a few seconds, but made a picture that I shall never forget. I took it for granted that the man was her lover, and expressed to Dickens my astonishment at the perfection of the man's disguise. "No," he said, as though the facts were all before him, "he was not her lover; he was merely a messenger waiting for the bouquet to be thrown to him, a signal that had been agreed on beforehand." This conclusion I believe to have been the correct one; but I had forgotten, as usual, the precise date of the occurrence, and was therefore unable to discover from the newspapers whether any "incident in high life" took place about the same time.

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James Payn's first success as a writer was won by his novel, *Lost Sir Massingberd,* a story turning on a man being lost and starving in the hollow of a tree. The idea was born in Payn's own imagination. He never knew of any such thing happening, but some years after the story was published it was announced in the Philadelphia *Ledger* that after a hurricane in the Miami Valley which tore down a number of old trees, and among them a large oak, there was found in the hollow of the fallen oak a human skeleton with some brass buttons and shreds of clothing and a pocketbook with a number of papers.

The man's name was Roger Vanderberg. He was a captain in the Revolutionary Army, and was captured by the Indians. He managed to effect his escape, but found himself hard pressed by his savage foes, and took refuge in the hollow of the oak. Then came a fearful discovery. He had miscalculated the depth of the hollow, and there was no escape. He chose rather to starve than to surrender to the torture of the stake, and in the uncertain light of the snows wrote entries in a diary. Here is one entry: "November 10.—Five days without *food.* When I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and *flowing* streams. The stars *laugh* at my misery. It is snowing now. I freeze while I starve. God pity me!" The entries cover a period of eleven days.

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A third story which had to do with a house in a Scottish provincial town has several points of resemblance to a story that was very widely exploited in the American newspapers a month or two ago. The house was tenanted by a widow, the heroine of the tale.

The husband of this lady was a singular character, and passionately devoted to antiquarian pursuits. He converted the upper part of his house into a museum, and built a special room for himself, lighted and ventilated in a peculiar manner. Among his other curiosities there were two skeletons, which he dusted and brushed himself. The dread of the skeletons was so great that not one of the servants willingly approached the staircase leading to the room in which they were deposited. They all united in declaring that very strange sounds were heard to proceed from the floor. By and by his wife died, and he came into possession of an ample fortune. A great change passed over his appearance. He began to be spruce in his dress, gay and courteous in his manners, and accessible to strangers. By and by he prevailed on a very beautiful young lady, a portionless daughter of the curate, to become his wife. He told her plainly beforehand that if she married him she must submit to some disagreeable restrictions, as he had made up his mind never to leave the town in which he resided; there would, therefore, be no bridal tour. The lady agreed, and she was treated with a great deal of kindness, and allowed occasionally to leave the home, though her husband never accompanied her in any of her excursions. In about ten years after the marriage the vault in which the remains of the first wife were deposited was opened in consequence of some necessary repairs. It appeared that the undertaker had abstracted the leaden coffin in which the body had been encased, and the wooden one fell to pieces, disclos-

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ing the corpse. The perfect state of the body attracted attention, a face, ghastly, it is true, but still undecayed, appeared beneath the mouldering shroud. On examination, the supposed corpse proved to be a wax figure, and an outcry arose that murder had been committed. One of the magistrates of the place proceeded to the antiquarian's above, and bluntly told him the facts. After a few minutes of strong perturbation the man exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I have a living witness to prove my innocence of the crime imputed to me." He led the way to the upper floor, opened several doors, and brought out a person who was no other than his first wife. He had contrived to keep her in close confinement during this long period of her existence.

BALLADE OF BITTER REGRETS

BY W. T. LARNED

We like your MS. immensely, but we fear our readers in Kokomo—*Extract from a recently deciphered Babylonian brick.*

OFT I abide in Omar's tent,
From youth have I devoured Defoe,
The Bible is my special bent,
My masters—Kipling, Shaw & Co.
Yet am I humble. Yea, although
With prose and rhyme I pay my rent,
Sour is my wine, my cake is dough:
I do not make the slightest dent
On craniums in Kokomo.

In Utica I was not pent.
"Go West!" cried Greeley. I did go.
Varied the vagrant years I've spent
Amidst the sage-brush and the snow.
Mormon I've met, and Navajo,
With cowboy quips my speech is blent;
Nathless my noose I never throw
So it will circle, as it's meant,
And hog-tie haughty Kokomo.

Sometimes I think: Had Byron sent
His *Zoe mou, sas agapo*
To Edinboro's "lit'ry gent"
Who vilified his verses so,
Back would have come this body blow:
My Laird—Let lads of Kew and Kent
Greet o'er the verses to your jo.
Aiblins with Athens you're acquent,
But, mon, ye no ken Kokomo.

L'ENVOI

Brothers who do create, invent,
Come, listen to my tremolo:
Back by the door through which you went,
Or else—consider Kokomo.

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BUILDING A PLAY BACKWARD

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S recent novel, *The Dark Flower*—which is a great work of art—tells three distinct love-stories, that happen to the same hero at different periods of his career. In order to avoid monotony, the author has employed a different chronological pattern for each of the three sections of his novel. In telling the first story, he begins at the beginning; in telling the second story, he begins approximately at the middle; and in telling the third story, he begins at the very end.

It is obvious that, so long as the novelist exhibits his events in a pattern that reveals their logical relation, it is not at all necessary that he should present them in chronological succession. In the first chapter of *Pendennis,* the hero is seventeen years old; the second chapter narrates the marriage of his parents, and his own birth and boyhood; and at the outset of the third chapter, he is only sixteen years of age. Stories may be told backward through time as well as forward. Thackeray often begins a chapter with an event that happened one day and ends it with an event that happened several days before,—working his way backward from effects to causes, instead of forward from causes to effects.

In reviewing any passage of our own experience, we are more likely to think backward from the last event than forward from the first. Retrogression in time is, therefore, a natural device of narrative; and it is not at all surprising to find it thoroughly established as a convention of the novel. What *is* surprising, on the other hand, is the fact that it has not yet been established as a convention of the drama.

I know of no play in which events have been exhibited in a pattern of reverted time. Of course, a present event is frequently employed as the exciting cause of a conversation which expounds some previous event; and, in such instances, the discovery of what has happened in the past is often more important to the audience than the observation of what is happening in the present. But, in these expository passages, the past events are merely talked about and never actually acted on the stage. In *Romance,* by Mr. Edward Sheldon, a prologue in the present is followed by a three-act play which narrates events that happened over forty years before; but, in the structure of the play itself, there is no retrogression in time. More interesting, from our present point of view, is the device of Sir Arthur Pinero in turning back the clock at the outset of the third act of *The Thunderbolt.* At the end of the second act, in the house of Thaddeus Mortimore, a servant arrives with a message from his brother James. The third act, in the house of James Mortimore, overlaps the second act in time; and an entire scene is acted out before the servant is instructed to set out with the message for Thaddeus. This simple expedient, which is used in nearly every novel, seemed exceedingly surprising in the drama; but there can be no question that, in *The Thunderbolt,* its employment was both useful and successful.

Might it not be interesting to go a step farther and build an entire drama backward,—to construct a three-act play, for instance, in which the first act should happen in the autumn, the second act in the preceding summer, and the third act in the previous spring? Let us imagine a tragedy, for instance, in which, with no preliminary exposition, a murder or a suicide is acted out in the initial act. This would naturally awaken in the audience a desire to understand the motives which had culminated in the crime. Then, in the second act, we could exhibit the crucial event which had made

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the murder or the suicide inevitable. Again, the audience would be stimulated to think backward from effects to causes and to wonder what had brought this crucial event about. Lastly, in the third act, several previous events could be displayed, which would finally clear up the mystery by expounding the initiation of the narrative.

Or, to invent an example in the mood of comedy, let us imagine a first act which should exhibit the hopelessly unhappy home life of a kindly and reasonable man who is married to a peevish and unreasonable woman. The heroine is pretty, let us say, and there are some seeds of poetry in her nature that flower every now and then to momentary loveliness. But, like many people who are not incapable of poetry, she abandons herself utterly to the emotion of the moment; and whenever this emotion is not pleasant, she makes life miserable for anybody who is near her. Because she is pretty, she has always been spoiled. She is selfish, she is jealous, she is vain; and whenever these ignoble motives are in any slight degree assailed, she breaks out into a violent fit of temper. Just now, in response to an insistent question, her husband has told her that she looks better in pink than in blue. The heroine, whose instinct is antagonistic, at once prefers blue; she does not see why her husband, if he loves her—he *said* he loved her—should not admit that she would look well in anything; and she proceeds to kick the furniture. The husband seeks refuge in reading *The Wind in the Willows*—whereupon she knocks the book out of his hand. Very gently he remarks: "You didn't seem like this, dear, before we were married." And on that backward-looking line the curtain falls. The second act shows them in their courtship, two years before. The romance of falling in love has brought out all the lyric loveliness that is latent in the complex nature of the heroine. Her prospective husband sees her at her best, and only at her best. Her family could tell him that she is hard to live with; but—glad enough to get her married—they refrain from doing so. Besides, her brother is a gentleman. The hero is his friend: but what can a decent fellow do in such a dilemma? The heroine seems lovable indeed, when she graciously accepts a large bouquet of orchids, and reads aloud by golden lamp-light the forlorn and lovely little lyrics of Christina Rossetti. The hero proposes marriage: is accepted: and the curtain falls.—Would not this little comedy gain greatly in ironic emphasis by being acted backward in time instead of forward? The question, "What happened before?", is fully as suspensive as the question, "What happens next?": and, in this instance, it is by far the more important question of the two.

Though novels are frequently narrated in a pattern of reverted time, this proposal to build a play backward may seem so revolutionary that most technicians would dismiss it as impossible. But, why? The answer, of course, is obvious; but I am not at all sure that it is final. To follow a narrative forward, from cause to effect, requires a synthetic exercise of mind; and to follow it backward, from effect to cause, requires an analytic exercise. Of these two activities of mind, the analytic demands a greater alertness of intelligence, and a greater fixity of attention, than the synthetic. The collective mind of a helter-skelter theatre audience is less alert and less attentive than the individual mind of a cultivated reader. Furthermore, the reader of a novel, if his mind becomes muddled by the juggling of chronology, may always suspend his reading to turn back a dozen or a hundred pages and reread some finger-pointing passage whose significance he has forgotten; whereas the auditors of a play can never halt the performance to reinform themselves of some point that they have missed. Also, the theatre-going public abhors novelty, and never reads the programme. These arguments—and many more—are so familiar that they need not be repeated in detail. Yet something may now be said upon the other side.

To students of the history of the

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drama, one of the most important phenomena of the last hundred years has been the very rapid development that has taken place, from decade to decade, in the intelligence of the theatre-going public. The average audience is at present more alert and more attentive than ever before in the history of the theatre. This point is evidenced by the fact that, throughout the last century, the technique of the prevailing type of drama has grown progressively less synthetic and more analytic. The prevailing pattern of the drama sixty or seventy years ago was the pattern that was worked out by Eugène Scribe for the so-called "well made play." Scribe devoted his first act to a very thorough exposition, and only at the curtain-fall introduced an element of forward-looking action. Then, at the outset of the second act, he started his narrative in motion; and thereafter he followed it forward in time, to the climax and the close. He never asked his audience to think backward. He worked entirely from causes to effects, and centred his suspense in the obvious question, "What will happen next?"

Contrast this utterly synthetic pattern —a formula for putting two and two together, instead of for taking four apart —with the intricately analytic pattern that was developed, forty years later, by Henrik Ibsen. Ibsen catches his story very late in its career, and reveals the antecedent incidents in little gleams of backward-looking dialogue. His method has often been compared with that of Sophocles; but there is this essential difference,—that, whereas the Athenian audience always knew the story in advance and therefore did not need an exposition, Ibsen was required to expound a series of antecedent circumstances at the same time that he was developing his catastrophe. For, instead of compacting his exposition into the first act—according to the formula of Scribe—he revealed it, little by little, throughout the progress of the play. In the first act, he expounded only so much as the audience needed to know in order to understand the second; in this, in turn, he expounded such further antecedent incidents as were necessary to an appreciation of the third act; and so on, to the end of the play. In *Rosmersholm,* for instance, he is still expounding in the very last moments of the final act.

This method requires the auditor to think backward, and therefore presupposes a more intelligent audience than the straightforward formula of Scribe. But, very recently, that masterly technician, M. Henry Bernstein, has gone a step further in forcing the audience to observe a story in retrospectory review. Instead of scattering his expository passages throughout the play, as Ibsen did, M. Bernstein now compacts them into a single act; but, with a startling overturning of the formula of Scribe, he exhibits this act last instead of first,—setting it forth as an epilogue, instead of as a prologue, to the action.

This new formula was first exemplified by M. Bernstein in *L'Assaut,* which was acted last season in America under the title of *The Attack.* A noted politician who is running for office is accused of having committed a crime many years before. Either he is innocent or he is guilty: and this dilemma is set before us in the first act. The second act develops the presumption that he is innocent, until his innocence is publicly established by process of law. This is the climax of the play. Then, his innocence being now beyond question, the hero confesses to the heroine that he was actually guilty. This is the end of the second act. What remains to be done? We naturally demand an explanation of the circumstances which, so many years before, had led this admirable hero to commit that reprehensible crime. In his third and last act, M. Bernstein expounds the facts at length and in detail. Now we know: and the play is over. This same formula is employed much more artfully in *The Secret,* a later and greater work, which will be analysed in the present paper. At present, the point for us to notice is that M. Bernstein has turned the formula of Scribe completely upside down, and has chosen to end his

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drama at the point where Scribe would have begun it.

Shall the development of backward-looking narrative stop with M. Bernstein? If not, the only possible next step will be to act out events upon the stage in an order that reverses that in which they are presumed to have occurred. The actual action of *The Attack* and *The Secret* is straightforward in chronology; and it is only in his psychological effect upon the audience that M. Bernstein appears to build his plays backward. Regarding that next step, which now seems so revolutionary, the critic can only wonder if some very clever playwright will attempt it in the future.

There are certain stories which are seen most naturally if we follow them forward from causes to effects; but there are certain other stories which can be understood most truly only if we follow them backward from effects to causes. As a matter of experiment, it would be extremely interesting if some playwright should soon set before us a story of this type in the perspective of reverted time.

"THE SECRET"

Considered as a technical achievement, *The Secret* is perhaps the most wonderful of all the plays of M. Henry Bernstein. The work of this author is already so well known in America that it is scarcely necessary to state that his plays are nothing more than *tours de force*. His plots are marvellously constructed, his characters are true to life, his dialogue is pithy and compact; and yet we always feel by instinct that he is not a great dramatist. The reason for this feeling is that he never heightens our interest in life or adds to our understanding of it. He lacks the God-given ability to make us care about his characters. We see them suffer, but we do not take them to our hearts and feel their sufferings as our own. His work is too objective, too abstract, to appeal to us as human. But, considered solely as a craftsman, he is the most ingenious artist in the drama at the present time.

In *The Secret,* M. Bernstein, for a full half of his play, makes us think [or, rather, *allows* us to think] that his heroine is one sort of person; and then turns about, in the second half of the second act, and proves to us that she is a totally different sort of person. Amazed at the contradiction of the two opinions of her character which we have held successively, we find ourselves still groping for an explanation of this personal enigma. This explanation is afforded in the third and final act. Here again, as in *The Attack,* M. Bernstein has deferred his exposition till the end of the play, instead of giving it at the beginning. Thereby he has created what may be called an analytical suspense,—a suspense of asking not, "What happens next?", but, "Why did these things happen?" This is perhaps the nearest approach to building a play backward which has ever yet been made in the theatre of the world.

It will be noted also that M. Bernstein has brushed aside one of the most commonly accepted dogmas of the theatre,—the dogma that a dramatist must never keep a secret from his audience. The entire purpose of his pattern is to deceive his auditors for half the play, and then to use the other half to undeceive them. A considerable section of his second act runs parallel to the third act of *Othello,* with the heroine playing the part of Iago; but as yet we have seen no reason to suspect that she is not a generous and honest woman. It is as if Shakespeare, up to the middle of his third act, had allowed us to see Iago only as he appeared to the eyes of his general—"This fellow's of exceeding honesty," and had not allowed us to perceive the error until it became evident to Othello himself.

If this pattern had been proposed in advance to any jury of dramatic critics [including the present writer], it would have been rejected as unfeasible, because of the traditional belief that no audience will submit to the necessity of altering its entire conception of a character in the middle of a play. Yet M. Bernstein deliberately chose this pattern, in defiance of tradition; and his play has pleased

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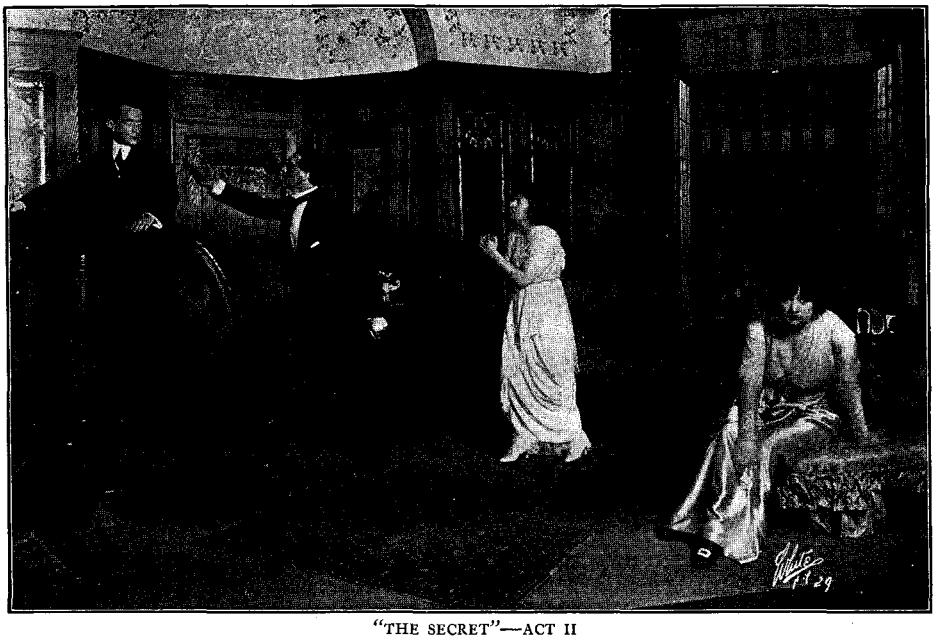

"THE SECRET"—ACT II

"A considerable portion of the second act runs parallel to the third act of *Othello,* with the heroine playing the part of Iago." In this scene, as a result of the insidious suggestions of the heroine, a bewildered husband starts upstairs to fight a man whom he suspects to be a lover of his wife. Both the heroine and her husband endeavor vainly to restrain him.

the public, in both Paris and New York. Here, again, we encounter a poetical evidence of the vanity of dogma, and an indication that no principle can ever be considered final in dramatic criticism.

"THE LAND OF PROMISE"

An emphatic contrast to the compacted pattern of *The Secret* is afforded by the loose and straggling structure of *The Land of Promise,* by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. None of the incidents of the narrative are expounded retrospectively, but all of them are acted out in chronological succession. Scribe would have approved of this pattern, because it is so utterly synthetic; but to a contemporary audience such extreme simplicity seems merely dull.

In the first act, a young woman who has served for ten years as companion to an elderly lady in Tunbridge Wells is suddenly left destitute by the death of her employer, and decides to go out to Manitoba to seek support on her brother's farm. This is all that happens in the first act: this material is not interesting in itself, and is not at all dramatic: and the critic finds it difficult to understand why Mr. Maugham did not begin his play in Manitoba, where the action really starts, and expound the material of this first act in five minutes of retrospective dialogue. Possibly he was trying to exhibit a contrast between the sheltered life of England and the cruder life of Canada; but, since his first act is utterly devoid of life, this intention has not been fulfilled.

The heroine does not like the life of Manitoba, and objects to washing dishes in her brother's house in return for her support. She is regarded, not unjustly, as a shirker and a snob by her brother's wife, a practical and earnest woman who had formerly been a waitress in Winnipeg. There is a squabble between these contrasted sisters-in-law; and in order to escape from bondage in her brother's house, the heroine impetuously agrees to marry a farm-hand whom she has always hated.

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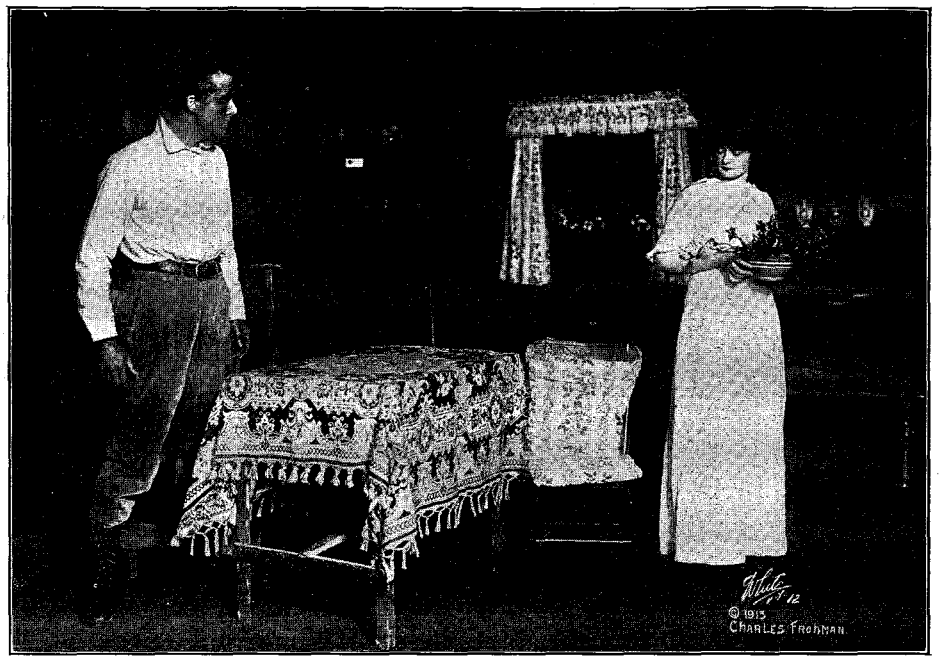

"THE LAND OF PROMISE"—ACT IV

This struggle between a girl who has been brought up in "the sheltered life of England," and her husband, who is a farm-hand in "the cruder life of Canada," "intertwines the two themes of *The Great Divide* and *The Taming of the Shrew*."

This man takes her to his own shack and orders her to be useful. A genuinely dramatic third act is developed, which intertwines the two themes of *The Great Divide* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. This is followed by an expected and commonplace last act, in which the heroine, having suddenly inherited a sum of money and being thereby granted an opportunity to return to England, decides to remain with her husband and gives him the money to save his farm from ruin.

It would not be difficult to dramatise this play. All that would be necessary would be to start the story at what is now the middle of the second act, and to develop a last act which should result from an evolution of character instead of from a fabrication of coincidence. But, in its present form, *The Land of Promise* is the poorest play of Mr. Maugham's—with the single exception of *The Explorer*—which has thus far been presented in New York.

"THE PHILANDERER"

When *The Philanderer* was about to be rehearsed in London, Mr. Bernard Shaw told the actress who had been selected for the part of Julia that she would have a very difficult task in handling the first act, "because, you know, the first act ought to be the third." If *The Land of Promise* suffers because the play begins too early in the chronological procession of the story, *The Philanderer* suffers because it begins too late. The first act is the climax of the play, and the three acts that follow constitute a lengthy anticlimax.

The Philanderer was written twenty years ago and was only the second play from the pen of Mr. Shaw. It is not surprising, therefore, that it is less adept in technical accomplishment than many of his more recent compositions. What seems a little more surprising is that the ideas which seemed so novel when Mr. Shaw propounded them in 1893 should strike us at the present time as weary and

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"THE PHILANDERER"—ACT II

"The 'new woman' of the early nineties is a creature of the past, and it seems no longer funny to dress a girl up in masculine attire and show her aping the manners of men."

outworn. Ibsen is now so generally understood that there is no longer any point to Mr. Shaw's invention of the Ibsen Club, an organisation of unwomanly women and unmanly men, whose heads had been turned by the first production of *A Doll's House* in England in 1889. The "new woman" of the early nineties is also a creature of the past, and it seems no longer funny to dress a girl up in masculine attire and show her aping the manners of men. And, as to the pursuit of men by women, Mr. Shaw himself has made this idea so familiar to contemporary thought by his later and greater comedy, *Man and Superman,* that his earlier expression of it now strikes us as a feeble iteration.

"THE NEW HENRIETTA"

The revival of Bronson Howard's comedy, *The Henrietta,* should be welcomed both by elder theatre-goers, to whom it offers an occasion for renewing a pleasant memory, and by younger theatre-goers, to whom it affords an opportunity to acquaint themselves with one of the most important items in the history of our native drama. *The Henrietta,* which was produced in 1887, was the earliest attempt to exhibit the dramatic elements in American business-life; and to this day it remains a better drama than any of the host of plays which have been devised in imitation of it.

For the present revival, the piece has been "modernised" by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. These collaborators with a dead dramatist have done their work with taste and tact. They have cut out the soliloquies and the asides of the original text; they have introduced telephones and motor-cars; they have multiplied the figures of the financial transactions; they have made the villain a son-in-law, instead of a son, of the elderly hero; and they have softened the melodramatic mood of the scene at the climax of the raid in Wall Street: but, to all intents and purposes, they have left the original play intact,

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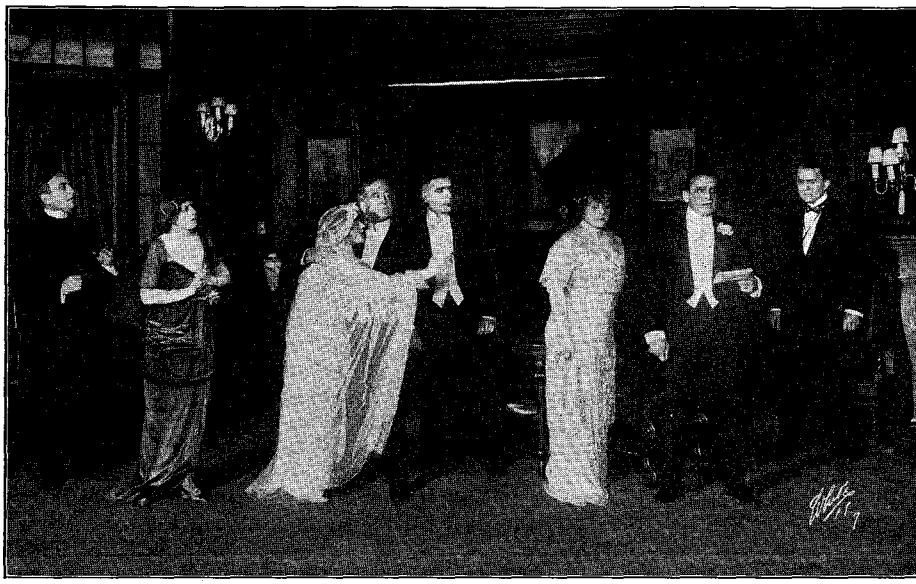

"THE NEW HENRIETTA"—ACT II

The curtain-fall of the second act. "Considered in comparison with the best contemporary plays, this comedy, composed a quarter of a century ago, seems less related to actuality and more frankly and honestly theatrical."

to make its appeal upon the strength of Bronson Howard's own ability.

Considered in comparison with the best contemporary plays, this comedy composed a quarter of a century ago seems less related to actuality and more frankly and honestly theatrical. It would be easy to demonstrate that certain moments in the story are untrue to life; but these moments are by no means the least amusing in the comedy. *The Henrietta* was composed in a period when the best playwrights believed that the purpose of the theatre was to afford entertainment to the public. Our best playwrights now believe that the purpose of the theatre is to tell the truth about life, whether it be entertaining or not. Between these two ideals any individual is free to take his choice—according to the number of his years.

"THE LEGEND OF LEONORA"

Considered from the technical point of view, *The Legend of Leonora* is the weakest play that has been issued by Sir James Barrie since the far-off days of *Little Mary*. It was written three years ago, before the author had embarked upon his present practice of writing one-act plays; but it seems to exhibit, curiously, what may be called a one-act habit of the mind.

The single act in which the essential features of the narrative are concentrated has been subdivided into two acts —the second and the third of the present production—by the expedient of dropping the curtain to indicate a pause of only a few minutes. This single act is set in a court-room. Leonora, a mother of seven children, is on trial for murder. She had been travelling in a railway compartment with her little daughter, Milly, who was suffering with a sniffy cold. A man in the same compartment had opened the window. Leonora had twice requested him to close it, and he had twice refused. Thereupon she had pushed him out of the compartment, so that he fell headlong on the tracks. After that, Leonora had shut the window. These facts are clearly evident: but the essential femininity of Leonora so charms

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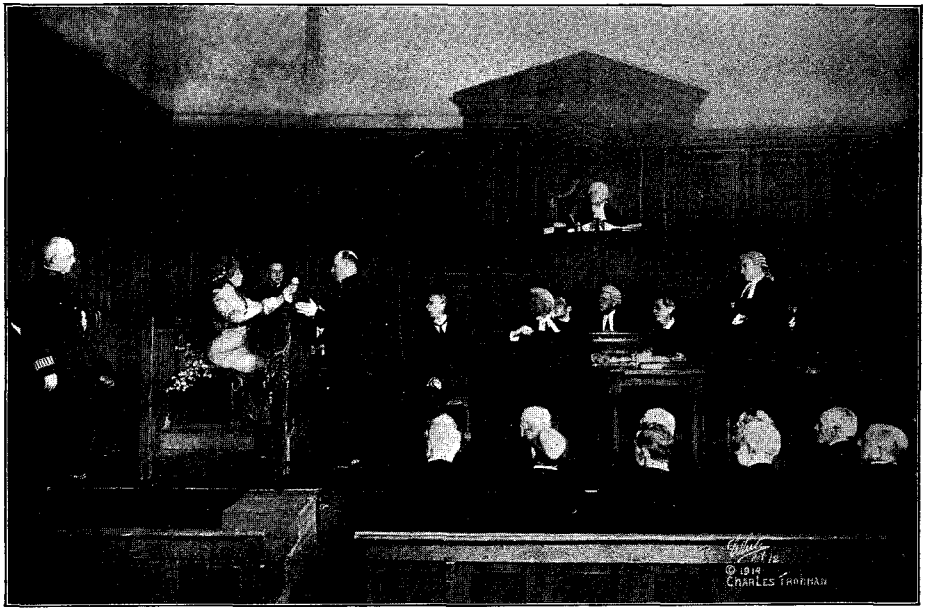

"THE LEGEND OF LEONORA"—ACT II

"The essential femininity of Leonora so charms the jury, the judge, the witnesses, and even the attorney for the prosecution, that they all unconsciously conspire to invent a romantic interpretation of the evidence which results in the triumphal acquittal of the heroine."

the jury, the judge, the witnesses, and even the attorney for the prosecution, that they all unconsciously conspire to invent a romantic interpretation of the evidence which results in the triumphant acquittal of the heroine.

This fantastic act is followed by an epilogue [called the fourth act] which is empty of dramatic action and of any real significance, and preceded by a prologue [called the first act] which is in itself an interesting one-act comedy but exhibits no necessary narrative relation to the court-room scene.

In structure, *The Legend of Leonora* is a thing of shreds and patches. Many passages of the play reveal the well-remembered charm of Barrie's whimsicality; but the piece as a whole is extremely thin in substance, excessively fantastical in mood, and enigmatic in intention.

"A THOUSAND YEARS AGO"

The interesting literary pedigree of Mr. Percy MacKaye's romance of the orient, entitled *A Thousand Years Ago,* is told in detail in the preface and the introduction to the published text.* In the present brief review, it is sufficient to say that Mr. MacKaye has retold the traditional tale of Turandot, the Princess of Pekin, with many inventions and improvements of his own. He has used the ancient legend as a background of fantastic Chinese tapestry; and in the foreground he has exhibited the antics of a group of tattered histrions of Carlo Gozzi, who, expelled from Venice by the triumph of the realistic dramas of Goldoni, have wandered all the way to China in search of adventure and romance. The *capocomico* of this fantastic company is permitted by the Emperor of China to assume dominion for a day; and in the brief time allotted to him, he contrives to unite the Princess Turandot with that noble but outlandish

*A Thousand Years Ago. By Percy MacKaye. With an Introduction by Clayton Hamilton. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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"A THOUSAND YEARS AGO"—ACT II, SCENE 2

"The *copocomico* of a group of tattered histrions of Carlo Gozzi is permitted by the Emperor of China to assume dominion for a day."

love whom she has believed theretofore to be a beggar.

A Thousand Years Ago was produced under the stage-direction of Mr. J. C. Huffman; and this production is extremely interesting as the first exhibition in the American theatre of an effort to apply the ideas and the æsthetic methods of Professor Max Reinhardt, of Berlin. The production is far from perfect. Exception might be taken to many of the colour-schemes, to some of the linear designs, and to much of the lighting; but the effort is, on the whole, appealing to the public, and should be commended as a first step in the right direction.

"THE THINGS THAT COUNT"

The peril that besets a Christmas comedy is that, the more it is fitted to the Christmas season, the less it is likely to survive it. Most people have a habit of forgetting their Christmas sentiments a short time after they have relegated their Christmas trees to the ash-man; and it is difficult to interest them any longer in the hanging up of stockings after February rolls around.

But a little Christmas comedy by Mr. Laurence Eyre, entitled *The Things That Count,* deserves to outlive the passing of the Christmas season. It is a simple and ingratiating play; and its wholesome emotion and tender sentiment afford a needed relief from that atmosphere of moral horror which has pervaded too many of the plays of the present season.

The story is a little commonplace; but it is human and it is real. Also, the author has told it with considerable skill. Mr. Eyre is an actor, and it is therefore not surprising that his play is workmanlike. The plot is straightforwardly constructed, and all the parts are adequately characterised. What is, perhaps, a little more surprising in this first play by an actor, is the author's literary gift. He writes both prettily and wittily, as the occasion requires. Though this present piece may not survive the Christmas season for which it was deliberately planned, it will be interesting to watch for future plays by Mr. Laurence Eyre.

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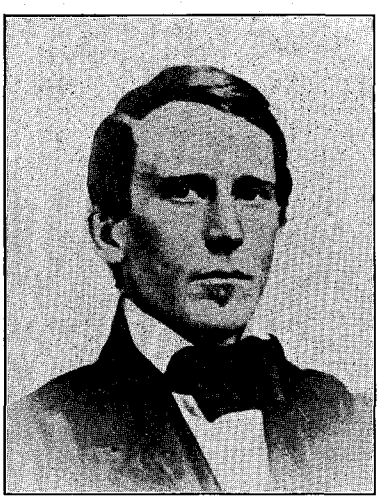
THE MAN WHO WROTE "OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

BY AGNES FOSTER CROSBY

FIFTY years ago this month the cities of Pittsburgh and Alleghany went to a funeral. Schools were closed, bank doors were barred and business men forgot their bargaining and trading. They mourned a common friend, for Stephen Collins Foster, born in Pittsburgh and raised in the smaller city across the river, had died in New York the week before, and his body had been sent West to be laid in the old burying ground which had been one of the many gifts of his father to the city of his birth. If a public guessing match could be had it would be interesting to see how many persons in these United States could tell offhand who Stephen Foster was, and what he did, or, to put the question inversely, Who wrote "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "Old Dog Tray," "Nelly Bly," and "My Old Kentucky Home"?

Colonel William Barclay Foster, the father of the poet, took his bride across the mountains from Chambersburg on horseback in the spring of 1817 and built for her "The White Cottage" which later, as their family grew up, came to be the centre of a dignified and generous



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

FOSTER'S GRAVE IN ALLEGHANY CEMETERY

hospitality. This cottage still stands at the junction of Penn and Butler Streets, and there is now on foot a movement whereby the city of Pittsburgh aims to obtain the property and preserve it as another monument to her talented son. There, July 4, 1826, the same day that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died, Stephen Collins Foster was born, the youngest of a family of seven.

Though never very much of a student at school, Stephen soon exhibited individual gifts. His sister, Eliza, had a much loved guitar and Stephen insisted upon picking out tunes on its strings. Also there is the story that one day his mother took him with her on a shopping expedition and while she was interested in her purchases, the child's eyes fell on a flageolet. He knew that somehow or other it could be made to sing music, and he was soon struggling through its tones and half tones. Presently his mother and the

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THE OLD FOSTER HOMESTEAD, WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN. THE CITY OF PITTSBURGH IS NOW TRYING TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE PURCHASE OF THIS HISTORIC PLACE

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME

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astonished clerks were treated to a fairly true rendition of "Hail Columbia" by a seven-year-old youngster who had never had such an instrument in his hands before. His original work began when Foster was about nineteen. Then theatre-going was a much greater treat than it is in these days. Young people were thrown more upon their own resources for their entertainment. Partly to meet this need, young Foster formed a club which met at the White Cottage twice a week. There the members sang over and over again the songs then in favour, until Foster suggested that they try something original. His first offer was "The Louisiana Belle," followed the next week by "Old Uncle Ned." This immediately caught the popular fancy. Being a poet and not a business man, these songs were promptly presented by Foster to Mr. Peters, the Cincinnati publisher, when that gentleman admired them. From them and "Oh Sussanah," Mr. Peters made ten thousand dollars, while the author of them made nothing except name and fame.

Undoubtedly the best known and most popular of Foster's songs is "The Old Folks at Home." Five years after its first appearance four hundred thousand copies of it were sold. It is probably the most extensively translated song in the world. Every language in Europe has its version of it, and even in Asia and Africa the natives have thrilled to its melodies sung in their own tongues. The song was written for Christy, the minstrel, who asked Foster for something new which he might sing before publication. Again the writer's generosity and lack of business methods would have interfered with his finances had not his brother, Morrison, intervened and obtained a bonus of five hundred dollars for the privilege Christy asked. This explains the fact that the first editions of the song appeared under Christy's name as author, a mistake which was later corrected. Most of the songs which are accredited to Foster are doubly his, both words and music coming from his pen. He never aspired to be a great pianist, but his touch on the keyboard was wonderful, and his voice sweet and true. It was, however, on the flute that he excelled, bringing from it the full rich notes that only a master can. The home life in the White Cottage was congenial and happy. Foster's devotion to his mother was the strongest influence of his life. His marriage in 1850 to Miss Jane McDowell did not turn out as happily as might have been wished. The young wife was apparently out of sympathy with his work, and while he was turning out his gems she thought he was wasting time as a dreamer and a visionary.

Very sensitive and retiring, Foster made few close friends, but he clung almost passionately to his old acquaintances. His manner was abstracted, and it was common for him to walk down the street, his eyes on the ground, seeing no one, hearing nothing but the music of his own heart. Vulgarity and coarseness were absolutely foreign to the man. Whatever may have been his weaknesses, and undoubtedly he had his share of them, nowhere do we hear aught against his bearing and manner toward a woman, no one comes forward with a disparaging story or anecdote.

It is generally supposed that no one not born and raised in the South could produce such compositions as Foster's, but except for some pleasure trips on steamboats owned by his brother, Dunning, Foster saw little and knew little of the South. No doubt many trifling incidents of these outings lingered in the poet's impressionable brain and later found expression in his songs. Not until 1900 did Pittsburgh have any monument to Stephen Foster. Then by popular subscription a handsome granite and bronze statue was raised just inside the main gateway to Highland Park. Moretti, the sculptor, has been most happy in his conception and execution of his commission and represents Foster sitting with pencil and paper ready to jot down some immortal melody, while below and beside him, Uncle Ned strums happily on his banjo, with fingers that do really look like "cane in the brake."

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library

V—Recuperative Bibliophily

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," says Polonius to his son. We all nod our heads in approval as we read, and then we keep on borrowing and lending, just as before. The fact is that borrowing and lending are necessary in our social and economic system: they are the one concession of that system in the direction of communism. The man who would hesitate to share the ownership of his goods with those who lack them will occasionally part with some of them provisionally and temporarily by way of a loan. The man who would die rather than ask an alms, out and out, will gladly borrow, if he can find some one to lend to him. The trouble is that all this lending and borrowing, which should be but a temporary transfer of ownership, amounts in many cases to the permanent transfer which it professes not to be. This is notoriously the case with certain small objects—umbrellas, for instance. It is unfortunately coming to be so with books. The man who is asked to lend a book nowadays thinks not so much of his willingness to lend as of the possibility of losing sight of his property altogether. He can rely neither on the mental ability nor on the general character of the would-be borrower, for these have proved no bars to the appropriation of property in books. It is not so much wilful retention as the absence of a stimulus to restitution. The borrower sees the volume occasionally and lazily recognises its ownership. "Oh, there is that book of Smith's," he says to himself; "I must leave that at his house some day in passing." If he had borrowed a horse of Smith and the sight of the animal evoked no more potent reaction, he would be looked upon as dishonest. But "books are different," and it is because they are different that this article becomes the fitting climax to a series on "The Making of an American's Library." For a library, being a collection, is formed by accretion, and it is accretion in the net, not the gross, that is effective. What a man has, in the way of a library, is not what he has acquired, but that sum diminished by what his friends have borrowed.

There was a time when, if a man had no funds to buy books, he must perforce borrow from his friends, if he would read at all. Literature thus teems with allusions to book-lending and book-borrowing; to the unappreciative borrower and the borrower who does not return his loan—the man who, to quote Lord Eldon's witticism, is "backward in accounting but practised in book-keeping;" to the churlish lender and the selfish owners who refuse to lend at all—those whom Rabelais savagely terms the "rascally rabble of people who will not lend."

Leigh Hunt, in his essay on "My Books," calls himself a "meek son in a family of book-losers," and asserts that he lost half a dozen decent-sized libraries before his thirty-eighth year. He castigates, under the revealing disguise of initials, the friends who have borrowed his books, never to return them; yet he confesses that he himself never sees an interesting book on another's shelf without wishing to carry it off.

Charles Lamb classifies his borrowing friends thus: "Some read slow; some mean to read but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but bor-

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row to leave you an opinion of their sagacity."

Such public or semi-public libraries as existed in those days did not lend their treasures. They opened their doors to the favoured few, and beyond those doors their volumes were never suffered to go. Now our public libraries lend books—some of them at the rate of millions of issues annually. It is an easy matter for any one to obtain books by this kind of loan. But, instead of lessening the demand for private loans, this has only stimulated it. By throwing open the doors of our large collections, we have engendered a thirst for books that we cannot wholly satisfy. And it is so simple a matter to borrow a book from a public library that the borrower cannot help resenting an attitude of greater retentiveness on the part of a friendly private owner.

Possibly a mistake has been made in calling the distribution of books on a large scale by a public institution "lending" and "borrowing." It is really co-operative use by the public—a book club on a huge scale, where the public buys its own books, pays for housing them and making them accessible, and submits to the laws imposed under its own authority to regulate their equitable distribution. Does a man "borrow" when he receives a book under these circumstances? Surely not in the same sense as when he receives it from a man in whose ownership of it he does not share. We have, however, assimilated our library nomenclature to that properly employed when one man lends a book to another. Possibly we may be able to reciprocate by borrowing the public machinery for the protection and insurance of the private lender. History presents numerous instances of attempts to systematise the lending of private books and still more of generous owners who were willing to throw open their collections to the use of friends, or even of the public. Plutarch tells us that the library of Lucullus was "open to all." Brander Matthews has gathered some rather striking instances of book-owners who have been liberal of their store—the wagon-load of volumes sent to Dickens by Carlyle, when asked for aid with the *Tale of Two Cities;* the German book-lover whose book-plate bore the motto *Libi et Amicis*—for self and friends; the kindred motto of Grolier, *Grolierii et Amicorum*—Grolier's and his friends'. Christian de Savigny went even further in his self-abnegation, for his plate bears the words *non mihi sed aliis,* not for self but for others. In his essay "On the Lending and Marking of Books," from which these items are quoted, Professor Matthews gives it as his opinion that, while the rare or curious book should never be lent, it would be churlish to refuse to a friend "the book of to-day,—the book in print, the book of commerce, which can be had anywhere for the asking." But if any one may obtain the book so easily, why borrow it? One is tempted to sympathise with Scaliger, whose book-plate bears the scriptural motto *Ite ad vendentes*—go to them that sell. It is the book difficult to obtain elsewhere that one wants to borrow, and that the owner should be willing to lend. Professor Matthews's rules, however, indicate that he is liberal in this respect, as in most others. They are as follows:

"I never lend a book which I cannot replace. I never lend a book of reference which I may need myself while it is out. I never lend a volume of a set. I never lend without taking a receipt, signed by the borrower. I never lend a book that I cannot afford to lose. I never lend a book to a man whom I know to be untidy, or careless, or inconsiderate; but I give a liberal construction to this regulation. And by means of these rules I am enabled to reconcile my conscience to the individual ownership of books."

Then there was the eccentric English philosopher, Henry Cavendish, who completely and satisfactorily solved the problem of book-lending by placing his large library in a house adjoining his residence and throwing it open to the public on the same terms as if it had been a public library. Borrowed books were

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charged to the borrowers, including himself, and their return in a specified time was insisted upon and enforced. The owner had no less use of his books than if they had been stored under his own roof. Possibly he lent them to no greater extent. But he lent them, and the public borrowed them, under conditions that protected the rights of both lender and borrowers, and ensured the return of the books in good condition. Think, if you please, what a general adoption of this plan might mean, especially if the owners of books should decide to promote efficiency and economy by pooling their property and housing it under a single roof!

Something of this kind was proposed in an article on "The Gentle Art of Book Lending," contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* (London, June, 1895), by Mr. George Somes Layard, who presented therein a scheme for co-operative book-lending by private owners. Briefly stated, his plan was to form a committee of the library-owners of a region, appoint an "honourary librarian or official go-between," possibly "some capable lady," and prepare a catalogue of the book resources of the district in private hands, which, among other things, should set forth the particular conditions under which each item was offered for use—whether by loan, outright, under the librarian's supervision, or at the owner's house. Machinery was elaborated—on paper—for dealing with each of these cases.

I cannot learn that this plan, or anything resembling it, was ever put into practice. The trouble is, of course, that it requires machinery—a central office or authority of some sort to operate it. It is futile to think of placing such machinery in the hands of unpaid amateurs, and an expert staff is costly. None of these objections applies now that the machinery for just this kind of supervision and control has been elaborated and is supported at the expense of the community in our public libraries. It is perfectly possible, with the aid of these, to realise the philanthropic impulses and to carry out the schemes, which lack of the proper machinery has forced, in so many instances, to remain without practical expression. There is probably no town so small that it does not contain books worth borrowing. In many places the sum of such books in private hands is larger than that of all the volumes in public and institutional libraries. These books are often far more valuable than any that have been purchased, or could be afforded, by the local public library. Their owners, in many cases, would be perfectly willing to allow accredited scholars and writers to use the books, but the fact that they exist and the place where they are kept, are as safely hidden from the public as if the books were cast into the depths of the sea.

The local public library would usually be a safer place for these volumes in every way than the homes of their owners. The danger of loss from fire and from theft is less. The public library, in a small town, that should be able to receive from its citizens such an accretion as this would be fortunate indeed. That library, that town, those public-spirited citizens—are non-existent. We are individualists, one and all, where property rights are concerned, and every one of us wants his property under his thumb, not in a place where it is easy for some one else to use it. Even after he dies, instead of going to the public library by request, it and its fellows are sold and scattered among other selfish individualists, and the proceeds are given to the heirs to aid in providing them with steam yachts and motor cars. If we are to devise means to release this vast stock of books for the use of those who are able to profit by them and to turn them to the public service, we shall have, I am afraid, to do it in such a way as not to remove the books from the custody of their owners.

This means a plan like that elaborated by Mr. Layard, except that his central committee of amateurs would be replaced by the local library board. His "capable lady" would still be in the saddle, for most of our librarians are

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women; but her capabilities would, without doubt, be increased by her library-school training, her years of experience, and her knowledge of local conditions and personalities. Almost every town of any size has now, in connection with its public library, machinery for informing the public what books that library has and where they are, together with facilities for using them, lending them, tracing their whereabouts and ensuring their safe return. All this machinery is administered under public auspices and its cost is met by taxation. If we are not to waste time, money and material on a huge scale, whatever is done to systematise the use of valuable private books by others than their owners and to see that those owners do not lose them, must be done by utilising this machinery.

This may be accomplished very simply and effectively in the following way: Let every owner of a book that he is willing to let others use send its name to the local public library, stating at the same time whether the borrower may take it home, or must use it in the library building, or must consult it in the owner's house. Any other conditions on which its use is granted should, of course, be stated at the same time. Cards for all these books should then be inserted in the library catalogue precisely as if the library owned them. The author card might bear also the owner's name and address, with the conditions of use, or this information might be kept in a separate index, the catalogue card bearing simply some abbreviation to denote the fact that the book was privately owned and in the custody of the owner.

The advantages of this plan would be threefold—to the public, to the library, and to the book-owner. The book-user would be able to ascertain not only what books were in the public library, on some subject in which he was interested; but what and how many books, accessible to him, were in the town. Those in the hands of private owners willing to lend were, of course, accessible to him before this enlargement of the catalogue, but he did not know it, and even if he had known it, he might have hesitated to ask. Now the library asks for him, and his relations as a borrower with the owner as a lender are systematised and facilitated by the use of the whole machine that has been elaborated and perfected by the library to this end.

The library finds its available stock of books practically multiplied. It is able to satisfy more of its readers than before, and to satisfy just that class whose satisfaction means most to the library, doing it at a minimum expenditure of energy and with machinery already provided.

The book-owner sees certain of his books actually performing a public service. He finds that it is possible to express his willingness to lend, which has always existed in a vague form, in terms of such service. He finds the machinery for putting the books in the hands of those who will use them to advantage, ready to hand and able not only to place his property but to insure its proper care and safe return.

Moreover, not only is he enabled to lend when it is proper that he should do so, but it also becomes easy, and even necessary, for him to refuse when the conditions are unsatisfactory. When he is asked for the loan of a book, under the old conditions, it will be simple and quite proper for him to answer, if he desires to do so, that he has placed the lending of his books in the hands of the public library and that he desires to use its machinery in all cases. The borrower is put to little inconvenience, for he can reach the public library easily by telephone. The only difference is that his act is duly registered and that he is made to return the book when he is through with it, all by the operation of a system to which he is accustomed. He might have resented the charging of the book by the owner and the receipt of an overdue notice from him; but the same acts excite no resentment when performed by the library as a regular part of its administration.

A plan of this kind has so much in its

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favour from all standpoints, that an advocate of it runs the danger of overlooking the special advantage that alone excuses the inclusion of it in a series of articles on the making of a private library. This advantage is its contribution toward the limitation and the conservation of such a library. Limitation, because with free permission to borrow from his neighbours, one may omit many purchases that he would otherwise feel like making; conservation, because, as we have already seen, danger of loss from such free offering of his own books is reduced to a minimum. Possibly these points need a word or two of amplification. The ideal private library is a collection of intimates. There are plausible reasons for going beyond this; but the book-lover should have himself well under control when he yields to them; that way lies bankruptcy. Most of them are less plausible now than they used to be. There is the necessity for books of reference. Every one must have a dictionary and a cyclopedia—perhaps one or two foreign lexicons. Beyond this it is hardly necessary to go. Most of us consult other reference books than these infrequently, and we may find them at the Public Library. There are the books that have been read and laid aside—candidates for the collection that have not passed muster. Why buy these at all? They may be tested by borrowing them from the Library. There is the book that is too rarely used or too costly for a small public library to buy, which tempts you for some personal reason. Do you know that each of three friends of yours, in your town, have yielded to these very considerations and have bought the book? If the plan outlined above were in force, you would know it, and your appreciation of the fact that one copy would amply supply the demand would operate to limit your purchases, to the great relief of your purse. Two of your neighbours would be wishing that they had been similarly restrained. In course of time, the co-operating book-owners of a town, in conference with the librarian of the Public Library, may find it profitable to work out a systematic limitation of the field of purchase, similar to that agreed upon in Chicago, and some other places, by several large libraries. In cases where it would obviously be a waste of money for more than one library to buy an expensive work, this agreement specifies the library that shall buy it, one specialising in science, for instance, another in art and a third in history. Whichever buys the work it is freely accessible to all citizens. The extension of this plan to private buyers ought not to be difficult, in places where the scheme of co-operation above outlined is already in operation; and the advantage to book-owners, individually and collectively, is obvious.

The second point—that relating to conservation—has possibly been insisted upon sufficiently in the early part of this article, but the function of the library as a guarantor of safe return needs a little more discussion. Doubtless, books lent in this way would follow Professor Brander Matthews's first rule in being chiefly those possible to replace. Only in such cases has guaranty or insurance a proper meaning. One may "insure" the Mona Lisa for a million dollars; but this does not mean that it could ever be replaced. When a man insures his life, he does not do it with the thought of avoiding death, but of preventing the loss which death would otherwise occasion. The money that he earns when alive and devotes to his family's support can be replaced, dollar for dollar, by that paid over by the insurance company. In like manner, a library cannot guarantee the return, to the owner, of the actual copy of a book that he has lent; but it can guarantee the purchase of another copy when the book is replaceable. When a book-owner, therefore, lends a book through a library, he is insured against loss with a thoroughness that would be impossible if the book went directly to the individual who is to use it. The library not only has more powerful machinery to enforce the return of the book, but it has greater resources and greater responsibility to pay for it if it proves

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to be irrecoverably lost. Also, there is a strong likelihood that it will be able to recoup itself by enforcing payment from the loser.

And this insurance does not cost the lender a cent. He pays for it by his willingness to do public service—one of the few cases, if it is not the only case, where such willingness is worth actual cash. Owing to it, a man's book, lent in this way, would be safer than when locked up in his own bookcase without insurance. To equal it, the owner would have to take out policies, not only against fire, but against flood, tornado, burglary and every other imagined loss; for the library's guaranty has absolutely no limitation, except that of the time during which the book is in its charge. To wipe out this limitation also, the owner need only use the library as a permanent place of deposit; which brings us around again to the position taken near the beginning of this article. It was there hinted that human selfishness would prevent any such general abandonment of private custody. But perhaps, when the owner begins to look at the matter from this standpoint of insurance, human selfishness may turn about and pull in the other direction; who knows? The elimination of waste and the promotion of efficiency by co-operation and consolidation is in the air. The trust is an example in the field of commerce and industry. Charitable and civic organisations are combining and establishing great indexes to their work, freely accessible to all the societies concerned, so that none need try to do something already well done by some one else.

If book-owners who are willing to be book-lenders, all the more because they occasionally feel the need of becoming borrowers, will follow suit, we shall presently see the ownership of books exalted into a civic virtue. And the bibliophile will love his books more than ever, when bibliophily shall, in some such fashion as this, have become recuperative.

He who is exploring a canyon in the Far West is ever and anon tempted to turn aside into some fascinating side canyon. The purpose of his exploration is not thwarted thereby, and, indeed, it may be aided and supplemented, provided only he returns in the end to the original valley and continues his course down the stream.

So, in the series of articles that ends here, although we have turned, now and again, to discuss side issues, it is to be hoped that these have served, in the end, to clarify and enlighten the main stream of thought, which is that an American's private library must be born of personal interest and fed upon love. We Americans are a practical people, but we are at the same time the most idealistic of nations. To buy a book because some one else likes it is not a practical proceeding, but to be guided, in purchasing, by the impulse of interest and love is both practical and ideal. And it is in accord with the recent awakening of our social and civic consciousness that what we do by and for ourselves should be considered always in its relationships with what we do with others—what we may do for each other. Hence we cannot consider our private book-buying apart from our public book-buying. The Public Library is in a position to aid us at every step and we in turn should be able and willing to aid it; for by so doing we are merely helping our neighbours.

If we are ever to give the lie to those prophets of evil who tell us that democracy is for the small nations alone, never for the great, and that as we grow, our old customs and our old laws must perforce become more and more a cloak for oligarchy and privilege—if we are ever to confound those who sneer at popular education and despise popular government, it must be by such practical co-operation as this—a demonstration that, at bottom, private and public activities are but different aspects of the same thing—that what the individual has, he holds in trust for his fellows, and what the community has it must place at the disposal of each citizen in the fullest and freest way compatible with its own existence and progress.

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AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

V—The North Country of New York

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Dri and I," "The Taming of Griggsby," etc.

Until the middle of the last century northern New York was a remote frontier. It had many features of unusual interest. There were the old manor-houses of the Van Rensselaers and the Ogdens and that of George Parish—the Baron von Seftonburg—the most dashing and romantic figure in the land; there were the abandoned estates of the Count de Chaumont and the Baroness de Ferriet and of Joseph Bonaparte—that brother of Napoleon who had been King of Spain; there was the most beautiful and tremendous water highway on the continent, down which came the forests of the farther west in great rafts on their way to the mills; there, too, was a howling wilderness. Many a time in my boyhood I have heard it howl in the voices of wolf and panther. A wonderful place it was with its many lakes and ponds; with its ancient green trails, its wild life, its mighty hunters. Going down the Racquette or the Oswegatchie or the St. Regis forty years ago, one had to take off his hat to the beauty of the world, although he may never have done the like, for here were rivers walled and often roofed with pine and birch and tamarack, and bordered with lilies; and there were torches of blue iris flaming above the reeds, and wild roses crowding to the water's edge.

Most of the inhabitants of this part of the valley of the St. Lawrence got there in the westward movement from northern Vermont. They were a hardy race of men. Their fathers had been the Green Mountain Boys—a daring lot of raiders, woodchoppers, and fighting-men. They had had many enemies, the greatest of whom was the Devil. They wore them out rapidly. They were almost wasteful in their use of enemies, but, of course, they knew where they could get others, and felt that they could afford this one extravagance. They came over the mountains and through the woods with their families in ox-carts and wagons. The old feather beds and some few sacred articles of furniture were in the carts and wagons with a kettle and a frying-pan, and some corn meal. The old family musket, with a barrel so long that one had to back up for a shot if the game were near him, furnished meat for the journey. Often they drove a cow with them so that they might have her milk with the pudding. It was a hard trip with much breaking down by the way.

Early in the last century a traveller on the old Châteauguay trail met a man going west with his ox-cart. One of the wheels had been broken, and the mover was mending it. His wife lay sick on a feather bed, under a bark lean-to. His children were shivering in a cold rain. In spite of all this the man was singing as he worked. He greeted the newcomer with a merry jest, and the latter said to him:

"My friend, how in God's name do you manage to keep so cheerful?"

"I've got to," said the mover in a low tone as he paused in his task. "Ye see, I've got to make them believe that we're havin' a good time, an' it keeps me awful busy. To-day, I can hardly believe it myself."

That was the type of man who settled the St. Lawrence Valley in northern New York. They were mostly a cheerful lot, because they had to be. Almost

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IRVING BACHELLER

always the man was responsible for the moving. The wife had been the conservative member of the family who dreaded to leave the old neighbourhood for the life of a pioneer. She had generally tried to hold him back. So, it had been up to him to make her believe, if possible, that pioneering was fun. He sang, he told stories, he invented jokes, he laughed even when his courage was broken. He built his cabin of logs and battened it with moss and roofed it with rough hewn troughs, and windowed it with greased paper, and began to clear away the woods, burning the trees as they fell. The ashes were his only source of income, for he could leach water through them and boil down the lye into black salts which were much in demand.

Shut in by the mountains and the forest on the south and east, and the water boundary of an alien land on the north and west, he kept the dialect and customs of his fathers. I remember well the mental boundaries of these people in my youth. In the east was history, in the west mystery, in the north the British, in the south the Democratic party, while above them was a difficult heaven, and beneath them a wide open and capacious hell. It was natural, I suppose, that they should indulge in profanity as well as in prayer, and I knew good men who were proficient in both directions. There were miles of whiskers in the valley those days, and nowhere was the head of the Yankee more fertile inside or outside. The men rested now and then to swap horses, and stories and political opinions, but the women were always busy, it seemed to me. They were a wonderful race of women—each a spinner, a weaver, a knitter, a sewer, a tailor, a cook, a washerwoman, a nurse, a doctor, a wise and tender mother. They went to the neighbours for a visit or an evening of frolic, now and then, but their

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hands were busy even while they played, and they would knit half a stocking in the course of their fun.

Their lives were lonely. They were often thinking of the old friends and beloved scenes they had left forever, and yet they were not more than a hundred miles from them—a journey so long and difficult that they dared to think of it only in dreams. They found diversion in work. They worked and saved and sang of rest, but never seemed to be taking it. Their songs were streaked with the note of melancholy. It was like the sound of the wind in the chimney on a cold day. I used to hear them singing, in my youth, that old lyric which Robinson Crusoe was said to have sung in his loneliness:

> Society, friendship and love
> Divinely bestowed upon man.
> O, had I the wings of a dove,
> How soon would I taste thee again!

A few books, the *Weekly Tribune, Ballou's Magazine, Our Boys and Girls,* edited by Oliver Optic, afforded most of their amusement and consolation. The characters of Dickens and Ann Stephens, the adventures of Daniel Boone and David Livingstone, the sermons of Bushnell and Beecher, the wisdom of Horace Greeley came into the glow of the evening lamp and entered our thoughts and dreams.

These people had had to do their own sowing and reaping and threshing and milling (largely with tools of their own manufacture), their own building and mending, and with it all they had learned to do their own thinking—a highly important accomplishment. Taking thought of the morrow was the price of life. The self-made thinkers were on every frontier. The best came to be fairly well known: Wright, Webster, Lincoln, Grant, Greeley, Edison, Mark Twain.

So the rank and file of our north country lived and fought the good fight. The railroad came in the middle fifties, and the young people began to break away from the farms. Some of the young men went West or down to the oil fields in Pennsylvania. Some went away to school, living in a small room and boarding themselves. Some returned in fine boots and store clothing, with cigars in their mouths and silver in their pockets, and a new kind of fruit in their satchels called bananas. They told of wonderful adventures and narrow escapes; of a hundred dollars a month and such fabulous earnings. There was no holding the young men after that. Sundry big schools had been established in near villages. A college had opened north of the woods. Ministers and professors began to tell of the power of learning in the district schoolhouses. Everybody wanted to sell out and go West, but one might as well try to sell a corner lot on Mars as a farm seven miles from the railroad those days. Many rented and moved to the towns to educate their children. Naturally, the farms began to run down.

I remember returning to the scenes of my youth some thirty years ago. The old farm had been sold and resold and mortgaged and remortaged. It was in the hands of a new American, who was willing to live on what he could not sell. He stood on the half-ruined porch looking at me as I drove in.

"Hello," said I.

"Hello," said he. "Who be you?"

I told him.

"They tell me you've done noble down there," said he.

"How've you done?" I asked.

"Jest livin'—farmin' is played out," he answered.

"Quit it," said I.

"Can't," said he.

"Why not?" said I.

"Mortgaged," said he. "What'll I do?"

"You look as if you might die without trying very hard," I suggested.

"Can't," said he.

"Why not?" said I.

"Mortgaged," said he. "With my wife and children I ain't no right to die."

At that moment a man drove in who

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for many years had held mortgages on every acre of the countryside. The tenant introduced me.

"If your father had kept you here, this farm wouldn't look as it does now," the newcomer said to me.

"No," said the tenant. "If he'd stayed here the farm would have looked better, but he'd have looked a damn sight worse."

A good bit of the physical and psychological situation of that time and country is in this anecdote, and a thing to be remembered is this: They had a sense of humour which misfortune could not destroy.

So much for the rank and file of the country in which I was born. Its greatest citizen was Silas Wright, who, it was said, was busier declining offices than were other statesmen in trying to get them. He became Governor of the State, and the peer of Webster in the United States Senate, and declined the nomination of his party for President. He was a great, simple-hearted man who began his law practice in the county-seat of St. Lawrence. Every morning and afternoon he worked on his little farm in the village, and was often fetched out of the field where he was plain "Sile," to his office, where he was Mr. Wright, to talk with a client. Once a man came to see him with a grievance against his neighbour. Mr. Wright heard his story, and suggested that he should like to see the neighbour, and the latter was brought to the lawyer's office. Mr. Wright went to the door, put its key in the outside of the lock, and said:

"I'm going to shut you both in here, for I want you to be the judge and the jury in this case. When you've agreed on a verdict you may pound on the door, and I'll release you."

He was often heard to say that he didn't believe in getting twelve men for a job that two could do better.

When Governor and Mrs. Wright went to their duties in Albany, they had to drive one hundred and twenty miles to reach the railroad at Utica. Returning they rode with a load of furniture and provisions, and Mrs. Wright carried her canary bird in her lap.

The Parishes built a baronial mansion near the shore of the river at Ogdensburg, in 1810. It was known long afterward as the old red villa. David and George Parish spent a fortune in the development of northern New York, building roads, opening mines, and establishing trade with the lakes and the lower river. George Parish whirled about the region in his coach, drawn by four horses, with relays every ten miles of his journey. In the early forties he married the celebrated Madame Vespucci, known in Washington as "the fair Florentine."

Stephen Van Rensselaer purchased his tract in 1795, and soon after built his mansion on a high point overlooking the river, where he and his family spent their summers. Henry Van Rensselaer assumed charge of the estate in 1832. The Ogdens, who bought their estate in 1792, built manor-houses at Ogdensburg and Waddington.

Ogdensburg was a famous port and trade centre, and noted for the healthfulness and beauty of its situation at the beginning of the last century. Washington Irving spent the summer of 1803 with the Parishes in quest of health and adventure.

Some French aristocrats, mostly friends of Napoleon I, bought the so-called Chassinis tract, in Jefferson and Lewis counties, soon after the French Revolution. It was a great domain, including something over 600,000 acres. Napoleon had furnished part of the money for this purchase, and looked to these wild lands as a promising place for rest and refreshment in that time of leisure which he hoped to enjoy.

There a number of the French nobility built homes and lived a grand life. Of them the best known were Joseph Bonaparte and Donatien Le Ray, Comte de Chaumont, and the Baroness de Ferriet, and Prince Lucien, son of Marshal Murat. The former built a lodge at Lake Bonaparte and a summer-house at Natural Bridge, with bullet proof sleep-

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ing-rooms. One historian says that he and his guests rode about the lake in gondolas. Madame de Staël and the Duc de Broglie were also landholders in northern New York. A farmer came to a lawyer friend of mine up there and reported that in searching his title he found that it came from a man by the name of "Duck D. Brogle."

Among the visitors of these people were Thomas Moore, Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, the Duc de Rochefoucauld, Comte Real, Napoleon's Prefect of Police, and Marshal Grouchy.

So, there has been all kinds of life—save that of the great city—in this land of which I have written. It is interesting, also, as the scene of the border wars.

THE PERSONAL JULES CLARETIE

BY STUART HENRY

JULES CLARETIE, now dead at seventy-three, after such a busy life, was so often to be seen walking rapidly up the Avenue de l'Opéra, with that kindly, open, humanitarian, bearded face a little upturned, typical of his frank, glad-handed, aspiring nature. One observed a figure in the usual Frenchman's modest, carelessly fitting habit, the ends of the overcoat sagging down, and the inevitable umbrella and neckcloth. A medium-sized man, with a slight literary stoop.

To wait for a word with him in the green room of the Français or on its private staircase, where one quails under the battery of shining, challenging glances from those fine-spun actresses lying in wait to waylay the Administrator for a better rôle, was to tarry for a man ever ready and apparently anxious to see you. But with no time. "Won't you kindly write and tell me what I can do for you?" would come at length his friendly response and request.

In that dramatic household you realised something of the daily hardships he underwent with so much benevolence during those twenty-eight years at the severest post of its kind in the world. What a marvel to manœuvre that highly spiced company of æsthetes and exquisites—players and coquettes—charming, spoiled children of genius and talent—perfumed with vanity, keyed-up in delicately strained tensions, intertwined in fine nets of intrigue, and living in daily intimacy on one another's nerves!

Quite representative of the best moral elements of France, Claretie proved, however, a master in managing that befluttered dovecote of petticoats. And it was the *Comédie,* too, in one of its most valued and varied epochs. He wrote, it is true, with Henry Cain *La Navarraise* for Massenet. But there was in his make-up neither lyrism nor any of that clinging feverish colour of sensual grace which appeals in a great deal of Massenet's music.

What travelling Claretie did served to keep him thoroughly French—a racial trait in French tourists. His excursions into Germany did not prevent this gracious man from maintaining a distinctly anti-German attitude in his history *La Guerre Nationale.* In his novel *l'Américaine* (1892), one fails to find anything truly American but its subject—divorce. And that was its real topic and excuse. For the Parisians at first berated us and now at length bless us for that important article of import to latter-day France.

Notwithstanding Claretie's twenty novels, his histories, his uncounted volumes of critical comment and appreciation on Paris life, art and everything else, an evolutionary Brunetière would say it was natural that Claretie's best creation should be *Brichanteau, Come-*

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dian. It is apparently the only permanent and living thing that emerges from his cloud of writings.

Brichanteau, the gay, facile actor with a heart, is perhaps Claretie himself in the form of a player. Acted by De Féraudy, then flattened out to fit the *comédie de salon* and "easy to play" class, Brichanteau, matured actor of a little theatre, succeeding in his own failure, *spirituel,* diverting, rolling his r's like a performer of the *banlieu*—it is Brichanteau who lives while Claretie dies.

To compare this figure with its famous prototype, Daudet's Delobelle, born some twenty-two years before, is to see the one as on the stage itself and the other in the pages of a real living novel. Likely Delobelle will always be the greater. For Claretie, first of all and by profession a journalist, was, one may say, ever a journalist. He exemplified the touch-and-go diffuseness and impermanency of the daily newspaper. Daudet was pure literature, looking up toward the supreme and the enduring, and finishing everything down to the smallest of nervous details. Claretie hastened though rather easily, hitting the obvious spots of actuality.

Born in westerly mid-France, in the same year as Daudet (1840), he arrived on the scene in Paris when about eleven. He gradually joined with the Vacquerie sort of high-minded, upright men—belated Romantics who did not need to reform. They were to help overthrow the dissipated Empire and to live for the more righteous Republic—agnostic and Protestant. And so he became a journalist at twenty-one, then editor, writer of almost forgotten plays that ran a hundred nights, a universal commentator, breathing only the air from day to day. His books reflect a remarkably full picture of his time. Every new idea, movement, emotion, thrill of his epoch appear touched up in his thousands of columns. It is in his popular *La Vie à Paris,* more piquant than aggressive, that Claretie is revealed adequately as a quotidian chronicler. But compare the more distinguished and durable *Vie littéraire* of Anatole France, which easily discovers to view a superior man of books, overshadowing the transient man of journalism in Claretie.

He was too good-hearted to be a great talent in letters. A man of literary genius, it seems, must have something mean or small about him. Claretie was never mean or small. He had the willing nature of a philanthropist, a very true love of liberty, a frankly welcome

JULES CLARETIE IN 1870

soul. And he was respected as he was beloved—a person in whom the difficult public conscience of Paris could always at length repose in confidence. Ever hopeful, confiding, looking for the best in almost all things, he remained to the last a felicitous figure, ready, conciliatory, practical. Everybody's assistant and contributor, he survived the writing of numerous prefaces for friends and the keeping track of his own pseudonyms.

One may crudely say that on the road from Romanticism Claretie became an impressionist. He first appeared in 1861

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before life and letters in the presence of death at the funeral of the young and wasted Mürger. It was the end of the old Bohème, with its wan, tubercular loves. But Bohemia never had any attraction for Claretie. He was as far from it literarily in his wholesomeness of nature as he was politically from the *régime* of the debauched De Morny. Claretie's idea of Bohemia was that it lacked passion. He said that Bohemia "is not the love of liberty—it is only the caprice of liberty."

To be an impressionist, however, was not to be a psychologist, in his case. He readily passed by the difficult descents and ascents of the human soul, leaving them to younger men like France, Bourget, Barrès, with their more hesitating inclination to look closely about.

Claretie added nothing to literary fashions or style. Accordingly, perhaps, he was able to maintain at the *Comédie Française,* as well as humanly possible, a just balance between the classic and romantic and between nearly all the old and nearly all the new. To serve well the public, the ever-changing government Ministries, the *sociétaires,* the saints and the devil, was the result of a diplomatic acrobatism which he exhibited with an approved skill of equilibrium. It was his great feat to have ridden with victory through all the wars that swept across his reign, and where he always won out with his supremely good tact and good will. Such a career as an officer of the nation, a functional administrator for half the span of a lifetime, would have killed the writer altogether in less of an adaptable, industrious and affable littérateur. And to his praise again be it said that such a successfully duplex example is to be found at no time in the past among his distinguished predecessors in the Rue Richelieu.

LITERARY WEIMAR

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

I

A LITTLE duchy it was, that stretched for nearly ten miles around the Pump on the market-square of its capital, from which radiated the roads which ended at numerous ducal castles set in a park dotted with caves and cascades, temples and statues. The Pump was fed by a stream, in some places wide enough to carry a ferry, in others harnessed to turn a mill. The constitution of the duchy was a moderate despotism, tempered by a chamber which might, or might not, be elected. The army consisted of a magnificent band that also did duty on the stage of the court theatre and played daily on the Aureliusplatz, and besides the band there was a right numerous staff of officers and, as the writer believed, a few men. When the performance at the court theatre was over, you could see the Duchess Dowager going off in her jingling old coach, attended by two faithful withered maids of honour and a little, snuffy spindle-shanked gentleman in waiting in a brown jeasy and a green coat covered with many orders of which the star and grand yellow cordon of the order of St. Michael's of Pumpernickel were most conspicuous. The drums rolled, the guards saluted and the old carriage drove away. Then came his Transparency the Duke and Transparent family with the great officers of state and household, bowed serenely to everybody and again the guards saluted and the torches of the running footmen in scarlet uniform flamed brightly as the sovereign drove away. Everybody—that is everybody that was noble, for of the Bourgeois one could not take notice, visited his neighbour; for every lady had her jour fixe and everybody knew everybody. No sooner

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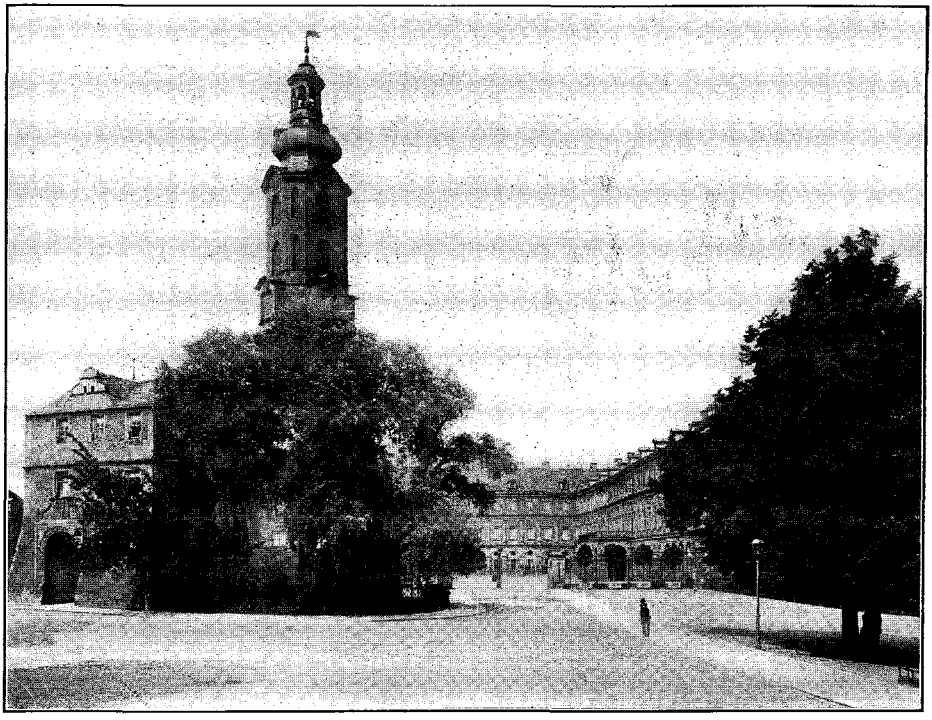

WEIMAR. THE DUCAL PALACE

was a foreigner seen there, than the Minister of Foreign Affairs or some other great or small officer of state went around to the Hotel zum Erbprinzen and found out the name of the guest.

So Thackeray goes on to tell us that the party of Major Dobbin put up at the Erbprinz and that Becky stopped at the Elephant, and if anybody doubted what little duchy was meant, the names of these two hostelries, famous in Weimar's palmy days, set these doubts at rest. Nor is the picture of Weimar's life as seen through the lens of Thackeray's mild satire unjustly overdrawn. For as he had seen it during his momentous sojourn in 1830, so it had been some seventy years before and so it remained at least thirty years after. For when Anna Amalia, the niece of Frederick the Great and princess of Brunswick, came there in 1756 as bride of the reigning duke, the place was more like a village than a city. The roofs of the houses were of straw or shingles. The streets were narrow and ill-kept, pools of stagnant water spreading their nauseous odours. Shepherds drove their flocks through them in day-time, and hordes of boisterous students from Jena galloped through them at night. The untitled citizens walked about with little lanterns after dark. The titled were borne about in sedans with torches lighting their way. Entrance and exit at the city's gates were attended by voluminous red tape which discouraged intercourse with the world outside. The primitive plainness of the city itself stood in marked contrast to the many castles that surrounded it like a belt of fortifications. Ten years after the arrival of Goethe, Schiller called Weimar a village, Herder an ugly bastard between village and capital, and Madame de Staël some years later happily summarised her impressions by declaring that Weimar was not a little town, but one enormous

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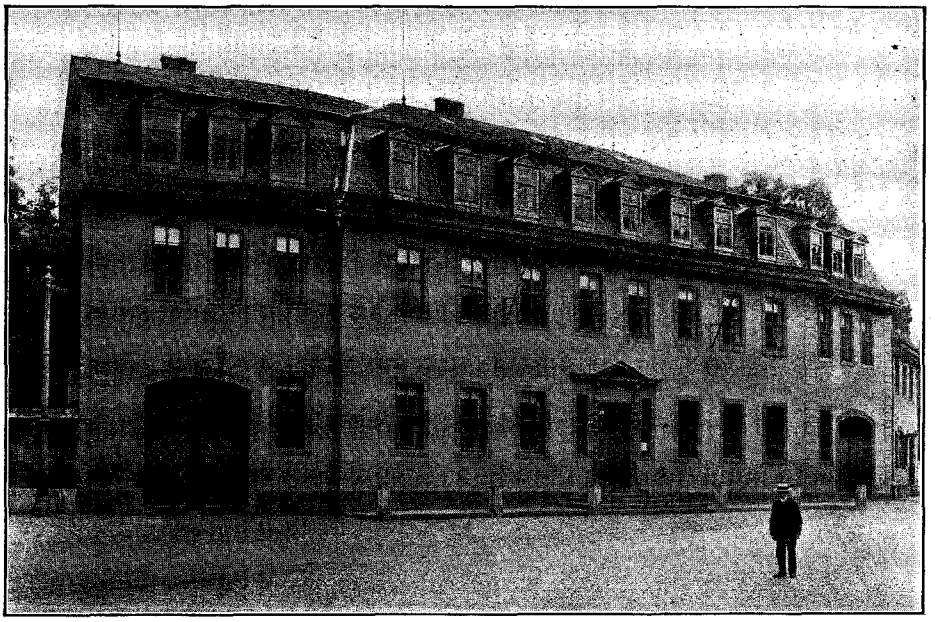

WEIMAR. GOETHE'S HOUSE

chateau. For the palace, including the court church, court theatre, court library, gallery, museum and what not, covered almost one-third of the city's whole area, and the army of useless courtiers, military and other officials and petty bureaucrats made even Goethe painfully conscious of the fact that the court was feasting upon the country. Nor did the passing of the two sovereigns of the classical period and the death of Goethe change the time-honoured customs of the court and the people. For many decades after, the notables were still borne about in yellow porte-chaises by men in long dark blue coats and silk stove-pipe hats, and the counsellors and other dignitaries of state entered the buildings in which they discharged their important business in blue or green frock coats, high silk hats, and swung a dainty ivory-topped cane in their right hand, while behind them on a wheel-barrow followed the ponderous documents of their state transactions! And though the old clock with the Turk that struck the hour whenever the two goats at his side poked his ribs, the famous "Matz," no longer announced the hour of the day from the Stadthaus, the citizens still marked the beginning of spring from the day when the huzzars shed their fur-trimmed blue and donned their red coats. As late as 1859 Hebbel wrote to his wife, that he could not stand this circus for a long time, always the same mares and the same riders, Sundays in red and Mondays in grey!

II

Yet this quaint, old-fashioned, provincial, gossipy old town which had become a focal point of German culture in the eighteenth century kept attracting intellectual visitors from all over the world in the time of Hebbel's sojourn, as it had done in the time of Thackeray's visit. For a centre of activity and inspiration it was from the time when Dorothea Maria, the first of the extraordinary women identified with Weimar's greatness, became the patron of the society for the purification of the German language and the diffusion of useful knowledge, the Palmenorden, founded in 1617. Among her successors were

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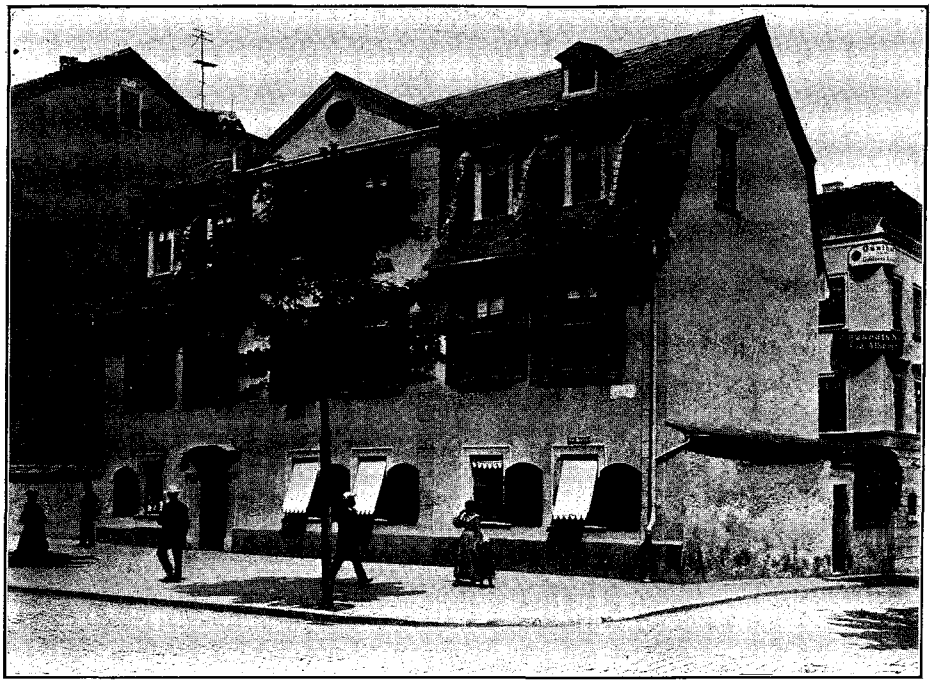

WEIMAR. SCHILLER'S HOUSE

patrons of art and of music, Johann Sebastian Bach being called by one of them to direct the ducal chamber music and play the organ in the court church. But the real glory of Weimar dates from the arrival of Anna Amalia, who, brought up at a court which favoured French and Italian culture and loved artistic display, endowed with rare mentality and accustomed to stimulating intellectual intercourse, made the little capital of the little duchy a Mecca of German genius. An unusual woman was Anna Amalia, and one that rose supremely to the exigencies of an unusual fate. She gave her husband two sons in the two years of their wedded life and was left, when not yet twenty-one, widow, guardian and regent. But although the country was on the verge of ruin by failure of crops, famine, epidemics and the unrest of war, she restored order and prosperity and at the end of the seventeen years of her reign had the satisfaction of knowing that her subjects had never before known such a period of contentment.

To bring up her sons, Carl August and Constantin, to be noble and efficient men and wise and gentle rulers, Anna Amalia was careful in the choice of their tutors and companions. They were Count Götz, the governor of the crown-prince, Major Karl Ludwig von Knebel, a retired army officer of unusual worldly experience and thorough classical scholarship, and Johann Martin Wieland, whose didactic novel, *Der Goldene Spiegel* (*The Golden Mirror*), demonstrated what sovereigns of civilised nations should know in order to render happy their subjects. The education of princes, the constitution of states, the customs of courts and the duties of monarchs were set forth in that work and commented upon by the liberal and polished mind of the poet of "Oberon." Men of letters had so far been little cared for at German courts; when Wieland came to Weimar literature became "hoffähig," a term for which the more democratic English language has no equivalent.

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Anna Amalia was a woman of rare intellectual accomplishments. She spoke four or five languages, was well-read in their literature and was a gifted musician. Her immediate circle at the court consisted of men of extraordinary intelligence and culture. Besides Knebel and Wieland there were Einsiedel and Seckendorf, both musicians and linguists, Musäus, the director of the Gymnasium and forerunner of the brothers Grimm

THE GOETHE-SCHILLER STATUE

as collector of German lore; Bode, another versatile dilettante, musician, poet and translator of English novels, and Bertuch, a man who had been successively theologian, jurist, tutor, and head of a flourishing establishment which gave him the monopoly for all the graphic arts in Germany at the time.

With the coming to the throne of Carl August in 1775, began what is known as Weimar's "Geniezeit." For he called to the court a young sovereign in the world of intellect and inaugurated a reign of letters, science, art and youth, unparalleled in history. For he was then only eighteen years of age, his bride, Luise, the same age; his brother Constantin one year younger, Goethe twenty-six, Einsiedel twenty-five, Bertuch twenty-seven, Knebel thirty-one, Herder, who was appointed to the court church a few months after Goethe's arrival, thirty-two, Frau von Stein thirty-three, Anna Amalia thirty-six, and Wieland alone had passed forty. No wonder that this constellation of youth and genius electrified the atmosphere of the court into an intellectual effervescence which stimulated and inspired not only its immediate environment, but sent its quickening sparks to the remotest parts of the country. This was the period of brilliant conversation in the French salons as at this little German court. The dominant note was a drastic smartness; doggerel with open and pointed allusions to those present was popular. There was pose in this as in other pastimes which partook of the nature of make-believe games. For the guests at almost all functions appeared in fanciful disguise. In summer the country residences of the court were the scenes of pastorals and idyls which would have inspired the brush of Watteau. The May festivals of the Minnesinger were revived and King Arthur's Round Table convened under the trees laden with the bloom of spring. Carl August lived for weeks at a time in a little rustic hut, opposite which, across the meadow, was the famous Gartenhaus of Goethe.

The spirit of Rousseau was in the air. Carl August and Goethe donned the costume of Werther, hardened their young bodies by strenuous out-door sports, bathed at night in the waters of the Ilm, walked and skated, hunted and camped out, galloped across the country on horseback and danced with rural damsels in village taverns. There was no lack of the feminine element at the court. One of the women most prominent in its life was Charlotte von Stein, wife of the duke's equerry, a prosaical man completely absorbed in his service

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or in robust conviviality. Very human and broad-minded, though not without some little weaknesses, endowed with a mind as receptive as it was critical, Frau von Stein had an irresistible charm for young Goethe. Another strong personality was Corona Schröter, actress, painter and musician of talent and a woman of unusually pure classical beauty. Another interesting personality was Luise von Göchhausen, a little hunchback of rare intelligence, sprightly temperament and a great wit and good

WEIMAR. THEATRE AND GOETHE-SCHILLER STATUE

sport, who seemed immune to the shafts of satire that flew about at court and spared nobody.

The hospitality of the court was boundless and enjoyed by hosts of German intellectuals and not a few foreigners. Among the latter was the famous Abbé Raynal, the founder of the "Correspondance" of Grimm, a lively little man who talked so much that in his presence the great voices of Weimar were doomed to silence. But some entries in the records and memoirs of the court indicate that the patience and admirable toleration which the duke and his circle showed all the striking personalities that flocked there, with or without a justifiable claim to genius, were sometimes sorely tried. When a figure like the Swiss apostle of nature, Christian Kaufmann, of Winterthur, appeared in the streets astride a white horse, his breast bared to the winds and his hair flowing down his back like a mane, the good citizens of Weimar who had no share in this busy life except as passive spectators, must have been deeply shocked. Some of these representatives of the protest against conventionality which had set in arrived with a wardrobe so scanty and worn-out, that Bertuch, the financier of the court, is said to have had a separate entry in his ledger for the clothing expenses of the visiting geniuses.

The variety of interests and pursuits was amazing. Anna Amalia, who even after her son's accession to the throne remained the soul and guiding spirit of the court, knew the art of socialising

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CASTLE TIEFURT

even the most recalcitrant individualists and engaging them in harmonious collaboration with their fellow-beings. Drawing-tables were set up in the halls and everybody worked with brush and pencil, inviting and offering criticism. These noble dilettanti were masters in the art of living, pursuing art, music, drama, philosophy and nature science as means to enrich life by refined pleasure. Famous painters and sculptors came there to instruct them and left in the collections of the court numerous portraits and pictures of scenes of this life. Chamber music was also cultivated. Anna Amalia played the lute and the piano, Carl August the violoncello, and the court orchestra attempted the most difficult tasks. Goethe's minor plays and his songs were set to music by Anna Amalia and Corona Schröter. Classical studies were pursued. Nature study found many adepts who botanised and geologised with Goethe, observed the celestial phenomena, experimented with electricity, magnetism, mesmerism, everything that stimulated investigation. All this wonderful activity is recorded in the memoirs and letters of the time, for this was a great period of epistolary composition, and the brilliant talkers of the court were no less brilliant letter-writers, especially Fräulein von Göchhausen.

As a composite product of all the arts the drama appealed strongly to these versatile dilettanti and stimulated their ambition and ingenuousness as that of the professionals associated with them. Goethe himself was not only court dramatist, but also actor, prompter and stage manager. All members of the ducal family who could speak, act, dance or sing took part. The performances at the open-air theatres which had been laid out in the parks of Belvedere, the Ettersburg and Tiefurt were particularly favoured. At these performances were played the dramatic efforts of Goethe's youth and numerous festival and other minor plays of that period. But even his serious work received a strong impulse from this activity. From the life about him he drew much of the inspiration that went into his *Tasso* and his *Iphigenia* was first impersonated at the Ettersburg by Corona Schröter. Some

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WEIMAR. GOETHE'S GARDEN

of his greatest works were conceived and begun during these years, though some were not finished until many years later. For his position was by no means a sinecure. The much envied "Geheime Legationsrat" had a variety of exacting duties: he was the duke's financial adviser, he studied the condition of the poor and was as much concerned about alleviating their sufferings as about maintaining the intellectual prestige of the court. He was second only to Carl August in the government of the duchy. Herder called him Weimar's factotum, Knebel the backbone of things, and all the terms applied to him seriously or jestingly seemed to fit him.

III

An epochal event for Weimar was the arrival of Schiller, who after some coming and going finally took up his permanent residence there in 1799. Goethe found in him a sympathetic appreciator of the new ideas which he had formulated about the drama, and as the relation between the two ripened into friendship, there were few interests that they did not hold in common. They collaborated in the establishment of magazines in which they made war upon the vulgar tendencies of the time and defended themselves against the attacks of their rivals. A mutual interchange developed which influenced and inspired one as the other and stimulated them into a productivity which neither had known before. Such harmonious coöperation of its two greatest poets could not be without a profound effect upon the whole country. The Golden Age of Weimar was the work of both; they could not have been more appropriately honoured than they were by the erection of the double monument by Rietschel, which dominates the theatre square. It reflects their life at that period. The two poets, who, each in his own way, had been the elo-

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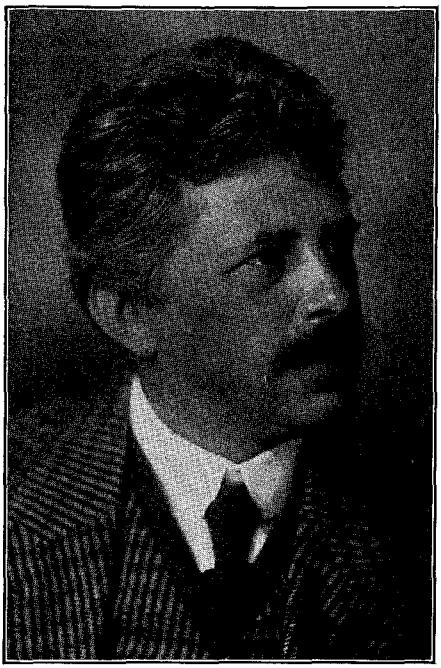

MAX GEISSLER, A FAVOURITE THROUGH THE LYRIC QUALITY OF HIS FICTION

quent spokesman of youth, had entered upon maturity and looked out upon the world about them with the eyes of leaders who knew their way and whose reading of life was to guide the nation behind them.

The influence of Schiller upon Goethe and the court was most wholesome. He became the ethical power before which the younger generation bowed with something like reverence. At the tea-table of the duchesses or in a small circle at his own home, he could talk most eloquently upon the vital problems confronting his time. He had no such faithful chronicler as Goethe had in Eckermann and others, but those who had the opportunity of hearing him recognised in him a great force in the general spiritual uplift of the period. There was a close intercourse at that time between Weimar and Jena, where the representatives of the new philosophy and the romantic school had their seat. Fichte, Humboldt and the Schlegels were contributors to the "Horen." At Anna Amalia's famous first Fridays of the month, the scholars of both towns met and communicated to each other the results of scientific research or read aloud their works. On Wednesday evenings after theatre, Goethe entertained a company of seven couples which he called a court of love, and even Schiller, who had stood aloof from this life at first, learned the value of relaxation and joined in the general sociability.

But events took place upon the great stage of the world which prepared the end of old Weimar. The French Revolution with its new political and social ideals made great inroads upon the harmonious and pacific spirit of the court. Herder and a group of others warmly greeted the advent of the new epoch. Schiller turned with horror from its gospel of liberty when the revolution degenerated into terrorism. Goethe saw in all violent changes something contrary to natural evolution. Discussions of current events caused serious splits and disruptions of old friendships for reasons of political dissension became alarmingly frequent. But the political unrest did not interfere with the intellectual activity of the court. Distinguished guests kept coming and going: Jean Paul, Matthison, Zacharias Werner, Caroline Schelling, Bettina von Arnim and others. English families of wealth and culture began to settle in Weimar, until their number was large enough to support a special school for young Englishmen founded by a French refugee. One of the princes of the ducal house became infatuated with the daughter of the artist Gore, the "schöne Engländerin," as she was called by Goethe, who admired the healthy physique and the free and open mind of young England, and Carl August suggested in a letter, that intermarriage with the English would renew the blood of his people and give them straighter backs! But when the foreign intellectual proletariat began also to flock to Weimar, the authorities passed a law to restrict immigration and permitted only such Frenchmen and Englishmen to settle there whose good name

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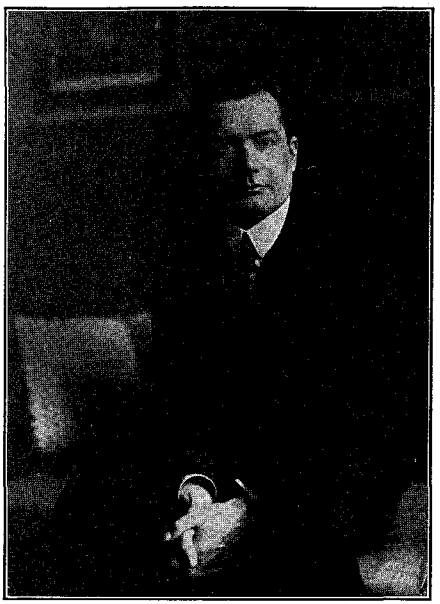
and reputation had been proved by previous visits to the old town. An event of almost historical importance was the visit of Madame de Staël, who, accompanied by Benjamin Constant, spent two months in Weimar in the winter of 1804 and brought with her a breath of the new spirit from across the Rhine. To Schiller acquaintance with that extraordinary woman was of momentous importance, for she made him realise the limitations of his environment. But the peaceful mission upon which she had come as interpreter of French and German culture of that period was soon to be obscured by the lurid glow of the torch of war. For the Napoleonic scourge was approaching and the sovereigns of the numerous little German duchies were trembling with terror upon their thrones. The disintegration of old Germany was close at hand.

Much has been made of the attitude of the French court before the Revolution; but the records of Weimar prove that this little German court shared the same spirit of light-hearted frivolity. On the very eve of the battle of Jena Anna Amalia was entertaining a Berlin composer, Himmel, and her cozy little castle at Tiefurt was ringing with the tunes of his opera *Fanchon,* among them a popular ditty voicing the sentiment: "Make merry to-day, for ye know not what the morrow may bring." The words were soon to become tangible facts, for on the fourteenth of October the tranquil atmosphere of Weimar was disturbed by the cannon peals of battle. War has no reverence for culture and, like death, respects no person. The victorious enemy did not spare the town's most cherished sanctuaries. Tiefurt was left almost in ruins. Anna Amalia had fled, taking with her her granddaughter, escorted by the faithful Einsiedel and Fräulein von Göchhausen. Frau von Stein and others were the victims of marauders; Goethe was saved from ill-treatment only by the resolute intervention of Christiane Vulpius, whom he soon after made his wife. Wieland alone, having the reputation among the



WILHELM HEGELER, HIS INGENIEUR HORSTMANN AND PASTOR KLINGHAMMER LINGER IN THE MEMORY

French of being Germany's Voltaire, received a safeguard and was under the Emperor's personal protection!

A year later Weimar returned to its wonted leisurely pace and assumed its normal aspect. But the Corsican cataclysm had wrought some changes. Herder had died in 1803, Schiller in 1805 and Anna Amalia in the spring of 1807. The princes' congress at Erfurt had brought a host of distinguished personages into that part of the country and Weimar received its share of guests. Napoleon had with him a company of French actors and Voltaire's *La Mort de César* was given with the famous Talma in the rôle of Brutus. When Cæsar said to Anthony at the end of the first act:

Sur l'univers soumis regnons sans violence

an electrical thrill seemed to pass through the audience and Napoleon remarked to Duchess Louise: "Etrange pièce ce César. Pièce republicaine. J'espère que cela fera aucun effet ici!" It is well to note that while he subjected German sovereigns to humiliations, he showed the

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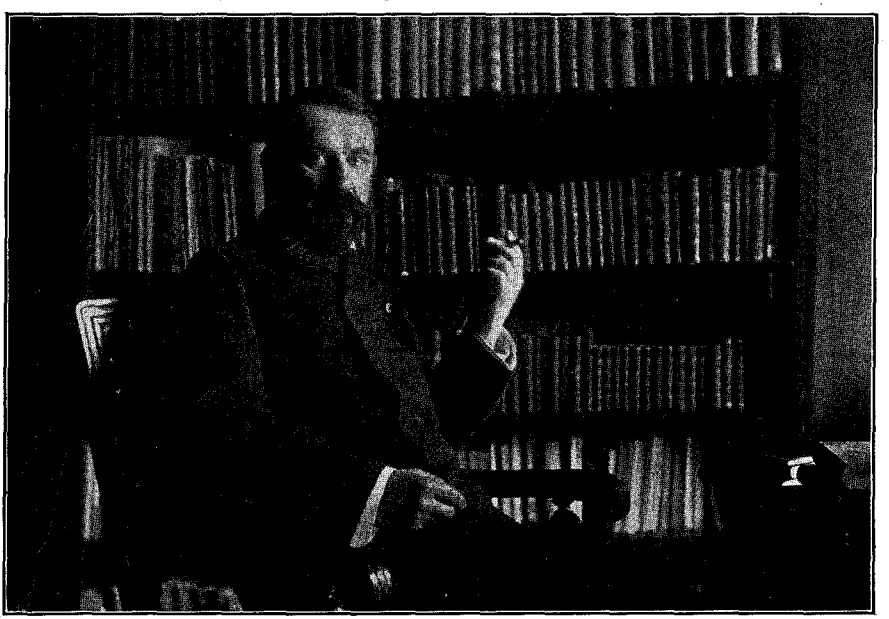
intellectual leaders of the country extraordinary consideration. His interview with Goethe at Erfurt is a matter of history. He insisted on meeting Wieland, and though then a very old man, the author of the *Goldene Spiegel,* that admirable manual of royal ethics, held his own in presence of the conqueror before whom kings and queens had quaked. Weimar little dreamed then, that on a winter night a few years hence, he, from whom armies had fled in terror, would hurry through its streets in his sleigh, silhouettes have preserved for posterity many portraits of the period, were among the standing guests of Goethe's house. But the number of visitors had alarmingly increased. Every art and profession and every country of the civilised world was represented. Among the musicians to be met there were Mendelssohn, then a mere boy, Zelter, Hummel, Spontini, Paganini; among the artists the painters Kügelgen and Stieler, and the sculptors Schinkel, Schadow, Rauch, Tieck and that great Frenchman, David



JOHANNES SCHLAF, CONSIDERED THE FATHER OF GERMAN NATURALISM

himself a fugitive after his defection in Russia!

After the death of Carl August in 1828, the Goethe house became the centre of intellectual Weimar. Christiane had died some years before and Goethe's daughter-in-law, Ottilie, presided over the place with dignity and tact. The society of the town had become slightly democratised since Johanna Schopenhauer, whose son was then studying at Jena, had opened the first salon that did not bear the stamp of aristocratic patronage. She and her daughter Adele, whose d'Angers, whose Goethe-bust is one of Weimar's most cherished treasures. Among the writers could be counted every German of note, and many foreigners, among them Andersen, Mickiewicz and an increasing number of Englishmen and Americans.

This was the time of Thackeray's visit to Weimar. He was only nineteen when he had left Cambridge without a degree and started on his quest of experience in foreign lands. In the letters to his mother are recorded his impressions of travels in France, Switzerland and

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Germany, and especially of his stay in the quaint old-fashioned little town. He had studied German before and had perhaps thought of improving it by practice, but found that the ladies of the Weimar "Gesellschaft" spoke English and French too well to give him a chance to apply his German. He was asked to attend a tea-party to meet the sage of Weimar, some prominent English residents and his particular intimates, and the reception was most cordial. He called on Ottilie von Goethe one evening and was surprised to find on her table three Byrons, one Moore and one Shelley. Nor was this a display calculated to impress the young Englishman, for she had a marked preference for England and English letters, and Byron was then at the height of his popularity in Germany. He met Goethe more than once and wrote of him, "he is a noble poet, and an interesting old man to speak to and look upon as I ever saw," and again, "It must have been a fine sight twenty years ago, this little Court, with Goethe and Schiller and Wieland and the old Grand Duke and Duchess to ornament it." He even lost his heart to a fair Fräulein of Weimar, and though his Fitzboodle pokes fun at the little peculiarities of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel, he had a soft spot for it all his life and wrote many years later: "I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear old Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried." Nor is it unlikely that the subtle influence of this literary centre was quite lost upon his development. He was then still much interested in his drawing and had added many a leaf to his own sketchbook and to the albums of his German friends, some of his drawings having been praised by Goethe himself. But his interest in literature seemed subconsciously to be growing during his stay there, many writing schemes presented themselves, a translation of Schiller foremost among them, and he may have left the "Dichterstadt," as the Germans like to call it, with a little more definite conception of the work that was his to be done in the world than he had before coming there.

With the death of Goethe in 1832 Weimar seemed for a time to lose its prestige and to be deserted, at least by German genius. The wits of the young generation called it a literary cemetery; some the Pompeii of German intellect, others the dilapidated Delphic oracle. Dingelstedt shuddered at its sepulchral atmosphere and said that it made him feel as if he were himself a sarcophagus. Yet the immediate successor of Carl August was not an unworthy heir of the great heritage of tradition and his wife, Maria Paulowna, though not an artist herself, like Anna Amalia, was a most intelligent and appreciative patroness of art. She drew upon her own private fortune to secure for Weimar the monuments of Goethe and Schiller, Herder and Wieland, and to have the so-called poets' rooms in the residential palace furnished and decorated as fit memorials. It was she, too, who succeeded in having Liszt appointed "extraordinary" Kapellmeister. Nor had Weimar lost its attraction for the hosts of foreign visitors who came to pay homage to the memory of its great dead, Bancroft, Everett, Taylor and many other Americans among them.

Her son, Carl Alexander, founded the museum and art academy and did much to make Weimar once more the cradle of a new ideal of art, letters and music. Among the writers of the mid-century frequently entertained at his court were Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm, the great-grandson of Schiller, Heyse, Scheffel, Fanny Lewald, Wildenbruch, who was then a very young man, and Hebbel, who read to the court his "Nibelungen." These were years of great discontent and unrest throughout Germany. Weimar alone seemed untouched and was something like an isle of rest and port of safety for political refugees of all sorts. Carl Alexander showed an admirable spirit of tolerance: Biedermann, who had lost his professorship at Leipsic, was made editor of the official

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paper of Weimar; Dittenberger, who had likewise come under the ban for his religious liberalism, became the successor of Herder at the court church; Hoffmann von Fallersleben, one of the most ardent bards of freedom in the revolutionary choir of 1848, lived there not only unmolested, but was very popular at the ducal palace. Richard Wagner, too, a fugitive after the Dresden riot, found a hiding-place in Weimar, and during this time ripened the friendship between him and Liszt.

Liszt had come to Weimar just as the storm-clouds of the revolution had begun to gather and had soon been followed by his friend, the Princess Wittgenstein, who took up her residence in a castle near Weimar, the since famous Altenburg. This now became the Mecca of genius as much as Weimar itself had been in the previous century. For she was a woman of the broadest culture and the most generous hospitality and of a rare catholic taste. A friend and patroness of Genelli, Preller, Steinle, Cornelius, Schwind, Kaulbach, Rietschel and Hähnel, she acquired many of their works and the Altenburg, which had already the greatest private library in Germany, had soon an extraordinary collection of contemporaneous German art. Hebbel, Heyse, Bodenstedt, Meissner and Hoffmann von Fallersleben were her guests and even Gutzkow and Dingelstedt became reconciled to the "sepulchral" atmosphere of Weimar and were among the men who settled there temporarily or permanently. To this wonderful source of lofty inspiration flocked all the great musicians of the time: Rubinstein, von Bülow, Lassen, Hiller, the poet-composer Peter Cornelius and Berlioz. Liszt resuscitated from oblivion the works of old and never appreciated composers and made known to the world those who were then struggling for recognition. His production of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* in 1850, of works by Berlioz, Raff, Franz, Gade, Cornelius and others made Weimar the centre of musical life in the world. He dreamed of a Bayreuth on a hill near Weimar or at the foot of the Wartburg; he planned an ideal music-school for the ideal opera. But with the almost naïve enthusiasm of the born idealist he did not realise that secret forces were at work, ready to undermine his beautiful projects. Dingelstedt, the clever opportunist who was the director of the court theatre, succeeded by a skilful manœuvre to have the budget for musical performances materially diminished, and the undeserved fiasco of Cornelius's charming opera, *The Barber of Bagdad,* made Liszt desert his place, discouraged and disillusioned.

With his departure from Weimar the wonderful life at the Altenburg came to an end. Its gates were closed and it soon became one more monument to Weimar's past glory. Upon the drama was now focussed the attention of all Germany and justly so, for Dingelstedt's redeeming quality was his indubitable efficiency as theatrical director. The performances at the tri-centenary of Shakespeare, the productions of Schiller's Wallenstein trilogy, of Hebbel's *Nibelungen* and *Genoveva,* and other master works, were deservedly considered landmarks in the history of the German stage. Dingelstedt's successors, von Loëns and Bronsart, also maintained the high standard which Goethe had established. Besides the model performances of Shakespeare and the German classics, Hebbel, Grillparzer and Otto Ludwig were played, and hardly one of the moderns was ignored. Nor did Liszt harbour a permanent grudge against Weimar, for he returned many years later and the "Hofgärtnerei," which was his home, once more attracted musicians and music-students from all over the world, among them not a few Americans like William Mason, and men who, like d'Albert, are now in the foremost rank as performers and composers. After his death the place was converted into a Liszt Museum.

Weimar seems destined to be the place where present and future shall worship at the shrines of the past. If the Goethe, Schiller and Liszt houses stand for the

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past and present, another sanctuary is the noble link between to-day and to-morrow. It seems a grim irony that the very man who turned the eyes of his generation away from the past and had revalued old standards of thought and taste, should after years of futile quest for a climate that should restore to him physical and mental well-being, settle in this city of the great dead. It was in the year 1897 when Friedrich Nietzsche came to live in the Villa Silberblick, situated on an elevation which commands a superb view of the country all around. There the poet-philosopher, who set his seal upon the reading of life of the present generation and in the words of Francis Grierson "imposed a new scale of moral values to the iron mandates of Bismarck and made it impossible for the German people ever again to think, write or act in the sentimental mode," died a few years later. It is the residence of the sister, Frau Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, whose faithful devotion furnishes one of the most touching chapters of modern biography and the home of the Nietzsche-Archiv. So the quiet city on the Ilm which some one hundred and forty years ago had become the Mecca of German genius, has one more hallowed spot which is the goal of reverent pilgrimage. There is grim irony in the fact that Nietzsche, the arch-heretic who inspired the young generation with the courage to break the spell of the past, should himself have become the object of such worship as he was wont to discountenance.

It is not an advantage to live in a place so alive with the memories of the great that have gone before, that the living seem in comparison very small indeed. But the very fact that there are those who prefer to live in the shadow of the past rather than in the glare and the din of the present, speaks for them. The qualities that set these writers apart from those who feel at home only in the intellectual furnace of Berlin, the exotic hotbed of Vienna or among the genial conviviality of Munich, are either an intransigent individualism or a severe scholarship. For both the atmosphere of Weimar seems more congenial. It favours an isolation which makes for concentration. Collaborators on the Goethe-Schiller Archiv are Dr. Carl Schüddekopf, whose numerous works on and editions of German classics are invaluable to the student and bring very close to us Gleim, Bürger, Ramler, Lichtenberg, Heinse, Lessing and Goethe himself, and Dr. Hans Gerhard Gräf, who also enjoys a great reputation as editor and commentator. The name of Dr. Oskar Bulle, of the Schiller-Stiftung, is familiar to the readers of the old-time *Münchner Allgemeine Zeitung,* the excellent supplement of which he edited until the paper had to cede to the rivalry of cheaper policies. Dr. Adolf Bartels, much attacked and maligned by the young generation for his prejudices, racial and æsthetic, has nevertheless materially aided our understanding of the erratic Silesian, Johann Christian Günther, and of more recent writers like Klaus Groth, Jeremias Gotthelf, Wilhelm Raabe, Emanuel Geibel, Wilhelm von Polenz and others, and his history of German literature is not without merit. Another resident of Weimar and representative of the more conservative spirit is Dr. Wilhelm Bode, the author of admirable monographs on Anna Amalia and Charlotte von Stein and other works that have a place of honour in Goethe-bibliography. History and criticism are represented by Wolfgang von Oettingen and Hans von der Gabelentz, the latter curator of the ducal art collections.

But there is also a number of writers in Weimar, rather related to the younger generation, though not identified with any of its groups and apparently bent upon going their own way. Wilhelm Hegeler, who appeared in the literary world some twenty years ago, an outsider in the then raging conflict between the old and the new, retains his isolated position. He has made great strides since the publication of his *Mutter Bertha;* his *Ingenieur Horstmann* and *Pastor Klinghammer* are figures that linger in their readers' memories and

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even his recent collection of short stories, *Eros,* shows the steady development of his narrative gift. Ernst Hardt, the novelist, dramatist, critic and translator, who a few years ago suddenly became famous by receiving two prizes for his drama, *Tantris der Narr,* is another resident. In Count Baudissin, who writes under the pseudonym "Freiherr von Schlicht," Weimar has a very popular writer of military fiction, mostly of a humourous character. Max Geissler has become a favourite through the rather lyric quality of his fiction, which seems no little influenced by the landscape of the country about Weimar. All these men keep aloof from the current tendencies of German letters and have little in common with the æsthetic or philosophical fads of the hour in Berlin, Munich, or Vienna.

Yet there is one resident of Weimar, once as closely as possible identified with the revolutionary youth of the century's end. A native of Magdeburg who spent his cruel "Lehrjahre" in Berlin, then seething with new creeds and new codes, Johannes Schlaf contributed no little to the establishment of new standards and is justly considered the father of German naturalism. But though he has not become an apostate to the ideals of his youth, he has outgrown the immaturity of that period of propaganda, and on turning his back upon the metropolitan crowds has found a congenial home in the quiet little capital which once held the classical court of the Muses. There he lives with his sister, absorbed in his work, an independent thinker and investigator in many fields. He has been the most eloquent protagonist of Walt Whitman in Germany, has translated selections from the *Leaves of Grass,* and by the translation of the life by Binns has brought the American poet nearer to the hearts of the German people. In refuting the absurd insinuations of a pseudo-scientist who had tacked an obnoxious label on Whitman, Schlaf did for him in Germany what Bazalgette has recently done in France in an excellent article in *L'Effort Libre.* Schlaf's frank secession from Nietzsche, too, is proof of his uncompromising individualism and of his moral courage; for it does take courage in Germany to-day not to share the cult of the Overman and to refuse the unqualified acceptance of a pathological view of humanity.

Thus Weimar now points to a new individualism which has the strength to turn a deaf ear to the message of prophets and to pursue its path independent of the procession of apostles and adepts. Perhaps the spirit of Goethe and Schiller still hovering about the place has caused the pendulum to swing back and has restored the just balance; for their life and their work still hold messages for the children of another century.

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BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

V—"The Duchess"

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

The first grown-up novel that many people read was written by The Duchess. She shed smiles and tears over five continents, spanning the world with a rainbow. She created a school of minor writers. Her books still sell by the thousands in cheap paper-back editions (where they are classed by outsiders with the company they keep). Yet the present writer asking for one of her stories at the Public Library of New York City, was met with a blank stare. A hundred other inconsequential novels of that period and this were there, but not one of The Duchess. It is scarcely too much to say he was indignant and scandalised. Was it possible a race was arising which would not know The Duchess? Alas, inquiry convinced him this was so! That happy spirit—except for the readers of paper-back editions—had fled utterly within the portals of oblivion. And so the writer, remembering his debt of joy to this forgotten lady, thought to make a slight return for it, ere too late, by recalling for old fogies like himself her three principal stories. One old fogy was a college president whose idea of a glorious vacation consisted of a hammock, a set of Scott, Byron's narrative poems, and The Duchess. For him and all such survivors of a remote past is intended this tribute.

I

Molly Bawn, as her half-brother calls Miss Eleanor Massereene, is invited by her unknown grandfather, who disowned her mother for marrying a penniless Irishman, to visit his great country place, Herst Royal. This is presided over by Marcia, another granddaughter whose father he cut off for marrying an Italian singer; and in the house is still a third grandchild, Philip, the son of a spendthrift, who likewise had felt the old gentleman's anger. Hating both of them and the rest of his relatives, with whom he surrounds himself because he cannot bear to be alone in the great house, the malicious old man has had the idea that the sudden appearance of an another possible heir will annoy them all. Marcia snubs the newcomer, but Molly scores on her successfully and with apparent innocence (all this country-cousin and high-bred hostess business had not become so stereotype in 1878!). Molly is soon on the best of terms with everybody, and her cousin Philip promptly transfers his already frayed affection from Marcia to her. That proud beauty, to revenge herself, betrays to her grandfather that Philip is following his father's well-worn path to the money-lenders. Staying at the house is Luttrell, a young man who had visited Molly's half-brother and contracted a secret engagement with her; and she teases and flouts her lover unmercifully, making him miserably jealous of Philip's apparent success with her. This jealousy is brought to fever heat by a series of cat-and-mouse adventures, when suddenly comes a telegram announcing her brother's death. The failure of some speculations has killed him and decimated his little property. Thereupon Molly decides to support the family by singing upon the stage, and informs her lover that marriage is now impossible—she cannot burden him with her brother's family, and she will not give them up. Her grandfather offers her his fortune on condition that she relinquish them, but she refuses this also; and he disowns her, as he had done her mother. Four months later her lover sees her singing at a music-hall, the idol of the audience; but she repulses him still. The old man dies

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at last, however, and is found to have left the bulk of his estate to Molly. But it is now Luttrell's turn to refuse to marry—his honour will not let him wed an heiress. In the final scene, set to all the flowers of all the Springs that ever were, she asks him to marry her and makes him put upon her finger the old ring which he had given her in the first part of the story, and which she, feeling herself unjustly suspected by him during one of his very natural fits of jealousy, had imperiously handed back to him, only to behold it cast into the fire; and she had fished out from the grate—after he had fiercely stalked from the room—with a poker and with many tears.

This, it will be seen, is a plot of the thin but tidy variety which was conventional even at that date. In itself it contains abundant opportunity for tears and smiles. The sentiment is that of its age (and who will be rash enough to say we have outgrown it?), but the continuous good humour of the story is for all time. The prattle and gaiety of her dialogue is so delightful that one fails to note that he is a third through the book before anything really happens. There are simply lively and pleasant conversations about nothing at all in the most casual and human manner. The gay cynicism of the talk prefigures that charming novel *Concerning Isabel Carnaby,* which is a sort of glorified edition of The Duchess. Seventy-seven pages of shockingly fine print may seem too much of this sort of thing; but once our palates were not demanding highly spiced diet, and now that they are jaded, the taste of it comes as a refreshing change. The conversation, too, may seem a trifle insubstantial in these days, when young ladies are up on ideas and insist upon ventilating them; but in those times, be it remembered (and perhaps in these also, if we weren't so hypocritical about it), a young lady was thought to be making the best use of conversation when she exploited her own personality and whetted the gentleman's. These things Molly does to perfection, letting him seed raisins for her and row her on the river, and while away the sunny weather in the arbour, on the strawberry bank, and at the Fairies Glen. When the plot does begin, it gets itself along by small human accidents which The Duchess herself would call *rencontres.* They are all of a humorous turn. Something gets into Molly's eye and Philip tries to take it out; her lover sees them standing so, and retires, thinking he has surprised an embrace. After the jealous quarrel that ensues they avoid each other until, meeting face to face on a narrow foot bridge, they dodge from side to side in hasty politeness, each seeking to escape, but debarring the other's progress till laughter comes to Molly's rescue.

Another time and during another desperate quarrel, Molly by chance meets her lover *en deshabille* in the great drawing-room at midnight. She repulses him again with splendid *hauteur,* but suddenly they hear footsteps and are obliged to hide together until danger of discovery is over—truly a mortifying comedown.

This same employment of laughter-making episodes is seen in all her books. Phyllis out nutting with her adored younger brother Billy, climbs a tree and spying Mr. Carrington, the gentleman who is to be the hero of the story, slides down not wisely but too well. Her gown gets caught, and the frank Billy assures her that her frantic attempts to undo it are disclosing a yard and a half of leg. The branch breaks and lands her in Carrington's arms. Again, to her lasting chagrin and mortification, she sneezes while she is being proposed to. Another time she weeps—which she cannot do in the ladylike way of her sister Dora, but must sniff and gurgle—and is forced to borrow his pocket handkerchief, as she has none of her own. The little dog which belongs to the lady who falls in love with Cyril bounds into his arms as she runs after it with sleeves rolled up to give it a bath. Lilian is balanced on a high wall singing "Barbara Allen" when she first meets her lover, and from this exalted position lands at his feet, but

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not on hers; and the tall Byronic lover whom she refuses covers her with confusion because he first meets her combing the refractory hair of her Guardsman cousin.

II

"Billy, Billy! I call eagerly at the top of my healthy lungs," begins *Phyllis*. (Wouldn't you know this was The Duchess if you met it in a Russian dialect?). Phyllis Vernon is seventeen and says she lays claim to no beauty whatever, though all the rest of her family are extremely good to look at. She is five feet two, but her nose is most desirable; and a hoyden, who very much admires all her family and the elegant repose of her sister, and perceives the intense selfishness of her father and eldest brother. But she perceives also that her dear mother with an indulgent husband would have become a dreadful goose. Later on she is able to let you see that all men admire her beauty very much, but, in common with most first-person narrators, she is put to it to show the reader that a man is much in love with her and at the same time remain unaware of it herself. This is a problem which the delightful Duchess with her casual notions of art would not have tried to solve even if she had been keenly conscious of it; but a novelist who writes continuously in the present tense could hardly be thought to have exacting notions of anything. However, to return to our lamb, as The Duchess would say—meaning Phyllis. As with Molly Bawn, her engagement comes early in the book, and while she likes the man more than any one she knows, she owns to him that she knows few and that liking is not loving. Her lover, like Molly's, can join her in the merry laughter that eases awkward situations. She marries him at last only in order to escape being sent by her father on an unpleasant visit—and she is married like a frightened child. As the months pass, she is troubled at not feeling for him a romantic all-absorbing devotion; and also by the fact that everybody still pets her and calls her baby. When she gives her first house-party, Phyllis, like Molly, has never yet been to a ball and is wild over all the bustling preparations for one. She decides that the gowns in her wedding outfit are too girlish and insists upon black velvet and diamonds in order to look dignified, and in spite of the laughter of every one carries out her plan. Lady Blanche, one of the guests, is in love with Sir Mark Gore and much vexed at his preference for his hostess. She proceeds to arouse the suspicions of Carrington against his wife. Tableaux, picnics, and other diversions serve to increase the apparent intimacy of Gore and Phyllis, and the corresponding coldness of her husband and his attentions to Lady Blanche. Returning late one night in her dressing robe from a chat in the room of her intimate friend, Miss Beatoun, she meets Gore in one of those lengthy English country-house corridors. He has just seized her hand as her husband appears, whereat she blushes scarlet in the usual guilty manner. Thus matters come to a crisis between the two, and Phyllis confesses to her husband that she never cared for Gore and has now ordered him out of the house. The house-party breaks up, but not before Phyllis has imbibed an unnamable fear that Gore has some hold over her husband. What it is she soon discovers. He knew of her husband's youthful marriage to an Italian woman he had long thought dead. This woman now appears, and Phyllis first sees her staring in through the window out of the night. Naturally this encounter shows Phyllis that she loves her husband passionately, and naturally she leaves him at once. Some months of misery she drags along at a little seaside village. Here she meets Mark Gore again and nearly plunges off a cliff to escape a kiss from his lips. Naturally, too, after the misery has been prolonged just enough (not too long, for it is very hard for The Duchess to forego her humour), her husband brings the news of the woman's death. Still believing that he has ceased to care for her, she consents after due hesitation to the second wedding, upon which he insists; but be-

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lieving that he has married her only to right her in the eyes of the world, she refuses to live with him as his wife. Slowly she recovers her health, and finally her spirits, too, when she overhears the inevitable conversation which reveals that his sternness is only because she will not love him. Then she confesses to him that he has long possessed her whole heart.

Such a structure as this, weather-beaten even when it was built, affords plenty of foothold for the luxuriant ivy of The Duchess's sentimentality. But her abundant sentimentality is like her occasional melodrama—it always seems to make her impatient. She keeps wilfully blunting the edge of both with some humorous twist. Apparently she stirs them in merely because the recipe calls for them; and makes a *moue* at them (as Molly Bawn is always deliciously doing) as soon as she has done so and sometimes while she is in the act. Except that the execrable present tense gives to the passage an air of floridity it does not really possess, she holds a tight rein in that time-honoured situation so dear to the Victorian heart of which this forms the close:

"It is true?" I ask.

"It is true," he replies, and as he speaks I can scarcely believe the man who stands before me, crushed and aged and heart-broken, is the same gay handsome young man who entered the room all smiles a few minutes ago.

"If she is your wife, what am I?" I ask with unnatural calmness.

"Phyllis! Phyllis! my life! forgive me!" he cries in an anguished tone; and then the room suddenly grows dark; I fall heavily forward into the blackness, and all is forgotten.

But in her descriptions of nature—away from the human beings who at their most serious moments have their droll aspects—The Duchess is as sentimental as any Mid-Victorian could desire. The soft wind coquettes with the flowers and steals their kisses ere they know.

It is the gloaming—that tenderest, fondest, most pensive time of the day. As yet, night crouches on the borders of the land, reluctant to throw its dark shadow over the still smiling earth, while day is slowly, sadly receding. There is a hush over everything; above, on their leafy perches, the birds are nestling and crooning their cradle songs; the gay breeze, lazy with its exertions of the day, has fallen asleep, so that the very grasses are silent and unstirred. An owl in the distance is hooting mournfully. There is a serenity all around, an all-pervading stillness that moves one to sadness and fills unwittingly the eyes with tears. The last roses of summer in Mrs. Arlington's garden, now that those gay young sparks, the bees, have deserted them, are growing drowsy, and hang their heavy heads dejectedly. Two or three dissipated butterflies, fond of late hours and tempted by the warmth, still float gracefully through the air. As she leans upon the gate, a last yellow sunbeam falls upon her, peeps into her eyes, takes a good-night kiss from her parted lips, and, descending slowly, lovingly, crosses her bosom, steals a little sweetness from the rose dying upon her breast, throws a golden shade on her white gown, and finally dies chivalrously at her feet.

This is one of her pulpiest passages, but who, pray, has not written in this style before and since? Let the Victorian great or small who is altogether without sentimental descriptions cast the first stone. It is not so very long ago since every one was pleased with this sort of thing. That it exactly suited the ordinary reader—high-class, middle-class and low-class—in the early days of The Duchess there can be no question. If you fail to remember that it did, read the following description, doubtless accurate, of a boudoir of the period and concede that the person who liked the one would like the other:

The room is a little gem in its own way, and suggestive of refinement of taste and

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much delicacy in the art of colouring. Between the softly tinted pictures that hang upon the walls, rare bits of Worcester and Wedgewood fight for mastery. Pretty lounging-chairs, covered with blue satin, are dispersed here and there, while cozy couches peep out from every recess. *Bric-a-brac* of all kinds cover the small velvet tables, that are hung with priceless lace that only half conceals the spindle legs beneath. Exquisite little marble Loves and Venuses and Graces smile and pose upon graceful brackets; upon a distant table two charming Dresden baskets are to be seen smothered in late flowers. All is bright, pretty, and artistic.

But her sentimentalities—even in descriptions of nature—one feels are rather of her period than of herself. Not only does she constantly dilute them with humour, but she merrily runs amuck in their most sacred thoroughfares. The most satisfactory hour in all the twenty-four she announces defiantly is the dinner hour (surely no sentimentalist's speech), and on the very Day itself she writes,

> When all is told, old Father Christmas is a mighty humbug with its absurd affectation of merriment and light-heartedness. Is any one except a child ever really happy at Christmas, I wonder? Nay, rather, is it not then that our hearts bleed most freely, while our eyes grow dim with useless tears as we look upon the vacant seat and grow sick with longing for the days that are no more? Forgive me this unorthodox sentiment, and let us go on.

And she is certainly not sentimental enough to allow Molly Bawn to change the nature of her old grandfather as did little Lord Fauntleroy—for all her witcheries, he remains snarling and cantankerous to the end. Marcia, the statuesque villainess of that book, controls herself when she is foiled in the end and sweeps majestically out; but once in her room tears off her mourning, and cries to her maid, "Get me a coloured gown and a Bradshaw!" The attitude of The Duchess toward both sentiment and melodrama is much like Molly Bawn's when she was proposed to. She felt a mad desire to laugh, half from nervousness and half from an irrepressible longing to destroy the solemnity of the scene.

III

In her attitude toward her heroes and heroines and her villains and villainesses, however, it must be owned that she is sentimental enough to have pleased even the eighteenth century—whose taste in this respect was exacting. There is no nonsensical pretence of impersonality on the part of The Duchess. She adores her heroines and hates all ladies who threaten their happiness. These ladies must be beautiful and well-bred else they could not be likely rivals, but she manages to endow them with many unamiable traits; and any little wilfulnesses of theirs which would but add grace to the heroines, she views with hostile eyes. Florence and Marcia, one twenty-six and the other under thirty, both find their complexions in need of artificial aid. Generally they are extremely correct in outward manner and make poor Molly or Phyllis or Lilian appear *gauche*. Lady Blanche makes all who speak to her feel they have said something which should have been left unsaid; and Florence is so correct that she even manages to eat greedily without being unladylike. The voices of the villainesses are oftener *trainante* than not, the heroines (although their tones are silvery and as *riante* as their faces) being too impetuous for such slow music. You can guess the nature of all the ladies from their very names. Molly Massereene, Phyllis Vernon, Lilian Chesney; Marcia Amherst, Lady Blanche Going, Florence Beauchamp! Could anybody have the slightest doubt who are the heroines and who are not? All the latter set have a heartless glitter about them. It is the same with the villains. Could Philip Shadwell and Sir Mark Gore be anything else? If you had any doubt about it at the start, The Duchess's manner toward them would enlighten you at once. One confesses to

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liking this trait. Now that villains are old-fashioned and one can bring an impartial mind to the matter, one sees that it was an excellent artistic device. How should one recognise a villain beforehand except by the author's treatment of him? After all, the only villain in Shakespeare who doesn't tell you he is one has since come to be almost a hero—which shows how unsafe is such procedure. It is best to label your villains if you are going to have any.

The villains and villainesses are also at a great disadvantage in respect to hair and eyes. You hear little of their having either, while the others are well-supplied. "Lilian's fair, sweet, childish face is framed in yellow hair, her low broad forehead is partly shrouded by little wandering threads of gold that every now and then break loose from bondage, her lashes are long and dark and curl upward from her eyes as though hating to conceal the beauty of the exquisite azure within." She washes her tresses and prances about the garden to dry them and to let her two lovers behold their rippling wealth. Molly Bawn's locks are so beautiful that she appears to hesitate to braid them up at night. "She sleeps with her red lips apart and smiling, her breathing pure and regular as a little child's, and all her nut-brown hair (which you have seen her before her glass shake out rippling to the waist) like a silken garment around her." Phyllis's hair, when she is encountered in the corridor by Sir Mark Gore, hangs in rich chestnut masses (so she says herself) far below her waist and two or three stray, rippling locks wander wantonly across her forehead. Though all the heroes are very closely barbered, they have somewhat heavy moustaches, which fail nevertheless to conceal the sensitive but firm lines of their mouths. As for the eyes of hero and heroine, they speak such things! Mr. Carrington's are handsome, large, and dark and wonderfully kind—eyes that let one see into the true heart beyond—and azure and luminous. The same may be said of Sir Guy's, except that though blue they resemble black. The distinctive quality of the orbs of all these people is their eloquence—Marcia's eyes, for instance, may indeed be dark and velvety, but they say nothing. The Duchess laid herself out on Molly Bawn's equipment in this respect.

> Molly directs her lover, who is trying to be stern and unforgiving, a slow lingering glance from her violet eyes. He colours and persistently refuses after the first involuntary glance to allow his gaze to meet hers again; which is of all others the surest symptom of a coming rout. There are some eyes that can do almost anything with a man. Molly's eyes are of this order. They are her strongest point; and were they her sole charm, were she deaf and dumb, I believe it would be possible, by the power of their expressive beauty alone, to draw most hearts into her keeping.

It is a pleasure to note that Molly lives up to her eyes, not only with everybody in the book (except the villainess) but with all its readers.

One trait heroines and villainesses and heroes and villains possess in common. They are used to passing sleepless nights. The ladies after covering their wounded feelings with false gayety at balls or charades, throw themselves sobbing on the bed in their marvellous gowns or pace the floor regardless of their tattered tulle until dawn comes peeping in as it flies over lawn and field and brooklet, wafting a kiss to the heroine or making more haggard the face of the other lady. The men hug their fears and sorrows until the morn surprises them, and wearied with watching they fling themselves down for a short sleep and wake in time for breakfast, not only refreshed but able to laugh at their last night's fears.

The love of these three heroines is hard to win. Born coquettes and delicious torments, they lead their men both before and after marriage a maddening dance until some blow of fate reveals to them the steadfast deeps of their hearts. The heroes, although they keep things exciting by getting furiously angry every

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now and then, have a limitless capacity for loving through thick and thin, as of course they should have when heroines are so capricious. Once at a ball as Luttrell gazes upon a scene in the conservatory between Molly and the other young man (a scene the nature of which he has of course entirely misunderstood), his teeth meet in his lip and the sickly flavour of a drop of blood rouses him from an abstraction in which he has already tasted the bitterness of death. The heroes have the masculine drawback of having no painted fans to snap in their clenched fingers, and it is not surprising that they do not succeed as well as the ladies in concealing their wounded pride.

But besides these lovers, there is in each story another pair for whom your smiles and tears are asked; and their path is every bit as rosy and thorny. With them, however, it is Fate herself who plays the coquette. Molly Bawn's chief friend at her grandfather's is Lady Cecil Stafford, who has been forced by the terms of a will to marry Sir Penthony Stafford or lose a fortune. She decides to marry him, but obliges him to sign a contract of separation from her at the altar; and this he does willingly because she had led him to believe her impossibly ugly and plebeian. The malicious grandfather hearing that Sir Penthony has returned to England, invites him to the house in order to plague her ladyship. Of course they fall in love with each other, and after a comedy of misunderstandings come together. In *Phyllis,* the heroine's chief friend is Bebe Beatoun, who has refused Captain Everett because he is poor and she, penniless, must make a rich marriage. He, now Lord Chandos and wealthy, makes one of the house-party and renews his suit. Naturally she refuses to marry him, although she loves him more than ever; and naturally she consents to pocket her pride in the end. In *Airy Fairy Lilian,* the fair and mysterious tenant of the cottage in the woods on the Chetwoode estate is beloved by Cyril, Sir Guy's brother. With the heroine's help, he finally succeeds in obtaining the consent of his mother and brother to his marriage—when she gets word that the husband from whom she had long ago separated is not dead as she supposed. They have a heart-breaking scene of farewell and Cyril departs from England to live down his sorrow. It all turns out to have been a mistake, however, and he comes galloping back again to her arms. All these young ladies are beloved by the heroines and are enchantingly beautiful in a non-interfering way. And their young men are gallant and lovable, and are slapped on the back by the heroes—whose glory remains undimmed by them. Tall, broad-shouldered, and tanned, none of them possess the six-foot-one which The Duchess considers the ideal length for a hero.

IV

In *Airy Fairy Lilian,* an old bookworm and recluse whose estate is strictly entailed has left his daughter and her small income to the care of Sir Guy Chetwoode, the son of an old friend. Lilian goes to live at Chetwoode with her guardian's mother, and the young man of course falls in love with his saucy, petulant, pretty, adorable ward, who treats him with as much reserve as she can muster. Lilian's coquetries drive Guy mad. At last, after she has aroused a furious jealousy by her apparent preference for her cousin, Archibald Chesney, he snatches her in his arms and kisses her passionately. She punishes him with proud and cold disdain for weeks, and they are just beginning to feel at ease with each other when there comes an occasion for a royal row, and Lilian runs away to a friend's house. He goes to fetch her and eats humble pie like a hero. They all get up a fox-hunt; and here the despondent cousin rides recklessly on account of her cruelty to him. As Lilian has told him she hopes never to hear his voice again, she is doubly shocked when she finds him insensible; and Guy deems that her emotion on this occasion is double confirmation of their love. The mutual suspicions of the pair keep increasing, and she finally brings matters to a head by giving him a sound box on

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the ear; and it is now his turn to treat her with haughty coldness. At the ball he refuses to come near her, much to her grief. But, worn out by her dances with other men and the wild gayety she has assumed, her head sinks on his shoulder as they drive coldly homeward. After this it takes only a day or two for her to consent to marry him; and after dismissing the unsuccessful cousin with dignity, the story ends in laughter at other less fortunate lovers who have all along been objects of derision.

This story, though less successful than the other two, presents, as it were, the heroine in triple distillation. The Duchess must always have exercised a great influence over her girl-readers. "She taught me how to conduct a flirtation to the firing line and emerge unscathed," said a lady to the present writer recently. Said another: "I learned from her the market-value of *naïveté*—how a certain ingenuousness would often allow you to eat your cake and keep it too." But it was Lilian who most fascinated their imagination with visions of empire, and awoke the latent ideal of all their hearts—to be alluring and tormenting and unpredictable. Doubtless there are many ladies now alive, their warfare over and their victories won, who modelled themselves on the pattern of Lilian. If nature had already done it outwardly, so much the better. "She is as straight and lissome as a young ash tree; her hands and feet, like her body, are small and well-shaped; in a word she is *chic* from the crown of her fair head to her little arched instep." If any girl looked like that and read *Airy Fairy Lilian,* it was all up with the peace of mind of every man in the vicinity. But even if she was not so fortunate as to possess a *mignonne* face, she could cultivate, until practice had made them all her own, Lilian's artful alternations of blandishment and abuse. The Duchess gave her eager pupils innumerable pointers.

This fearful threat she hurls at his head with much unction. Not that she means it; but it is as well to be forcible on such occasions. The less you mean a thing, the more eloquent and vehement you should grow; the more you mean it, the less vehemence the better; the fact to be accomplished later on will be crushing enough in itself. This is a rule that should be strictly observed.

And she confirmed their innumerable notions, too, of the proper incense for their altars. "Next to a man's dying for you, the sweetest thing is to hear of a man's starving for you." Yes, young lovers of twenty-five years ago owed many torments to these teasing heroines.

The Duchess achieved no analysis of individual character (nor did her facile pen seek at any time for one), but her psychology of youthful love is very substantial, such as it is. It has neither subtlety nor individual variety, being merely April weather. But, though shallow, it is definite and true. It exhibits itself mostly in speech; and the truth and humour of her love-dialogues—overflowing with lover's perjuries and histrionics and keenly enjoyed miseries—are delightful. These love stories, being twenty-five years old, are entirely lacking in the modern quality of sex. They are thoroughly "nice," and have no suspicion of anything beyond the borders of very simple and ordinary emotions. The social life they depict, though super-elegant, is genuine. This air of unearthly elegance is greatly assisted by two devices dear to the heart of the English reader of the period—a plentiful sprinkling of poetry and of French and Italian. One is *gene, epris, triste, riante, rococo, débonnaire;* people grow *distrait,* murmur *sotto voce,* have *bêtes noires* and *contretemps* and *penchants;* and always there is an ormolu clock which ticks with *empressement.* No word ever affected the present writer's young imagination so much as that "ormolu"—it reminded him for some reason of a young swan. Then ladies always dressed exquisitely and their gowns bore in each soft fall of lace all the distinguishing marks that stamp the work of the inimitable Worth. As for the stories themselves, most of their crises

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and dénouements are brought about by means of over-hearings of snatches of conversation or over-seeings of misleading scenes of one kind or another. Most of them, too, are spun out of the perversely unnecessary misunderstandings—incubated at high temperature and nourished on pre-digested food—which form the material of so many Victorian novels and almost all Victorian plays. The Duchess would have made an excellent playwright, indeed, in that she visualises people so distinctly, uses only that part of them which concerns her narrative, sees the clothes they wear, and hears every shading in their voices. The formula she employs—especially in respect to the relation of the double pairs of lovers—is exactly that of the plays of the period.

V

To early American readers of The Duchess England will always remain sprinkled with her lustrous country-houses. They bloom in the thoroughfare of the bustling world like little isles of safety into which no rumour of business or disaster or ugliness ever enters. Or rather they are situate in the Forest of Arden, where they fleet the time carelessly as in the golden world; and where the weather never reddens nor roughens, and where it only rains to allow people to get up indoor things like charades and tableaux. All the tableaux have a particular pertinence to the couples presenting them; and Guinevere and Lancelot always cause the audience to exchange knowing looks. The houses are all set in spacious parks full of antlered deer, and there are mazes of gardens in which people may get lost and all the gardens are full of riotous butterflies and wooing winds and amiable old gardeners, and there is a wide balustraded terrace on which people are always taking tea to the tinkle of silvery laughter. Ivy clambers over all the ancient walls and towers and battlements through which the old-fashioned casements peep in picturesque disorder. Inside, there are everywhere steps in unexpected places, doors leading no one ever knows where, corridors interminable and innumerable, winding stairs, and tapestries; and a nest of conservatories one within the other where scenes sentimental and comic are always being enacted between dances at the balls they are always giving, balls to which the whole county is invited and for which the decorators come up from London. These are leisurely cosy affairs in spite of their magnitude, for couples are always wandering miles afield from the ballroom and the new partners are forever coming up to interfere with scenes and saying "This is our dance, I believe." It is a beautiful world—the world of these country houses.

And except for curates and comedians, whose love is ever unrequited (a large price to pay for either religion or funniness), the pulchritude of the people in it is well-nigh universal. It was something of a shock to discover in later life that ugly and even commonplace persons could get past the butler of a real English country house. It was like seeing Ireland after growing up on Boucicault's plays and finding that it was not all ruins and moonlight and broths of boys and saucy, tender colleens in red cloaks and hoods. Yet pulchritude with The Duchess, though general, is strictly graded. There is the first pair of lovers, the second pair of lovers, and the villainess and villain—each in their order. Thus the eye is rested. Furthermore, The Duchess is always careful not to lay on her beauty with a trowel. She artfully bestows even on Hebe or Adonis some little humanising flaw—which acts, to be sure, as a beauty patch and enhances the rest, but nevertheless keeps the possessor from flying from all humanity. Lilian's mouth, though kissable, has unmistakable hauteur; Carrington's feet are only passable; Marcia's hands, though finely shaped, are large; Cyril has, perhaps, more mouth than usually goes to one man's share. Archibald's pulchritude she complicates amazingly. "He is tall and eminently gloomy. Nature meant him to act as brigand in private theatricals. Extremely dark, he is unmistakably

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handsome. His gloom imparts a deceitful gentleness to his face, for he is in reality one of the wildest, maddest young men in London." While hands and feet and settled expressions of various varieties come in convenient, it is chiefly in the matter of mouths that The Duchess tempers a beauty which otherwise would burn and blister. She has a preference for an ample mouth and says somewhere that she does not believe that hearty laughter can issue from a small one.

And laughter is particularly what The Duchess desires. In spite of sentiment and melodrama you can never convince the present writer that she did not write her more than thirty genial books just for this purpose. As time went on her public demanded more of each, but they never squeezed out entirely the spicy pleasantness which formed the larger part of her earlier works. Her ideal people seem to be the Massereenes—"Easy, laughter-loving, never out of temper if dinner is late, not fond of early rising; they never bore you with a description of the first faint beams of dawn and fail to see any beauty in the dew at five o'clock; they are reasonable beings." The ungrateful world has laid no wreath upon her grave in the shape of a tributary article, and the only thing the present writer has been able to find about her is an interview in an old *Lady's Pictorial*. There, happily enough, a description of her confirms the idea he got from her stories—that she looked in the glass for all three of her most famous heroines. "She is a very tiny woman, but slight and well-proportioned. Her large hazel eyes sparkling with fun and merriment, are shaded by thick curly lashes. She has a small, determined mouth and the chin slightly upturned gives a *piquante* expression to the intelligent face—bright and vivacious, she looks the embodiment of good temper, merry wit and *espièglerie*." Like Lilian and Molly, she was devoted to digging and grubbing. Since in her books she detests fat people and is always making fun of them, one wonders if time brought in its revenges on this very tiny woman. Dear Duchess, is that why your pleasant people are mostly *svelte* and your dull ones generally inclining toward *embonpoint?* Curates have always been fair game, but for the daughter of a Reverend Canon, she is surprisingly down on all the clergy. She makes most of them physically ridiculous and many of them mercenary, and all of them prosy misfits who insist on talking of school boards to flirtatious young ladies. She wrote *Phyllis* before she was nineteen and *Molly Bawn* at twenty (where is the young lady who has done better?), and both these and their successors she wrote as casually as they look. "I never have any sort of real plot," she told the interviewer, "the kind one ought to get in a novel. I get a scene, a situation, a hint, and begin to build, but I have more than once written the last chapter first and worked backward." Besides, she was selling faster than she could write, anyway, and what was the use? The American publishers bought every novel the moment she began it; and all were reprinted not only in the Lippincott and Lovell and Seaside Libraries, but in Tauchnitz.

Most of this vast swarm of readers must have been grateful readers, for the writer has never met a person who did not speak of The Duchess endearingly. Perhaps that is partly because she is associated with their youth, and with the forbidden fruit of it—for in those priggish days it was considered by mothers, freshly saturated with George Eliot, a little disreputable to read anything so sparkling and frothy. But the present writer has for the purpose of this article re-read The Duchess and found her still delightful. In the exquisite words of Curtis, he went gleaning the fields of childhood and found the scattered grain still golden and the sunlight fresh and fair. An austere writer in the *Critic* for the year of her death, 1897, chides her smartly for always gratifying the popular demand (Dear, dear, how lofty we were in those days!). "The groping couple pass through chapters of thunder, lightning, fire, flood, malaria and malice ere they are transmogrified with a halo and

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furnished a clerical ticket to the connubial isles of the blest. The shop-girl, the lady's maid, the hammock-swinging dame, and even the college boy and girl swelled the ranks of her readers." All this castigation of a writer whom most people read with pleasure, who never wrote a really sensational novel or a remotely unwholesome one, who is full of gayety and lightness, whose pathos and sentiment, though a little obvious to us, exactly hit the taste of her age—and when *Peg O My Heart,* the precise theatrical counterpart of The Duchess, has been for two years considered the most charming play in New York.

WHO IS THE MAN?

BY W. L. GEORGE

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour we rot and rot. A gloomy saying, but one which applies to men as well as to empires, and to none, perhaps, more than to those men who stand in the vanguard of literature. Of very few writers, save those who were so fortunate as to be carried away by death in the plenitude of their powers (unless, like Mr. Thomas Hardy, they drew back from the battle of letters) can it be said that the works of their later years were equal to those of their maturity. The great man has his heir in the world, one who is impatiently waiting for his shoes and assured that he will fill them. It is well so, for shoes must be filled, and it is good to know in advance who is the young giant who will one day make the sacred footprints on the sands of time.

Who are these men? Is it possible already to designate them? To mark out the Hardy or the Meredith of to-morrow? The Bennett, the Wells or the Galsworthy? It is difficult. The writer will not be surprised if some quarrel with these names, cavil at his selection and challenge a greatness which they look upon as transient. Those critics may be right. The writer does not, in this article, attempt a valuation of those whom he will call the literary novelists, that is to say, the men who have "somehow," and owing to hardly ascertained causes, won their way into the front rank of modern English letters. It may be urged that these are not our big men, and that the brazen blaring of popular trumpets has drowned the blithe piping of tenderer songsters. But, if we view facts sanely, we must all agree that there are in England six men, of whom one American, who hold without challenge the premier position among novelists: Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. H. G. Wells. Theirs is a special position: there is not one of them, probably, whose sales would create envy in the bosom of Mr. Charles Garvice or of Mrs. Barclay; nor are they of the super-hyper class whose works are issued in wisely limited editions and printed in over-beautiful type. They are, in a very rough way, the men of their time and, a very little, the men of all time. Whatever be their greatness or their littleness, they are the men who will, for the University Extension lecturer of 1950, represent the English novel in a given period; they are not the most literary of their contemporaries; they have not more ideas than some of their contemporaries, and all of them have their faults, their mannerisms and their lapses, but yet, in a rough and general way, these six men combine more ideas with more style than any who are beyond their group. "Somehow" they stand at the head, and the writer makes no attempt to criticise them, to class them: he has even named them in alphabetical order.

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Now not one of these men is under forty; two of them are over seventy; one approaches sixty. They must be replaced. Not yet, of course, though some of the young begin, a little rashly, to cast stones at those mature glories. But still, some time, faced as we are with a horde of novelists, not less in these islands than fifteen hundred, we must ask ourselves: Who are the young men who rear their heads above the common rank? Which ones among them are likely to inherit the purple?

II

In such an examination we must not ask for achievement, for by young men is meant those who have not passed, or have but lately passed thirty. That they should show promise at all is remarkable enough, and distinguishes them from their forbears: while Mr. Bennett, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Conrad published no novel at all before they were thirty, and Mr. Wells not much more than a fantastic romance, the young men of to-day tell a different tale. Mr. J. D. Beresford, Mr. Gilbert Cannan, Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Oliver Onions, Mr. Frank Swinnerton, are a brilliant little stable, and have mostly tried their paces many years earlier; theirs have been the novels of the twenty-eight-year-old, in one case, at least, that of the twenty-six-year-old. They have affirmed themselves earlier than did their seniors and yet quite definitely.

The short list defies challenge, even though some may wish to include an obscurer favourite, some other young, intellectual novelist or a more specialised man, such as Mr. Algernon Blackwood, or Mr. James Stephens; still the classification is a very general one, it is almost undeniable that those are the men among whom will be recruited the leaders of to-morrow. Indeed, the writer has neglected some aspirants, relegated them into a class which will, in a few years, give us the inheritors of certain men of high literary quality who, owing to accident, to style, or to choice of subject, have not laid hands upon literary crowns. But that is inevitable. The seven men selected are those who show promise.

By promise is meant a suggestion that the young man will become a big man, that is to say that, in ten years or so, he will be the vehicle of the modern idea through the style of the time; he may not be very popular, but he will not be unpopular; he will be quoted, criticised, discussed; briefly, he will matter. Now the writer does not suggest that the seven men named will inevitably become big men. There is not room for seven big novelists, but it is among them that, in all likelihood, the two or three leaders will be found. And then there is the dark horse, still, perhaps, in some university, in America or in a colony, perhaps in a factory or a shop, who may sally forth, swift as a comet, and destroy our estimate; as he writes, the present scribe has at least one such dark horse in his mind. But we must reckon on the known in such a valuation, and it is submitted that we know nothing beyond this list.

The manner in which these men will express themselves must not be determined too absolutely. The literary tradition is changing, and a new one is being made. If the future is to give us a Balzac or a Fielding he will not write like a Balzac or a Fielding: he will use a new style. That is why there is very little hope for those who competently follow the tradition of the past. If a *Madame Bovary* were to be written to-day by a man of thirty it would not be a good book; it would be a piece of literary archæology. If the seven young men become the men of to-morrow, it will be because they break away from the old traditions, the tradition of aloofness and the tradition of comment. They do not rigidly stand outside the canvas, as did Flaubert and de Maupassant; nor do they obviously intervene as did Thackeray. If they look back at all it is to Dostoievsky and Stendhal, that is to say, they stand midway between the expression of life and the expression of themselves; indeed, they try to express both,

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to achieve art by "criticising life;" they attempt to take nature into partnership. Only they do this to a greater or lesser extent; some do little more than exploit themselves, show the world in relation to their own autobiography; others hold up the mirror to life and interpose between picture and object the veil of their prejudice; and one of them is almost a commentator, for his prejudice is so strong as to become a protagonist in his drama. All this is to be expected, for one cannot expect a little group of seven, which enjoys the high honour of having been selected from among fifteen hundred, to be made up of identical entities. Indeed, all must be contrasting persons: if two of them were alike, one would be worthless. And so each one has his devil to exorcise and his guardian-angel to watch over him. They must, each one of them, beware of exploiting themselves overmuch, of becoming dull as they exhaust their own history, of being cold if they draw too thin a strand of temperament across the object which they illumine. But these dangers are only the accidents of a dangerous trade, where a man hazards his soul and may see it grow sick. If we wish to measure these dangers, we must then analyse the men one by one, and it will serve us best to divide them into three groups: self-exploiters, mirror-bearers, and commentators. These are not exact divisions; they overlap on one another; one man denies by one book what he affirms by a second. But, in a very rough way, these divisions will serve: hesitations and contradictions indicate, indeed better than achievement, the tempestuous course of promising youth.

III

Though, broadly speaking, the seven young men are profoundly interested in themselves, there are four that attach especial importance to the life which has made them what they are. Messrs. Cannan, Walpole, Beresford and Lawrence, capable though they be of standing outside themselves, are, without much doubt, happier when they stand inside. The writer does not know in extreme detail where they were born or what they suffered, any more than he knows when they will die, but it demands no great sagacity to reconstruct, for instance, Mr. Walpole as a man who went to Cambridge, taught in a school, and later wrote books; likewise Mr. Beresford, as one who struggled up against poverty and physical infirmity into a place in the sunshine of letters; Mr. Cannan is still more emphatically interested in the reactions of his own harsh and sensitive temperament, while Mr. Lawrence, a little more puzzling, is very much the lover of life, telling us tales of his mistress. This is not, perhaps, because they take these facts that lie nearest to their hand as the argument of their play. Each one of them has shown by some excursion that he was capable of jerking the earth off its axis, the axis being, with him as with all of us, his own personality. Thus Mr. Cannan, in *Peter Homunculus*, presents in Meredithian-wise, a picture of the development of a very young man, a rather romantic though metallically brilliant young man predestined by nature to have a bad, but very exciting time: that is Mr. Cannan. And, more clearly still, in *Little Brother,* he takes himself up again, himself wondering in Cambridge "what it's all for," as Mr. Wells would say, wondering still more, and still more vainly, when he enters London's cultured circles from which he escapes through an obscure byway of Leicester Square. And then again, in *Round the Corner,* it is, a very little, Mr. Cannan in Manchester, incredulously examining, and through Serge commenting upon the world. Were it not for *Devious Ways* one would be inclined to think that Mr. Cannan had nothing to say except about himself, and indeed, it is disquieting to think that the book which saves him from such a conclusion is inferior to his subjective work. Still, it is not altogether a bad book; it is not the sort of book with which Mr. Cannan will bid for fame, but it represents the streak of detachment which is essential if this author is to show himself able to stand outside his own can-

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vas; moreover, in *Round the Corner,* Mr. Cannan was infinitely less limited by himself than he was in his previous books. The praise that has been showered on this novel was a little perfervid and indiscriminate; it was not sufficiently taken into account that the book was a little congested, that the selection of details was not unerring, and that the importation of such a character as Serge laid the author open to the imputation of having recently read *Sanine;* but, all this being said, it is certain that *Round the Corner,* with its accurate characterisation, its atmospheric sense and its diversity, marked a very definite stage in the evolution of Mr. Cannan. Though refusing to accept it as work of the first rank, the writer agrees that it is an evidence of Mr. Cannan's ability to write work of the first rank: he may never write it, but this book is his qualification for entering the race. So far, Mr. Cannan has taken himself too seriously, one might almost say, too dramatically; those sufferings, misunderstandings, isolations and struggles of his youth have been to him too vivid and too significant. For a long time his picture fogged his vision; he could not see himself for himself. But, as chastening age touches him, he appears to view more sanely the epic of his own life and more wholly the epic of the life of others. If he will consent to be yet less the actor and more the spectator, he will probably succeed in becoming the playwright.

Mr. Walpole does not, so definitely as Mr. Cannan, view the world in terms of his own life. It is, no doubt, because his personality is otherwise tinged: he is less angry, less chafed, and it may be that because he is of the softer Southern breed, he has no share in the dour aggressiveness of Mr. Cannan's North country. And there is a variation in the self that Mr. Walpole paints: it is not what he is, or even what he thinks he is, but what he would like to be. In his chief work, by which is meant the most artistic, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill,* the writer shares with us much of the wistfulness he must have felt in his early manhood, but Mr. Traill is not Mr. Walpole; if he were, he would have recurred in other novels; he is the simple, delicate, and passionate young man (passionate, that is, in the modest English way), that Mr. Walpole would like to be. This we know because Mr. Walpole loves Traill and sees no weakness in him: now, one may love that which one despises, but that which one admires one must love. No lover can criticise his lady, if his lady she is to remain, and thus, in his incapacity to see aught save charm in his hero, Mr. Walpole indicates the direction of his own desire. Yet, and strangely enough, in *The Prelude to Adventure,* there is a suggestion that Mr. Walpole would be gladly be Dune, haughty and sombre; in *Fortitude,* that he would be Peter Westcott, have his fine courage, his delicacy and his faith. He asks too much in wishing to be Proteus, but, in so doing, he puts forward a claim to the great seats, for he tells us his aspiration rather than his realisation. Indeed, if it were not that *The Prelude to Adventure* is so very much his life in Cambridge, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* his career in a little school, *Fortitude* his life under the influence of London's personality, he would not come at all into the class of those men who make copy of their past. And it is a feature of high reedeeming value that in *Maradick at Forty,* he should have attempted to make copy of his future, for, again, here is aspiration. Mr. Walpole will succeed if he can increase his detachment and widen the fields which he surveys. Schools and Cambridge: these are tales of little boys and their keepers; literary London: that is the grasshopper and its summer singing. He needs to develop his philosophy toward broader horizons, to embrace business and politics, the commonness of love, and the vital roughness of the world.

IV

In Mr. Beresford we discover a closer identity between the man and the mask, though he has written two books where he does not figure, *The Hampdenshire*

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Wonder, the tale of an incredible child, and *Goslings,* a fantastic commentary upon life. Mr. Beresford is more at his ease when he tells his own tale. In two books, *The Early History of Jacob Stahl,* and *A Candidate for Truth,* Mr. Beresford has exploited himself with extraordinary eloquence; he has the sense of selection, he is not crabbed, and he informs with fine passion those early years through which fleets a splendid woman figure, realised by none other save Mr. Wells. In these books Mr. Beresford shows that he knows love, and isolation, and pain: those other young men with whom we are concerned know these things, too, but hardly one of them so deeply. Mr. Beresford's merit is that he is more ordinary, thus that he is less unreal than the passionate persons his rivals are or would be. Yet, if this were all, it might not be enough, for a tale may be told twice but not more often; if, in the first part of *Goslings,* Mr. Beresford had not shown how closely and incisively he can picture the lower-middle class, analyse its ambitions, sympathise with its hopes, his would be a limited scope. He needs to go further in this direction, to extend his criticism of life through more of those people and more of their fates, while he himself remains outside. He must choose: Jacob Stahl, that is Mr. Beresford, is a charming creature whom one would gladly know; but Jasper Thrale, expounding the world, is not Mr. Beresford, for he is a prig. Mr. Beresford must run on two lines: one for himself alone, and one for the world as he sees it.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence is not in the same class. Once only can he have been autobiographical; either in *The White Peacock,* or in *Sons and Lovers,* for he could evidently not have been, at the same time, the poetic son of a collier and a cultured member of the well-to-do classes in a farming community. Probably it is an open secret that Mr. Lawrence is closer to the Nottingham collier than to the rustic who made hay while others played Bach. But Mr. Lawrence is so little autobiographical that it does not matter very much whether he be one or the other; it is not his physical self he puts into his books, but the adventures of his temperament. It is an extraordinary temperament, a mixture of rough Northern pride with wistful Northern melancholy. His characters, and this applies to George and Lettice in *The White Peacock,* to Sigmund, in *The Trespasser,* to Paul Morel, Mrs. Morel and Miriam, in *Sons and Lovers,* are always battling with adversity for the sake of their fine hopes, are held up by their pride, and divorced a little from commoner folk by the taste that takes them to Verlaine and Lulli. If it is Mr. Lawrence to whom every flower of the hedge and every feather of the strutting cock cries colour and passionate life, if it is for him that the water-meadows are fragrant and the star-lit nights endless deep, it is not for him that the characters live, but for us: he takes his share, he leaves us ours; he inflames his characters, then allows them to act. Indeed, if no fault were to be found with him on mere literary score, Mr. Lawrence would be more than a man of promise: he would have arrived. But his passion carries him away; he sees too much, shows too much; he analyses too fully, discovers too many elements. It may be urged that no artist can see or analyse too fully. But he can, if he discovers that which is not there. Mr. Lawrence, having found gold in the dross of common men and women, is inclined to infer that there is too much gold in the vulgar. Being convinced of this, he tends to be too urgent, almost hectic; his people are as flames, feeding upon mortal bodies and burning them up. His peril is excessive sensation. He needs some better knowledge of affairs, more intercourse with the cruder rich, with the drab middle-class, so that his brilliant vision may by its dulling become tolerable to meaner eyes. He needs to discover those for whom music hath no charms, and yet are not base in attitude.

Mr. Lawrence, who exploits his life not over-much, affords us a necessary transition between those who are inter-

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ested in little else and the second group, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Onions and Mr. Swinnerton, who have, with more or less success, tried to stand back as they write. Of these, Mr. Compton Mackenzie is the most interesting because, in three volumes, he has made three new departures: *The Passionate Elopement,* a tale of powder and patches; *Carnival,* a romance of the meaner parts of London and of Charing Cross Road, and lastly *Sinister Street,* where he links up with those who exploit only their experiences. Evidently Mr. Mackenzie believes that a good terrier never shakes a rat twice. Had *Sinister Street* been his first contribution to literature, Mr. Mackenzie would have found his place indicated in the first group, but as he began by standing outside himself it must be assumed that he thought it a pity to let so much good copy go begging and that he came to the legitimate conclusion that he was quite as well entitled to talk about himself as about other people. He is a man difficult of assessment because of his diversity. He has many graces of style, and a capacity which may be dangerous of infusing charm into that which has no charm. He almost makes us forget that the heroine of *Carnival* is a vulgar little Cockney, by tempting us to believe that it might have been otherwise with her. There is a cheapness of sentiment about this Jenny, this Islington columbine, but we must not reproach Mr. Mackenzie for loving his heroine overmuch: too many of his rivals are not loving theirs enough. Indeed, his chief merit is that he finds the beautiful and the lovable more readily than the hideous. His figures can serve as reagents against the ugly heroine and the scamp hero who began to be fashionable twenty years ago. His success, if it comes at all, will be due to his executive rather than to his innately artistic quality, for he often fails to sift his details. In *Sinister Street,* we endure a great congestion of word and interminable catalogues of facts and things. If he has a temperament at all, which the writer believes, it is stifled by the mantle in which he clothes it. It is not that Mr. Mackenzie knows too much about his characters, for that is not possible, but he tells us too much. He does not give our imagination a chance to work. Yet, his hat is in the ring. If he can prune his efflorescent periods and select among his details, he may, by force of charm, attain much further than his fellows, for he has not chosen to include himself within his work. He will have to include just those things and no others which can give us an illusion of the world.

V

In direct opposition to Mr. Mackenzie, we find Mr. Onions. While Mr. Mackenzie gives us too much and allows us to give nothing, Mr. Onions gives us hardly anything and expects us to write his novel for him as we read it. There are two strands in his work, one of them fantastic or critical, the other creative. Of the first class are the tales of *Widdershins,* and *The Two Kisses,* a skit on studios and boarding-houses. Even slightly more massive works, such as the love epic of advertisement, *Good Boy Seldom,* and the fierce revelation of disappointment which is in *Little Devil Doubt,* do not quite come into the second class; they are not the stones on which Mr. Onions is to build. They are a destructive criticism of modern life, and criticism, unless it is creative, as it is in Mr. Wells's novels, is a thing of the day, however brilliant it may seem. Mr. Oliver Onions can be judged only on his trilogy, *In Accordance with the Evidence, The Debit Account,* and *The Story of Louie,* for these are creative works, threaded and connected; they are an attempt and, on the whole, a very successful one, to take a section of life and to view it from different angles. If the attempt has not completely succeeded, it is perhaps because it was too much. It rests upon close characterisation, a sense of the iron logic of facts and upon atmospheric quality. There is not a young man, and for the matter of that an old one who is, more than Mr. Onions, capable of parting the souls from

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his characters' bodies. There may be autobiography in some of Mr. Onions's work, but there is in his trilogy no more than should colour any man's book.

Yet Mr. Onions has his devil, and it takes the form of a rage against the world, of a hatred that seems to shed a bilious light over his puppets. His strong men are hard, almost brutal, inconsiderate, dominant only by dint of intellect, and arrogant in their dominance; his weak men are craven, lying, incapable of sweetness; and even strong Louie is so haughty as almost to be rude. And all this appears in the very style, so much so that, were it not for the cliché, the writer would quote Buffon. The sentences are tortured as if they had been born in agony; the highly selected detail is reluctant, avaricious, as if Mr. Onions hated giving the world anything. And yet, all this culminates in an impression of extraordinary power: Mr. Onions is the reticent man whose confidence, when earned, is priceless. He lays no pearls before us; he holds them in his half-extended hand for us to take them if we can. A little more tenderness; a little more belief that men can be gentle and women sweet; a little more hope and some pity; and Mr. Onions will arrive.

Of Mr. Swinnerton, who also stands outside his canvas, the writer is not so sure. He made, in *The Casement,* a very subtle, almost elusive picture of the life of the well-to-do when confronted by the realities of life, but did not succeed emphatically enough in the more ponderous effort entitled *The Happy Family*. There he was too uniform, too mechanical, and rather too much bound by literary traditions. But Mr. Swinnerton has a point of view, an attitude toward life; the writer could not define it, but he is conscious of its existence, and in a man of promise that is quite enough. For a man with an individual attitude will make it felt if he has the weapons of style with which to express it. Now Mr. Swinnerton shows very great dexterity in the use of words, felicity of phrase, and discrimination in the choice of details which will enable him to embody such ideas as he may later on conceive. He has only to fear that he may be mistaken as to the size of his ideas; like Mr. Hugh de Selincourt, he may be too much inclined to take as the plot of a novel an idea and a story in themselves too slender. Under modern publishing conditions he may be compelled to spin out his work: as his tendency is to concentrate, he may find himself so much hampered as to lose the chief charm of his writing, viz., balance. He has shown charm in his earlier work, some power in *The Happy Family;* these two qualities need blending, so that Mr. Swinnerton be no longer two men, but one.

Brief mention must be made of Mr. Perceval Gibbon. Of his novels, one only, *Souls in Bondage,* showed remarkable promise, but his later work, with the exception of a few short stories, was a little disappointing. In his first book there was colour, atmosphere, characterisation and technique, but there was also passion. The passion was not maintained in later years. Other qualities were still there: none better than he can to-day translate the dusty glare or the dank warmth of the tropics, the languor, veiling fire, of its men and women, but the vision is a little exterior. Mr. Gibbon needs to express his point of view, if he has one, to let us see more clearly how he himself stands in relation to the world. This does not apply to Mr. de Selincourt, that cousin of Mr. Swinnerton. His point of view is one of aloof vigour. To a great charm of style he adds selectiveness; in *A Daughter of the Morning,* the characterisation is inwrought, just as in *A Boy's Marriage* it is passionate. And again there is Mr. C. E. Montague, all bathed in the glamour of George Meredith and Mr. Henry James. They are difficult to class, these three; to reject their candidature may be too much, so fine are their qualities; and yet, to inscribe them upon the roll may be undue, for they have not the raw massiveness, the air that one wants to find in boys who are about to be men; they

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are too particular, too much inclined to look away from the world and to concentrate on some microscopic section of the soul. To enlarge without loosening, that is what they need to do, and it is no easy matter.

Lastly, and by himself, there is Mr. E. M. Forster, who has been forgotten a little in a hurry, because he has not, since 1910, felt inclined to publish a novel; but he is still one of the young men, while it is not at all certain that he is not "the" young man. Autobiography has had its way with him, a little in *A Room With a View,* and very much more in that tale of schoolmasters, *The Longest Journey;* but it was *Howard's End,* that much criticised work, which achieved the distinction of being popular, though it was of high merit. This marks out Mr. Forster and makes it certain that he can climb Parnassus if he chooses. In *Howard's End* Mr. Forster surveyed the world in particular and also in general; he was together local and cosmic; he was conscious of the little agitations and artificialities of the cultured, of the upthrust of the untaught and of the complacent strength of those who rule. And, over all, hung his own self as the shadow of the wings of a roc darkening the countryside. It is because Mr. Forster has seized a portion of the world and welded it with himself that the essence of him may persist and animate other worlds. His attitude is one of tolerance; he prays that we may not drift too far from the pride of body which is the pride of soul. Mystic athleticism: that seems to be Mr. Forster's message; and as it is essential that the man of to-morrow should be a man of ideas as well as a man of perceptions, it is quite certain that, if Mr. Forster chooses to return to the field, he will establish his claim.

One word as to women. The time has gone when we discriminated between the work of women and of men; to-day, "Lucas Malet," Miss May Sinclair, Mrs. Sedgwick, Mrs. Edith Wharton, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes and Mrs. Dudeney, must take their chance in the rough and tumble of literary criticism, and the writer does not suggest a comparison between them and the leading men. For this there is a very good reason: the young women of to-day are promising work of an entirely new kind. They have less style than their precursors and more ideas: such women writers as Miss Amber Reeves, Miss Tennyson Jesse, Miss Ivy Low, Miss Bridget MacLagan have produced, so far, very little; they can be indicated as candidates, but much more faintly than their masculine rivals. With the exception of Miss Tennyson Jesse, they write less, and less easily; they are younger at their trade, more erratic, and the writer would not venture to analyse them further on the slight evidence we have of their capacity. It is enough to mention them, and to say that, so far as women are showing indications of approximating to men in literary quality, these are the women who are likely soon to bear the standards of their sex.

To sum up, the writer suggests that the rough classification he has made among the seven young men must not be taken as fixed. Some are more autobiographic than evocative; some are receptive rather than personally active, and yet others have not chosen between the two roads. Yet, taking them as a whole, with the reservation of the possible dark horses, these are evidently the men among whom will be found the two or three who will "somehow," in another ten years, lead English letters. It will be an indefinable "somehow," a compound of intellectual dominance and emotional sway. We shall not have a Bennett for a Bennett, nor a Wells for a Wells, but equivalents of power, and equivalents of significance, who will be intimately in tune with their time and better than any will express it.

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WHAT A GOOD COOK BOOK SHOULD BE*

BY CALVIN WINTER

It is a curious fact that, in the whole range of publications, about the rarest thing to find is a satisfactory cook book, one that really meets the needs of the people who have occasion to use it. At first sight there seems to be no valid reason for this; why should cookery be a vaguer or more abstruse science than chemistry or mathematics? Why should baking and boiling and frying be harder to expound than addition, subtraction and multiplication? Why should the compounding of a griddle cake be a less intelligible process than the formula for nitro-glycerine? And, of course, the answer is simple enough: the whole trouble with the majority of cook books lies neither in any inherent difficulty of the subject itself, nor in a lack of knowledge on the part of the author or compiler, but simply in a fundamental lack of unity of purpose or method, an absence of any effort to maintain a given standard of simplicity or to reach a certain definite public. Text-books and manuals on almost every other imaginable craft or art are graded: a cook book, like an encyclopedia, aims at omniscience, it would fain satisfy everybody. And the result is that we have the utter anomaly of the same book being used by the ambitious little bride, vainly struggling over incomprehensible terms, the tired "general housework," who secretly prefers her own way of cooking, and the experienced hostess, in search of some new and intricate concoctions. Furthermore, most cook books are in the nature of scrap-books, made up of items gleaned from a hundred different hands and flung together, with little or no attempt at editing. It is small wonder that our grandmothers set such store by their own manuscript collections of recipes, for they at least were old and well-tried friends, couched in terms that had no ambiguity.

Now, if the question were asked: What constitutes a satisfactory cook book? the answer would naturally include a number of requirements. First of all, whatever its scope, it should be so constructed and so indexed that you may find out at once whether or not it contains the item you are seeking. There are few things more exasperating than to seek, let us say, for the recipe for a simple kidney stew, and pursue the elusive chase somewhat after this fashion: "Kidneys: see Veal;" "Veal Kidneys, see Beef Kidneys;" "Beef Kidneys, page 321;" page 321, "Kidneys and Bacon en Brochette." After all, the simple stew that you wanted isn't there, it is nowhere in the book. The most successful device for ready reference is the encyclopedia cook book, that does away with indexes altogether; you turn to the item you want, in its alphabetical position, and it either is there or it isn't.

Secondly, with the exception of the occasional high-priced and pretentious volumes bearing the name of some famous *chef*, a cook book should be written on the assumption that it is destined to be used chiefly by persons knowing little or nothing about cooking, and who are going to look to it for enlightenment. There was once a certain famous professor of mathematics in a New England college, of whose erudition there was no

*Around-the-World Cook Book. By Mary Louise Barroll. New York: The Century Company.

The Economy Administration Cook Book. By Susie Root Rhodes and Grace Porter Hopkins. Hammond (Ind.): W. B. Conkey Company.

Easy Meals. By Caroline French Benton. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

The Housekeeper's Handy-Book. By Lucia Millet Baxter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

Dishes and Beverages of the Old South. By Martha McCulloch-Williams. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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question; but his students always had the utmost difficulty in following his demonstrations partly because his portly personage hid many of the operations from view, and partly also from his habit of performing a certain part of the calculations in his head and merely setting down the results. The average writer of household recipes is much like this erudite professor, who naïvely assumed that what was so simple to him must be equally simple to his hearers. How many a novice has recoiled in despair from a rule for cake which concludes laconically: "mix, put in a quick oven and bake until done!" A white sauce is a simple thing to make and a simple thing to show others how to make; yet the present writer has never yet seen a cook book in which the rules for making it were stated so succinctly that a person knowing nothing of cooking could at the first attempt produce a sauce that was not a hopeless mess of starchy lumps!

A good standard for clearness is set by the method of giving at the head of each recipe a list of ingredients and quantities, arranged in the order in which they are to be combined. The question of time also is an important item: "cook until tender," is lucid enough, but if winter beets require three hours' boiling and are not put on until five o'clock, there won't be much left of your steak or chops by the time the desired state of tenderness is acquired. Lastly, the ideal cook book, one that has not, so far as the present reviewer knows, even actually been compiled, would give graded series of recipes, offering a succession of different ways of producing practically the same result, only with different degrees of difficulty and different degrees of expense. For instance, plebeian, every-day mashed potato can be provided in all the different degrees of glorification, from two minutes' rubbing through a sieve, with a pinch of salt and a pennyworth of butter, to a three-hour process with eggs and cream that make the resultant substance worth almost its weight in gold.

The foregoing thoughts were suggested by an inspection of a group of volumes which represent the present season's contribution to the culinary art. First of all, there is the *Around-the-World Cook Book,* by Mary Louise Barroll. Being, as the title-page explains, the gleanings of a naval officer's wife during her enforced wanderings through many strange countries, it has both the defects and advantages of this method of compilation. On the one one hand, it contains scores of admirable recipes, for which one might hunt in vain in the ordinary, conventional volume: Louisiana gumbo, Puchero from the Argentine, Venetian eggs, Ginger-ale julip, are items taken at random which stimulate the imagination and the palate. On the other hand, since the volume is the result of a process of accumulation, there are gaps in its information that make it impractical as the main household cook book, however helpful it may be as a supplementary source of suggestions.

The *Economy Administration Cook Book,* edited by Susie Root Rhodes and Grace Porter Hopkins, is comprehensive enough. Indeed, its contents is so encyclopedic as to be almost bewildering. But it has to a glaring extent the fault already referred to, that of an utter lack of unity of method. It is a fault inevitable in any book constructed on the principle of having each recipe or group of recipes contributed and signed by different persons,—one and all of them in the present case being wives of Senators, Congressmen, judges, diplomats, and other distinguished figures in Washington society. One notable shortcoming in a majority of these recipes is a failure to hint how many persons the quantities given are designed to feed. For instance, Madame Ali Kuli Khanom, wife of the Persian Chargé d'Affaires, starts off her directions for making Persian *chelov,* with "four pounds of rice, one-fifth pound of rock salt, and three-quarters of a pound of butter," quantities that suggest the commissary department of a regiment rather than a private family. But the book also has its good side: there

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is something in it for every one, and on the whole, it lives up to the first word in its title,—the recipes are in the main not extravagant.

Easy Meals, by Caroline French Benton, may be fairly described as a cook-book done in verbal shorthand. It is all right as a collection of timely hints for the person who already knows quite well how to do ordinary cooking. Here, for instance, is the recipe for Breast of Veal: "Have the butcher make a pocket in it, stuff with highly seasoned bread crumbs and roast; serve with gravy." Fancy the helplessness of the young wife, struggling with her first veal roast in which the butcher has forgotten to make the required pocket! Shall the stuffing be wet or dry, shall she season it with onion, or merely thyme, sage and summer savoury? How is she to make the gravy, and how long will it take the miserable thing to roast, anyhow? Perhaps, somewhere within the pages of these *Easy Meals* the answers to these questions lurk, but it takes too much time to find them.

The Housekeeper's Handy Book, on the contrary, deserves a kindly word of appreciation. The author, Lucia Millet Baxter, has evidently put a certain amount of personality into it,—and personality is not a bad quality in discussing matters pertaining to the palate, as M. Brillat-Savarin delightfully taught us years ago. "A salad is not a success unless it is as attractive to the eye as to the palate;" "The secret of a sandwich is in the making;" such are the common-sense asides that this author flings in now and again, just as a reminder that she is something more than a mere clipper of other people's recipes. And what a comfort it is to have the succinct statement at the end of a paragraph: "These quantities are intended for four persons." It would be misleading, however, not to mention that the scope of this brisk little book extends beyond the kitchen and includes chapters on "Help in the Laundry," "Toilet Ideas," "Needle-work," and "Emergencies." Altogether, it is a sane and useful little volume, and is, moreover, equipped with a good index.

Dishes and Beverages of the Old South, by Martha McCulloch-Williams, is a book which belongs in a different class from the foregoing. It is not meant to serve as a household cook book; it is simply a special monograph on just one aspect of the subject, an attempt to preserve before too late certain fast vanishing and inimitable secrets of culinary art which justly made the old-time Southern cooking famous. The writer handles her subject with a pardonable enthusiasm, and the volume may be read extensively, with a certain pleasant watering of the mouth over the imaginary delights that it conjures up,—delights as varied as the toothsome savour of roast 'possum and the cool and tinkling joy of a properly iced mint julep. In conclusion, one cannot do better than quote from this author's preface the following common-sense axioms of cookery: "You will never get out of pot or pan anything fundamentally better than what went into it. Cooking is not alchemy; there is no magic in the pot. The whole art and mystery of it is to apply heat and seasoning in such fashion as to make the best and the most of such food supplies as your purse permits."

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MORALITY IN FICTION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THE attitude of the American reading public toward the moral standards of popular fiction is curiously illogical and inconsistent. We seem to pass through a sort of rhythmic alternation of what we may call a high protection of prudery and a free trade of outspokenness. For a season, nothing seems to shock anybody, and then comes the backward swing of the pendulum, and for a time everything seems to shock everybody. We turn our story magazines into just so many correspondence schools of eugenics, and then seek to banish the innocent betrothal kiss from our moving pictures. And, of course, there is a certain degree of rhyme and reason behind our inconsistencies. What really determines the extent of the reading public's self-consciousness regarding problems of sex and kindred topics in fiction is not the quantity of the author's frankness, but the quality of the author's art. In point of fact, a story that is imbued with the unmistakable truth of life does not shock people, no matter how grim, or cruel, or repellent it may be. It may horrify us, it may grip us with its tremendous poignancy, it may make us lose sight of its sinfulness, because we can for the time being think only of its pitiful human weakness,—but it will not shock us. The privilege of shocking people is left to that negligible type of fiction which coquettes with vice, with the impudence of a pert soubrette.

Unfortunately, it is the negligible sort of fiction which very largely finds its way into print in response to any transient tendency, any fashion or fad of the hour. Let the fact once be noised abroad that there is a demand for automobile stories, or golf stories, or sex stories, or innocuous, anæmic stories warranted quite proper for the home and fireside, and presto! two or three things happen forthwith. To begin with, a quantity of hastily written stories are turned out with more industry than skill; and necessarily they are an inferior type of work, because the spirit behind them is that which produces merchandise rather than art. And secondly, writers of the more conscientious class, who will not deliberately cater to a special market, promptly ransack their stock of rejected manuscripts and cull out a few which seem to fit the need of the hour, and once again send them forth on their travels. It is a common experience, within the circles of the Literary Shop, to hear some such advice as this given: "I say, Tom, why don't you send that unprintable story of yours to the So-and-So Magazine? Some of the things in their last number just went the limit!" And similarly, when the reaction sets in, all the vapid, bloodless fiction that has persistently been rejected, and quite properly so, for the previous eighteen months, rushes its way into the pages of the popular magazines, until its inanity makes decent respectability rather sick of itself.

The plain fact is that moral cleanness in itself is just about as poor a reason for accepting a story, if that is all the story has to offer, as open indecency would be. If you are hiring a butler or a maid-servant, you naturally wish them to have clean hands, but if they had no other qualifications for the position, clean hands would not make them satisfactory servants. But if instead of a butler, you wanted a gardener, the fact that his toil-hardened palms were still grimy with the soil would not deter you, if he was in other respects satisfactory. And, if we apply the comparison to current fiction, we reach the real reason why readers revolt alternately against the fiction that

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is unnaturally whitewashed and that which is too wantonly besmeared with pitch: it is because, behind their daub of white or black, they have so pitifully little to offer.

When we stop to think of it, a large proportion of the big stories of the world's literature are, at last analysis, sex problems, variations of the eternal triangle. Yet no one thinks of them in precisely that way, because the minds which conceived and wrote them were healthy minds, with a natural, normal outlook upon life: in writing of men and women, they handled the simple, basic emotions quite frankly, because these emotions are essential factors of life, strands interwoven into the very warp and woof of it. They recognised that the problem of sex is one which no novelist has the right to ignore, for the writer who omits it, or slurs it over is necessarily lying about life. But it is equally true that sex is not the whole of life: and the real trouble with the over-subtle modern analyser of passions is that, in his exclusive interest in just a few strands of life's fabric, he tries to weave his pattern out of these strands alone, forgetting that human nature is a far bigger and finer and more intricate thing.

It is curious how unmistakably truth carries its own conviction, and how it breaks down and sweeps aside narrow, petty conventionalities. Supposing that in real life some one whom you know, the man across the way, or in the adjoining apartment, has killed his wife for infidelity. Unless you are a most exceptional and rather unnatural person, your first impulse is, not to say, "how unpleasantly immoral! Please don't tell me about it." No, you think what a painful, pitiful tragedy it is, and you want to know the facts, all of them, because this is no made-up, story-book melodrama, but the grim, tremendous truth of life, truth that comes so close and is so real, because it happened next door. And the same thing holds good in all really big fiction, the only kind of fiction worth writing and reading,—the fiction that brings the comedies and tragedies of life so near that we accept them as the truest things we know, true as the truth which happened next door. In the world's great novels, it somehow never seems to be the author who has made some of his characters virtuous and others vile,—it is the characters who have made themselves so. The author has simply broken the news to us,—like the man who stopped us on the steps to tell us of the murder next door.

"THE DEVIL'S GARDEN"

The book which immediately suggested the foregoing line of thought is the latest story by Mr. W. B. Maxwell, entitled *The Devil's Garden*. Mr. Maxwell is always an interesting and stimulating writer, and it is high time that he was accorded in America the widespread recognition that has long been given him in England. It seems to be the consensus of English critical opinion that this new volume is his biggest, strongest achievement, and strong it undoubtedly is. There are other works of his which the present reviewer prefers, notably *In Cotton Wool,* which was also strong, besides being structurally a more artistic and symmetrical piece of work. In *The Devil's Garden* Mr. Maxwell has taken certain liberties with his scheme of construction that do not wholly justify themselves, and the reader has a right to feel unfairly treated,—and yet, by this means the author achieves effects which could have been gained in no other way. The story opens quietly in a little English village. William Dale, the village postmaster, stolid, dictatorial, over-burdened with a sense of his own importance, has incurred the disfavour of the department because in too zealous execution of his duties, he ejected a disorderly soldier from the post-office. The incident might easily have been passed over; a word of apology would have satisfied the local authorities; but Dale, doggedly insistent that he was in the right, appealed over their heads to the General Post-Office, and now he has been suspended from duty and summoned to London, to un-

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dergo a searching investigation. Every one but Dale realises that the result is likely to be serious for him, it may even mean dismissal. His wife, Mavis, begs him to appeal to Mr. Barradine, ex-cabinet minister, who is the big man of the neighbourhood, and who in the past had been very kind to Mavis and her aunt. But Dale will not listen; he was in the right and his case must stand on its merits. So he goes to London to face his ordeal, and before long, as his trial drags out its tedious course, even his slow mind grasps the fact that he has no friends, that everything he says is twisted against him, in short, that he is practically judged in advance. And then, all of a sudden, at the eleventh hour, the door opens and the elderly, bent figure of Mr. Barradine appears. A few compliments are exchanged with the chiefs of the postal department, a cordial endorsement of Dale's admirable qualifications is given, and on the hint that lenient treatment of Dale will be regarded as a personal favour to Mr. Barradine, the charges are dismissed and Dale finds himself reinstated, with a two weeks' leave of absence into the bargain. Exultant at this unexpected turn of affairs, he returns to his hotel, and finding that Mavis, anticipating his telegram, has already come and is waiting for him, he promptly plans a hilarious celebration, including dinner at a fashionable restaurant, supplemented by the wild extravagance of champagne and theatre tickets. Nothing could be more simply and minutely true than even the most casual detail of this evening, so commonplace as an average human experience, so momentous and exceptional an experience in the narrow, methodical life of William Dale. Slow and methodical is the account of every minute, the feeble little jokes that passed as wit of a high order, thanks to the happy exhilaration begotten of the unaccustomed stimulant. Then at last the couple are back in the seclusion of their hotel room, and Dale is thinking that he had never before fully appreciated his wife's prettiness, when Mavis, suddenly sleepy from the wine and the heat, lets fall a few unguarded words that bring about a cataclysm. "What train did you say you took this morning?" asks Dale, in a voice she never heard before. And as she stumbles and contradicts herself, the man's suspicions increase, and then, his slow wits begin to piece the facts together, and his questions multiply, and before long blows follow and punctuate the questions, measured, deliberate blows, calculated to wring forth the last syllable of the woman's confession. "Are you going to kill me, Will?" she gasps, and he answers, "Probably, but not till I've had the truth." And so he does have the truth, sordid, pitiful, and yet in a way pardonable, if the man could ever be made to see from any angle but his own. As a mere girl, she had been sold to Mr. Barradine, and it was not until he tired of her that her aunt would listen to a suggestion of her marrying. Since her marriage, she had been unfailingly true to Dale,—until now. But she foresaw that Barradine was their sole hope, the only person willing or able to save Dale his position,—and Barradine made his own terms. Well, after the hideous night at the hotel, Dale sends his wife home alone; what he means to do with her, whether kill her, divorce her or try to live down the memory, he does not yet know. Then, after a week of suspense, the little town of Rodchurch is horrified by the news that Mr. Barradine is dead; he was out riding, on a new and mettlesome horse, and evidently was thrown and dragged, for his face was battered almost out of recognition. It is possible that one reader out of three would at this point have suspicions that Mr. Barradine's death was not accidental. But as chapter succeeds chapter, and the even tenor of life goes on in the Dale household, this momentary suspicion is likely to be dismissed. The author's plan of construction from the hour of Barradine's death is to see Dale only from the outside, only as his wife and acquaintances see him; not for an instant do we hear him think,—until in the last chapters, the point of view shifts, and

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we relive all these later years of his life, suffering with him all the tortures of remorse that have never given him one moment's peace. Of course, he killed Barradine, and the curious psychological fact that made his chief difficulty was that, from the moment of Barradine's death he ceased to hate him, ceased to resent what Barradine had done, ceased to feel any bitterness toward his wife. Yet he knew that he must keep up the pretence, must feign resentment, and delay reconciliation. Children come to him, and prosperity and local positions of honour and responsibility, — and through it all he bears the burden of his secret, hourly expecting the discovery that never comes. But finally, on the threshold of middle age, he discovers that, like Barradine, he has his human weaknesses. There is a young girl who loves him, and for whom he in turn conceives a mad, reckless passion, which is held in check by just one thought, "I should be no better than Barradine; I should destroy my only justification for killing him!" So, instead, Dale pronounces sentence of death upon himself; and a kindly providence gives him an opportunity of passing out of life in the performance of an act of bravery that enshrines him as a hero in the memory of a world that has not understood.

"HIS FATHER'S WIFE"

There is a suggestion of Eden Phillpotts in this new volume by Mr. J. E. Patterson, entitled *His Father's Wife*. It deals with the humble, primitive farming and fisher folk, living laborious lives amid the flatlands and marshes of their island home between the mouths of the Crouch and the Thames, in the face of the grey North Sea. The story is quite simple: the chief actors are three in number, Aaron Rugwood, early left a widower, and his son, Roger, and adopted daughter Barbara. Roger and Barbara grow up like brother and sister, and the initial cause of all the misery that follows is that they mistake their love for each other for the love of brother and sister. Besides, Roger has another love, almost as strong as that for Barbara,—and that is his love for the sea. And so, he is away from home, on long voyages; and when he comes home from one of these voyages, determined to speak out his heart to Barbara, he is too late, for she is already promised to his father. If Roger had been wise, he would have sailed away again, and stayed away; but instead, he yields to the urging of his father and remains at home to help on the farm. There is nothing new in the situation; it would be easy to draw up quite a list of kindred stories of a young couple awakening too late to an understanding of themselves and fighting bravely to remain loyal and honest. But it is greatly to Mr. Patterson's credit that he has handled his theme with dignity and honesty and a wise understanding of the subtle undercurrents of human nature, and has never once faltered on his steadfast progress toward the inevitable tragedy of the end.

"THE LURE OF THE LITTLE DRUM"

The Lure of the Little Drum, by Margaret Peterson, enjoys the prestige of having been singled out by the judgment of Joseph Conrad and William J. Locke as the prize story in the twelve hundred and fifty dollar competition. The book has novelty of situation and gorgeous colour effects of the far East, and because of this one can readily understand its appeal to at least one of the above-named judges. None the less, it is an unpleasant book, a morbid book, and one that leaves a distinctly disagreeable aftertaste. The scene is India, the principal characters are Gerald Hamilton, his wife Esther, whom he rashly married against all advice, knowing little of her antecedents, and a native prince, Ishut Khan. The lure referred to in the title is the insistent rhythm of native music, the endless beating of little drums that once heard, refuses to be forgotten. Upon Esther, this rhythm has an almost hypnotic effect; at sound of it, she finds herself responding to some call of her blood,—in much the same way that she finds herself responding to the

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magnetism of Ishut Khan. She fights against this spell, she even tells her husband in a veiled and guarded way, that she is afraid of the Hindoo and afraid of herself. But the husband does not take her seriously enough; and so, one night the lure of the little drum is too strong for her, and she steals out of her husband's home and goes straight to Ishut Khan, and the doors of his harem shut her in. Gerald, as it happens, falls seriously ill, knowing nothing of his wife's departure; and when he recovers, his relatives tell him that she has died of cholera. Meanwhile, her brief madness has changed to hatred and loathing; and Ishut Khan, whose pride will not brook a white woman's scorn of his dark skin, vows to ruin her beauty, and proceeds to torture her with a barbaric deliberation and method that make this particular scene one of the most repellent in recent fiction. The whole history of Esther's degradation in the harem, her suffering, her escape, and her final agony may be an extremely accurate picture of horrors still possible in the East; but it is a record that one reads with averted eyes and a heartsick reluctance. It may be strong, but it is quite unnecessary.

"SNOW UPON THE DESERT"

Snow Upon the Desert, by S. MacNaughton, is another story of Anglo-Indian life, but it comes like a breath of fragrant air, in contrast with the preceding volume. The book is awkwardly constructed, concerning itself at the start with secondary characters and scenes to an extent out of all proportion to their importance. Indeed, there is only one aspect of the book that really counts, and that is in so far as it is a study of the personality of just one woman. Mrs. Antrobus is the most beautiful Englishwoman in India, also she is almost the most talked of. Married to the wrong sort of man, a stoutish, selfish, heavy sort of man, determined to go his own way and quite willing that his wife shall go hers, Mrs. Antrobus realises that it is hopeless to look to him to protect her against herself. She has long played with fire, believing herself to be immune; but two events combine to break her will and to make her fear herself. There is a young English officer, with a record for distinguished service, whom it pleases her vanity to keep dangling after her like a faithful dog. This officer is about to be sent away on a dangerous mission, and for some motive or mixture of motives, perhaps just vanity, perhaps because she is lonely, perhaps because of a nascent fondness for him, she begs him not to leave her,—in consequence he plays the coward, resigns his commission, and then later, realising his disgrace, commits suicide. Then, there is another man, a close friend of the poor suicide, who scorns the very name of Mrs. Antrobus, until one day he meets her. After that, he forgets that he has ever scorned her, knowing only one thing, that whatever the world may say against her, and however black the evidence may look, he for his part can never believe anything of her but what is good and fine and true. To the end, Mrs. Antrobus remains an enigma; we see her through the eyes of many men and a few women; we see but very rarely into her heart, and then only as through a glass, darkly. Did she love the man who believed all good things of her, and was it her great fear of falling from his high estimation that drove at the end upon her last, strange Odyssey? The author does not tell us, or at least in a manner so deliberately cryptic as to baffle conjecture. And yet we are glad not to have been told more. From first to last, Mrs. Antrobus is a woman of mystery, and half the charm of the book would have vanished through an indiscreet lifting of her veil.

"THE DOMINANT PASSION"

The Dominant Passion, by Marguerite Bryant, is best explained by the words which the author puts into the mouth of one of the characters, who is addressing the artist, the central figure in the story: "You people who are servants of this Dominant Passion of creation don't seem to have any medium. When *It* is there, there's no room for

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anything else, when *It* is gone, you are at the mercy of everything." Andrea Bradon, the artist in question, may best be described as a vampire. He ruins the career of his only son, Lawrence, who has divine gifts as a musician, because he wants to keep the boy near him, where he can use him as a model, and draw inspiration from him. Over and over, he keeps the boy for hours posing, until he faints from sheer fatigue, and until his exhaustion is read in lines of suffering that are precisely the lines which the artist has diabolically striven to produce. He almost ruins the life of his cousin, Anthony, who has married Honor Passfield, the novelist. Without loving Honor, Andrea is curiously sensitive to her influence; until he met her, he had done nothing great in his art, he had simply given brilliant promise. It was Honor, her sweet, strong personality, that taught him the power of simplicity in colour and purity of line. Therefore, when her husband Anthony, forced to live in Italy, where he is studying the causes of pellagra, acquiesces in Honor's wish to return to England, the only spot where she can find inspiration for her books, and Honor herself, secretly hurt at his willingness to let her go, is too proud, as the years pass by, to ask him to take her back, Andrea, intrusted by her husband with a message for her, refrains from delivering it, because he wants to keep her near him, and use her as a stepping-stone on which to gain the heights. And lastly, he almost ruins himself, his reputation, his joy in life, because when Honor learns through Lawrence of his duplicity, and Andrea avenges himself upon his son by one crowning act of cruelty, Honor rejoins Anthony in Italy, vowing never to see Andrea again. From the moment that she casts him off, Andrea begins to deteriorate, his work becomes steadily worse and worse, over-elaborate, full of affectation and pretence. He knows that there is just one thing for him to do, and at any cost, and that is to make his peace with Honor, to buy her forgiveness, no matter to what depths of humility he must descend. She is right in despising him, in casting him off; but by doing so, she has crippled an artist's soul, blighted a genius,—and this, he feels sure, is a greater punishment than she meant to inflict. There are certain compelling qualities about this volume that make one not only eager to read it but to argue about it afterward. Nevertheless, it leaves the impression of being rather overdrawn and exaggerated. Andrea's repentance and regeneration somehow fail to carry conviction.

"MONTE CARLO"

Monte Carlo, written by the wife of Mr. H. DeVere Stackpoole, is a diverting and somewhat irresponsible little volume, full of the sparkle of blue waters and golden sunshine, and the tumultuous and unrestrained gaiety of the Riviera in the height of the season. The central idea of the book is the conflict that goes on in the heart of a young woman who has been brought up in the narrowest possible manner in a secluded English town, and then suddenly has rebelled and made a runaway match with an artist. Bohemian life in Paris has already lost its first glamour, and her recognition of her own blunder has given her material for a first novel which happens to have hit the popular taste. At all events, her first cheque for royalties is sufficiently large to make a trip to Monte Carlo quite a reasonable and practical thing to do. Unfortunately for the young wife's peace of mind, her husband, a bohemian by instinct as well as by training, comes across a theatrical troupe, good-hearted but unspeakably vulgar; while the young woman herself happens to meet some prim, conservative people from her own birthplace, and is just telling her woes and begging them to intercede with her father, when all her plans are brought to naught by the inopportune arrival of her husband, accompanied by the boisterous, much bepainted ladies of the theatrical troupe. From this point on, the story develops into a swift and bewildering comedy of errors, in which an Austrian spy, hard

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pressed by the French police, makes numerous hair-breadth escapes, and finds time to pay court, between whiles, to the unhappy young wife, and to involve her in a scandal that threatens to end in the divorce courts. In the end, the young husband, who has tried to forget his wife's supposed perfidy, by reckless gambling, breaks the bank at Monte Carlo, comes away richer by some four thousand pounds, and sensibly decides to seek a reconciliation with his wife, to forswear bohemia, and find an eminently respectable home somewhere not too far from London. All of which combines to make a story not too serious nor too frivolous, but just blithe enough and sensible enough to afford an hour or two of very pleasant entertainment.

"HOME"

The anonymous novel entitled *Home,* which has attracted no small amount of attention during its serial publication in the *Century Magazine,* affords an instance of those curious similarities which quite unconsciously come about every now and then. It is vastly improbable that the author of *Home* ever even heard of a story by the Hungarian, Maurus Jokai, called *Timar's Two Worlds,* and translated more than twenty years ago under the title of *A Modern Midas.* Timar, the hero of the Hungarian novel, is unhappily married to a haughty and exacting young woman, who regards him as socially beneath her. One day, while exploring the wilder stretches of the lower Danube, Timar comes across a hidden island, inhabited by an old woman and a young girl, her daughter. The two live in archaic simplicity; and soon Timar has been accepted as one of the family, without the formality of any ceremony or even a curious inquiry as to his birthplace, his connections, or his place in the world. Happy in his new life, Timar soon gives up even an occasional visit to his wife, planning his final departure in such a way as to let it be supposed that he is drowned. With all his wealth left behind him, and no possessions save the work of his two hands, a young woman who loves him, and before long a child, Timar finds in this second world a happiness that he never knew in the first. Now, *Home* is a rather crowded story, including the destinies of several proud old American families, handicapped by a fatal inheritance of overfondness for wine and women. But the central interest is furnished by the career of a young man, unhappily married, as Timar was, who by a sheer trick of destiny is convinced that his wife loves another man, and who consequently proceeds to forget his sorrow in exploring the upper reaches of a South American river. Here, as in the case of Timar, he disappears from civilisation under circumstances that lead to the belief that he has been drowned; and here, still again like Timar, he meets with a beautiful young girl living alone with an old woman in a state of sylvan simplicity. The man is happy. He has left all his wealth behind him; he has no possessions save what may come to him through the work of his two hands, he has a young woman who loves him, and before long he has a child. He is happy in his second world, as he never had been in his first. But unlike Timar's *Two Worlds,* the sylvan paradise in South America is destined to an early and overwhelming cataclysm, and the man justifies the title of the volume by returning and finding a tardy contentment in his first world. *Home* is eminently worth reading, whether you are acquainted with Jokai's novel or not. But the chance resemblance is interesting.

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NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

THEODORE DREISER'S "A TRAVELLER AT FORTY"*

EPICURES affirm that our American dishes are but partly cooked and swim in a good deal of water. Our American travel books may likewise be said to be so often half-baked and served with a good deal of diluted language. Our public seems exceptional in having a fondness for voyaging volumes written by persons avowedly ignorant of their subject. Offered an informed tourist book and an uninformed one, the Yankee is quite likely to choose the latter, seeing perhaps a chance for more heedless diversion in it. To readers knowing nothing of Europe nor wanting to, but wishing to know about Mr. Dreiser, his imposing-looking volume will strongly appeal. He professedly carried little across the waters and brought it somewhat laboriously back. At least one may say that the reader is not greatly enlightened or inspired. The author has merely written of himself *à propos* of Italy, Germany and so on. The indications here about his own original personality overshadow the features of his European scene.

Such a frankly superficial volume helps contribute to the generally uninformed and inartistic state of our gulping-down reading public. To stir about among parboiled facts and in half-stewed impressions, leaves our western world as ignorant about and prejudiced against things foreign and foreign life as it was beforehand. To visit Italy without poetry or imagination, Germany without music, Holland without art, France without gayety and humour, is to start with a strong handicap. Features to be regretted may be shown by the two following small examples. We are told that the Seine at Paris is "not so wide as the Harlem River, which makes Manhattan an island." The significant fact is that the Seine is considerably narrowed by splendid embankments to deepen it for an immense volume of commerce of which our Harlem stream is almost as innocent as its banks are bare of civilised attention. Again, in Germany. "I should say that any nation that to-day chose to pick a quarrel with Germany on her home ground would be foolish in the extreme. It is the beau ideal of the aggressive, militant, orderly spirit and, if it were properly captained and the gods were kind, it would be everywhere invincible." This is a neglected array of English that sounds at first like meaning something worth the time, but in reality is not even resonant emptiness. Of course Mr. Dreiser, in his serious intellectuality, is not properly here. But the above instances illustrate the misfortune of the considerable production of our tourist books by greatly advertised writers who have not lived with their subjects, but whom the public is none the less importuned to read. There is nothing more likely to be misleading than first impressions, yet it is a popular American fallacy that somehow because an author is little educated in his theme, he is therefore at least innocent of harm.

To speak of something more vital, Mr. Dreiser exemplifies his German origin, it would seem, by being drawn to consort in Europe with the underside of life, as so many German and Russian writers have accustomed us. Instead of bringing to notice men who are worth while or entertaining, he acquaints us rather with those who can guide through night haunts of immorality, have sex on the brain or desire to "lick" foreigners. And for the women of Europe we are freely offered examples from the various tenderloins who, even for their class, do

*A Traveller at Forty. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: The Century Company.

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not propose much in the way of edification or esprit. With his oddly oblique look toward life, desiring to know of vice neither for the purpose of reforming it nor for dissipation, Mr. Dresier appears here as a victim of a morbid curiosity which is never satisfied because never fully gratified. While he mentions on the ground, in passing, names great in art, what his readers feel he is really thinking about at the time is whether some ordinary lady of the pavement is waiting for him and diagnosis around at the public bar. Not that he is to leave her or himself any worse. Nor any better, it must be added. And he has come away from Europe without apparent regret or consciousness that he missed the fine flower of those civilisations. It is partly because the destructive forces—the forces of evil—so strongly attract him.

Due to his burdened German air of unhopefulness, his best art as a prominent and promising novelist is born of the obliquities of his nature, his viewings through thickened colours, the characteristically *gauche* and discouraging formlessness of his circumambient world. His mind suggests the idea of an imposing darkened interior of a vague edifice where the light comes in coloured or gloomy. The superb brilliance of noontide, the noble loftiness and wholesome charm of sightly human kind and human endeavour out in the open, are likely to be lost to view for him in the shadows of a haunting, creeping, slouching night. His frankness and honesty in the present volume are virtues, but virtues which are not unmixed sources of pride or satisfaction. What he observes that is not helpful or beautiful serves small purpose save as an outlet for the course of his own inclinations. In his dominant inbrooding, his first law is unto himself. He is a moraliser recognising secondarily an obligation to society or his fellow-men. It is natural to such a temperament that destruction figures distinctively. Unfortunately, the habit of enlarging on the uncomplimentary phases of foreign life only aids in keeping nations apart and mutually contemptuous. To seek out and exploit much of the undesirable in foreigners, is to encourage the curse of high and ever-widened national barriers. To cultivate and proclaim the best in other peoples, is to bring all a whit closer together in a worthy entertainment of sympathy and enlightenment.

Stuart Henry.

II

Everard Meynell's "Life of Francis Thompson"*

The honest medical practitioner of Preston in Lincolnshire, who saw how his son, Francis Joseph Thompson, "failed to be a priest, failed to be a doctor, failed to be a soldier, failed even to be a shoemaker, nay, a shoeblack, and might have failed as a caller of cabs but that Mr. Wilfred Meynell discovered in the tramp a mighty poet," may be excused if he "was more amused than gratified at seeing his son's name suddenly coupled with those of Shelley or Keats or Tennyson." A share of the pity that belongs to the poet belongs as well to his father, who had not even the satisfaction of knowing that his parental crown of thorns was one day to blossom into an immortal wreath for his offspring's brow.

If luckless in all else, Francis Thompson enjoyed that greatest of blessings—a good biographer; no poet dreaming, as he did, of an enduring fame, could ask a greater favour than a *Life,* clear, intimate, and honest, an interpretation comprehensive and sympathetic with his intricate moods, such as Everard Meynell has devoted to Thompson's memory. From the pages of this, the first coherent account of the poet's hidden career, we gain sight of a rather unprepossessing child wrapped up in his moods at home and, later, something of "a butt" at the boarding school attended also by the equally strange, if more rebellious, "Jack or Paddy Hearn," metamorphosed

*The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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courageously into "Lafcadio." It was a harsh school, if we are to believe the reports of these sensitive alumni; but, according to the judgment of more robust graduates, it was an excellent turning-out establishment for little Britons of the most approved pattern.

A weakness of will, inherent and indulged, destined Francis Thompson to walk "the Street of Bitterness," and after six or seven years spent at a pretence of studying medicine, he showed himself absolutely unfit to meet the ordinary duties or even the common fellowships of his kind.

Mr. Meynell quotes Stevenson's query, "Whither go all unpleasant medical students—whence come all worthy doctors?" Thompson, certainly, must have been unusual among the matriculates of Owens College, in Manchester; he haunted art-galleries and poetry-shelves of public libraries, and rarely appeared for lecture, *quiz,* or dissection. The doll, called Eugenie after the beautiful ex-Empress of the French, was now forgotten for a Manchester plaster-cast of the Melpomene of the Vatican. Without fear or awkwardness, to this passionless ideal he could pay a knightly courtship, unconscious of his tall figure, his shoelaces untied and dragging on the streets. "Had she beheld me," he could write in later years, "she would have denied, have contemned my gaze. Between us now are years and tears; but the years waste her not and the tears wet her not; neither misses she me nor any man." It was during these years at Manchester the poet might also be found, day after day, idling on the edge of the cricket fields, the memory of which came back to him in the enchanting lines of his

> It is little I repair to the matches of the Southern folk—

although, as a rule, an American mind stops puzzled and awed before the solemn earnestness with which the British are prone to invest their writings on sports.

The absolute text of these years is to be found in De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*—a volume given him by his mother shortly before her death and the favourite book of his schooldays. His biographer points out the beginning of his use of this drug during a severe illness, and the remarkable coincidences in his inner experiences with those of Coleridge. We might add that these, as they occur in their lives as well as in their writings, are to be found equally in Edgar Allan Poe. Thompson, like De Quincey, a student at Manchester, "long a dingy den of opium," attempts in vain to qualify for the army after failing to pass his college examinations; Coleridge, another victim of drugs, also attempted and failed in the physical tests for the soldiery. Edgar Allan Poe seems to have been more successful, as he is supposed to have served for some time as a private in the Marine Corps. With De Quincey, Thompson shared other London fortunes; "two outcast women were to these two outcast men the sole ambassadors of the world's gentleness and generosity." "The brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing" who rescued Thompson at his bitterest period, disappeared immediately on realising that his genius was recognised and he had found friends who might not understand her pity for him. This is the one episode in all Thompson's history that gives even the slightest colour to an implication that he was vicious or degenerate in any sense whatever.

Without influence he had found it impossible to procure any wage at all commensurate with his education; his only acquaintance with literature was when he waited on "noted authors" for a short time in a lunch room in Panton Street. He collected books in a sack for a general bookseller; and he was soon in rags and shelterless, save for some fame-haunted bench along the Thames Embankment or the airy alcove of a doorstep. Through it all he seems to have remained clean in mind, if not in body, submerged in the dregs of outcast and criminal London. He found most of his companions opposed to Atheism; "only once did any one try to cheat me," he

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confessed, although even murderers were of the company. When in luck he would sleep in the oblong boxes without lids containing a mattress and a leather apron or coverlet, that are the fashion, he says, in all Refuges.

A charitable boot-maker, named McMaster, hailed him on the street, took him into his shop and home, and accomplished a temporary reform in the poet who, however, lapsing again—not to secret drinking as his benefactor and most of the world believed, but to opium, brought on his final dismissal by letting fall one of the window shutters on a customer's foot. Discharged uncomplaining to face the still deeper horrors of starvation and gathering disease, helpless as a poor fawn turned away from a sheltering menagerie—he strove to sell matches and sometimes managed to gain a sixpence by running to call a cab near the London music-halls. "Even before he was knocked down by a cab," says his biographer, "the heavy traffic of Covent Garden harassing the straggler in the gutter, may well have been to him a type of danger and fears." Those who know his splendid visions in which rolling wheels and champing horses are not infrequent, will therefore take new interest in such passages as those declaring he

> Suffered the trampling hoofs of every hour
> In night's slow-wheelèd car;
> Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
> From under those dread wheels; and bled of strength
> I waited the inevitable last.

and, again, where in his essay on Shelley, he says of the poet of "Adonais": "He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun." Such phrases were written with some memory of the great Acheronian flood of cabs at midnight, and the lightfooted rivals plunging among them and snatching the "tips" from the very jaws of death or from under his own very nose.

The rescue of Francis Thompson by Wilfred Meynell, the appearance of his first poems in the pages of *Merry England*, his gradual rehabilitation if not his entire reform from his abuse of drugs, are now commonplace facts of literary history. Mr. Everard Meynell puts the keystone to this biographical edifice with materials never to be questioned, and an interpretative authority to which every future student of Thompson's life and works must alway defer. It is when we come to the chapters dealing with Thompson's poetry, and the elucidation of its philosophical origins and bearing, that we find his volume particularly valuable. Everard Meynell is a poet writing of a poet, under the eyes of his father to whom the world owes the discovery of one of its greatest modern singers, and under the inspiration of his mother, Alice Meynell, herself the greatest living poet of England. Therefore, his study of Thompson's poetry is a study important to all poetry, in a day when men seem wearying of a paganism slimed with the name of materialism, when the message of Thompson seems dropped from a prophet's chariot mounting over the gutters of London. In a way, the volume may be said to constitute a textbook for the poet with a future in the age "when the Lord-God is the literary fad," and the apostles of the diseased and disordered are "folding their tents like the Arabs," "though," as Thompson himself says, "poetry's Book of Genesis is yet unwritten which might be written, and its Moses is desired and is late. An art not unworthy the Seraphic Order and the handling of Saints. For the poet is an Elias, that when he comes makes all things new. It is a converse alas, and lamentable truth, that the false poet makes even new things old." This point, which is too discursive to be treated properly in a brief review, will reward the reader and practitioner of poetry who apply themselves to Mr. Meynell's pages; they are studies in the higher reaches of poetics and art philosophy, and if, in groping, one treads upon the heels of religion, he may as well awaken to the fact that he has left the eighteenth century behind him.

Mr. Meynell goes very thoroughly

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into the question of Thompson's vocabulary, of his origins in the mediæval hymnologies and in Crashaw, Coleridge, Shelley, and Coventry Patmore; he registers also some opinions of his poet regarding other divinities of our time. "Metrically," declared Thompson, "Poe is the lineal projector of Swinburne, and hence of modern metre at large—an influence most disastrous and decadent, like nearly all his influence on letters. Tennyson is too pictorial. Picture verges on marches of sister art painting. Feminine, only not so entirely so as Swinburne; still has remnants of statelier mood and time. Metre, beginning of degeneration, completed in and by Swinburne." The brief period of Thompson's journalistic trials was marked by service and generous praise of others; if he desisted from his purpose of a work to point out the moral continuity to be found in *The Idyls of the King,* it may have been on learning that Tennyson had already given his approval to such an interpretation in the essays of Condé Pallen; another American, Madison Cawein, is in Thompson's debt for praise, and younger Englishmen that shared his encouragements are Sturge Moore, Alfred Douglas, Dora Sigerson Shorter, and Alfred Noyes. He was broad enough to appreciate Newbolt's "Admiral's All," Owen Seaman's parodies, and Arthur Symonds's "teeming felicities." Aubrey De Vere he found grandiose, although he does not seem to have altogether admired his cold intensity; he had no enthusiasm, it may be noted, for The Yellow Book, or Oscar Wilde, D'Annunzio, Kipling, and Maurice Hewlett.

Thompson's later years were passed in desultory residence in London with attempts at service to Grub Street, or in monastery hospices such as those of Pantasaph and Storrington, where the spirit of Catholicity, which is not at all synonymous with mediævalism, as many of his critics seem to imagine, took ever a stronger hold upon him and gained for him in modern parlance the free-and-easy name of "Mystic." Years ago Brunetière wrote, *longe et late,* upon the error of confounding the mystic in literature with the mystic of theology, and it seems hardly the moment to arraign *The Life of Francis Thompson,* written with an entirely literary intent, for not establishing a scholastic and not quite necessary distinction. Thompson himself, as Mr. Everard Meynell tells us, was wary of the word "mysticism"—which a reviewer in a recent number of *America* states, as "one of the most secret and profound of the sacred things of the Catholic Church, is not to be prattled of in literary coteries."

The end came and found Thompson a gaunt figure out of some canvas of El Greco of Toledo; he had lain for ten days in the London Hospital of Saints John and Elizabeth; consumption, and not laudanum poison, was his fatal disease; and the last books in his hand were his prayerbook, Shakespeare, Swedenborg, and the *Many Cargoes,* of W. W. Jacobs. There was also a cheerful lay-sister with the keys, who said: "I hear he had a very good death."

Thomas Walsh.

III

Clare Howard's "English Travellers of the Renaissance"*

This book, embellished by quaint prints and portraits, is a valuable contribution to social history—which, in the form of extended specialised survey at least, has unfortunately so little engaged the researches and pens of English writers. Such surveys as we have, too, are singularly lacking in just the quality this book eminently possesses—perspective. Here is a clear account, carefully laid out and well-organised, of an activity of great importance not only to English society and diplomacy, but to English literature. This enormous subject the author has sifted wisely. Though not without the tone of over-modesty and anxious acknowledgment of minor obligation which characterises the thesis,

*English Travellers of the Renaissance. By Clare Howard. New York: John Lane Company.

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she allows us to forget that this is originally an academic exercise. Having thoroughly digested her considerable scholarship, she relaxes as far as possible, even to a pleasing playfulness. The book, thus, is readable as well as valuable.

From the earliest times, says Miss Howard, Englishmen had gladly seized upon any reason for travel. One of the first books printed in England warns the pilgrim to the Holy Land not to embark without "a lytell cawdron, a fryenge panne, dysshes, platers, cuppes of glasse, a fether bed, a matrasse, a pylawe, two payre sheets and a quylte, a cage for half a dozen hens or chickens and a half bushel of myle sede to feed them." Erasmus himself stated that the pilgrimage to Jerusalem was nothing but the love of change. This thin disguise of piety gave place to a substantial desire for learning and intellectual companionship as a motive for travel in the sixteenth century.

It was the widespread custom of Elizabethan and Jacobean gentlemen thus to complete their education. Travel was the only means of acquiring modern languages and history, together with physical and social accomplishments. The desire to study foreign governments, too, sent abroad with every ambassador young gentlemen who on their return diffused a certain mysterious sophistication to the envy of home-keeping youths. The English, like the Germans, suddenly woke up with a start to the idea that they were barbarians on the outskirts of civilisation and (as in Chicago of to-day, says the author roguishly) sent their youngsters hustling for culture. But the development of the individual was (in the innumerable travel essays of the period, at least) less important than his increased usefulness to the state.

Yet there were always many protests against this exodus of the young men. The Frenchified traveller, returning with such finicky refinements as perfumes and pick-tooths was laughed to scorn; and the proverb "An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate" was not without foundation. Too often he became a vicious mocker railing on both Pope and Luther; and the books are full of sinister warnings against "the Siren-songs of Italy." A great deal of the common animosity to returned travellers with their foreign clothes was inspired by commercial jealousy; and there was also the insular prejudice which still is so pronounced a characteristic of the English middle and lower classes. Such feelings were fostered by staunch Protestant parents, who had indeed much ground for their fear of Inquisition and Jesuit. Italy, both during and after the Spanish war, was far from safe for Englishmen and Protestants. Furthermore, free-booters and marauders lurked everywhere. The conception of travel given by Fynes Moryson is a sort of chase across Europe with the tourist doubling and turning and diving into cover like a fox. Many warnings are sounded, too, against the wonderful cunning of innkeepers, who not content with robbing by day, often robbed and murdered by night. Added to all this, the strange diet and the small-pox were such risks that it was customary to wager three to one against a man's return.

Even with the Tudor enthusiasm for letters, there had never been the slightest danger of pedantry; but the typical Stuart traveller went abroad, generally only to France, merely to learn the graces with a view to making his fortune at Court. People who visited Holland, however, had loftier reasons; they went to see its many curiosities and rareties and its advanced public institutions, its conspicuously elegant streets and clean inns. It was after the Restoration that the idea of the Grand Tour began. Courtiers who had lived long in Paris were ever bewailing "the haughty and boorish Englishman," until even sensible natives began to be ashamed of their manners and sent their youngsters over to learn better. Italy and Germany had now become safe; and accordingly one no longer settled down in Paris, but drove in a post-chaise through all the principal towns of the Continent. The

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aim of travel had now largely become to see and to be seen. Boys were sent abroad very young, and their governor was an important person. Soon he became an arbiter of what was modish for country families whose connection with the fashionable world was but slight. The Grand Tour naturally cost more than Elizabethan travel, but fashionable people generally considered it cheaper than remaining at home. Chesterfield, though a Georgian, was thinking of the days of his youth when he admonished his son to avoid the society of Englishmen abroad and not run the risk of corrupting his newly acquired manners with evil communications.

In the eighteenth century, when England took her place in the fore of nations, the always latent protest against foreign influence became downright contemptuous. Addison had been full of smug reflections on English superiority, and Locke set forth the fallacies of the Grand Tour in his *Essay on Education*. The whole scheme, indeed, became discredited after its adoption by social climbers. Other disintegrating causes were at work also. The Georges had no idea of rewarding polish and refinement; the French Protestant refugees in England could teach French as well as the Paris tutors; the foundation of chairs of modern history in the colleges by George First—all these things were removing the necessity for the Grand Tour. Walpole and Gray in their tours showed that the romantic spirit was supplanting the humanistic, and that the advent was at hand of the Byronic tourist who cared only for the unruly aspects of nature. The attitude of the Georgian traveller was very different from the eager acquisitiveness of the Renaissance —an attitude which is largely resuscitated again in the wanderlust of the nineteenth century. But in spite of kindred Elizabethan and modern ardour, the sorrows of beef-eating Englishmen among the Continentals have always been poignant; and Englishmen have never been willing to allow other diets to other climates, or indeed, other customs to other people. The tone of Georgian travellers, concludes Miss Howard in this interesting account, has not only fallen from the high motives of earlier times, but is pronouncedly peevish in its materialism.

Graham Berry.

IV

Royal Cortissoz's "Art and Common Sense"*

It is always a bit presumptuous for a layman to criticise a specialist; it is safer perhaps to interpret and record an impression made by such a volume as *Art and Common Sense*. And to the layman this volume of essays will especially appeal. Critics and artists seem to have little respect for each other, since each is often the victim of either his temperament or his mental attitude: Mr. Cortissoz, while recognising the claims of each for consideration and suggesting that the layman become acquainted with their respective views, offers him an easier path, bewildered as he so often is before the cant and phrases of both. With a fundamental desire to open the great treasures of beauty to intelligence and to emotional preception, the author marks a safer channel in waters uncharted for many of us with frailer barks. Common sense is the compass—and for harbourage he bids us recognise painters as human beings, not demi-gods, whose works must primarily be approached in a human way and with an open mind. This is the keynote of his own method and the striking characteristic of his suggestive volume. Though he is also too finely attuned to technical subtleties for him to neglect continual mention of this language of art, yet he warns against an observance of technique as the *ne plus ultra* of painting. Artists with nothing to say in terms of beauty are often gifted with "manner," and "manner" not matter becomes their God. Then, too, Mr. Cortissoz, himself erudite, has no great sympathy with much of so-called scientific criticism, since that offers dust in-

*Art and Common Sense. By Royal Cortissoz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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stead of revealing beauty. Jauntily he says, "let prejudice and pedantry go hang. Beauty is all." This then is the angle from which he continually views art—and not as a mere impersonal expression. Rather is it the gift of men whose humanity must never be lost sight of. This departs much from some recognised schools of criticism, but it must be confessed it makes of his book a warm document with blood instead of metaphysical abstractions. The catholicity of his taste reminds him there are all kinds of technique, all kinds of genius tinctured with our common humanity. He is intolerant of nothing but insincerity, has little patience with cant and waxes satiric at postures. *Art and Common Sense* is the expression of a sane, normal man, keenly alive to the virtue of life reacting upon art, full of enthusiasm, quaintly humorous and withal as discriminating as he is stimulating to those who may seek the secret of enjoying beauty.

There is unfortunately no definite scheme in the arrangement of the subjects; one skips back and forth amid the centuries, which may be the author's sly way of reminding us that there are common bonds among all artists. The range is very wide, and space compels comment only on certain chapters. It is obvious when one passes over the praises of Ingres, that Mr. Cortissoz, in spite of an arresting reserve, is personally best satisfied when contemplating Velasquez, "the most isolated of painters." Yet the Spaniard's distinction and impeccable taste, his use of the *chiaroscuro,* his critical imagination, his psychological penetration, his haunting beauty and command of values, does not entirely conceal from Mr. Cortissoz his lack of creative imagination, of drama and of religion. One finds here a splendid example of the author's acumen:

> Modern painters talk of motion in art as though it were worth recognition only in representations of impetuous action, like the charge of a cavalry regiment or the leap of an acrobat. Velasquez saw that all life is necessarily movement, that repose is only movement suspended, and his figures are not arrested in space, they are but pausing of their own volition, a distinction upon which the whole theory of motion in art may be said to hinge. Breathing, thinking, alive with all the sensations of concrete beings, his kings and councillors, huntsmen and *enanos,* buffoons and soldiers, hesitate there on the canvas ere they step from their frames with something of the weird immobility which De Quincey has described in his essay "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth." The spectator is aware in the painting of Velasquez, as the English writer was aware in the great scene of the tragedy, of a moment's veil between the petrifaction of a deathlike solitude and the ringing sounds of a world thickly peopled. No painter has ever surpassed Velasquez in this poignancy of realism, and I am inclined to say that no one ever equalled him. No one, at any rate, ever presented his interpretation of nature with so little of subjective annotation, with so little rhetoric of technic. The Spaniard was content if he set down what he divined in the man before him.

In connection with this same painter, Mr. Cortissoz is very caustic over the recent attempt by Mr. Grieg to attribute the famous Rokeby Venus to another artist: "If Velasquez did not paint this exquisite picture, then it must have been executed by another master of the same name."

Continuing his inquiries into Spanish art, the author feels that, aside from a certain mystical genius, El Greco's present esoteric vogue will not last; though Goya, the "ineffably worldly-wise satirist," will continue to rest upon the plane of a great psychologist. Among the moderns he is enthusiastic over the draughtsmanship, dazzling colour and sumptuous sunlight which Fortuny combines with his perfect simplicity of design. Sorolla's sunlight, too, attracts the critic, and also his marvellous movement, though once the Spaniard paints in the shadow he seems to lose his *élan.* Zuloaga interests him less—in spite of a certain piquancy and masterly composition the paintings are clogged with a

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mass of detail and possess little imagination or taste. One of the most charming sections of this chapter is devoted to Daniel Vierge, the greatest of modern pen draughtsmen, whose illustrations of *Pablo* and *Don Quixote* are classics in their *genre*. One is grateful to Mr. Cortissoz for revealing so feelingly the pathetic story of this artist who, while in the height of his genius, was paralysed, so that he had to learn all over to draw with his left hand. But it was thus given to Vierge to reach the heights twice—for his uncanny capacity to externalise character as "uncompromising renderings of fact" was coupled with a skill in depicting backgrounds against which they moved as by magic.

There is something of a Jeremiad in his chapter on "Contemporary European Painting." The *salon* is not interesting: "The average French picture suggests that modern taste has been transformed into a part of the nervous system and is concerned altogether with sensation, not with principle." The workmanship is, on the whole, good, but French art is stationary. The one bright light is Albert Besnard, the virile decorative colourist. Mr. Cortissoz senses that most of the other painters are bound by a formula, or busy imitating some master's original accent, so that they are concerned in forcing nature into a mould—like the foggy canvases of Eugene Carrière. In Italy, Segatini, though not of the giants, is interesting mainly because of his sincerity. Menzel has left no successor in Germany. There the artist "continues to fill his canvas with crude garish colour and turgid drawing. As for beauty, for sensuous charm, for grace and subtlety, they have suffered unmitigated shipwreck." Stuck, of the Secessionists, has warm imagination and a remarkable pictorial faculty, but, like the others of his school, does not understand colour. Turning to England, the author sees no great painter there except Sargent—and he is an American.

It would be informing to quote at length from Mr. Cortissoz's frank admiration of this princely painter who is a modern with "a vein of conservatism." It is Sargent's sanity and naturalism, his effulgence, his detached intellectual curiosity and his grasp on his generation which appeal to the critic. In fact, this sketch, so full of anecdotal material, with that on his great co-patriot Whistler, are among the most satisfying in their complete impression. Just as one gains the sense of the courtly gentleman in Sargent touching all he does with dignity, so Whistler's quintessential refinement and taste hover over the magic of his paint. Dainty picturesqueness, virtuosity, esoteric charm and versatility were his—also a moving beauty, as one gathers from his two famous paintings: "Carlyle" and the "Portrait of the Artist's Mother."

> Those rank him with the old masters. The others, if they formed his sole legacy to the galleries of the world, would keep him among the men just below the best. The reason is obvious the moment one puts prejudice aside and looks at things as they are. The mark of the great picture in every epoch has been a mark of organic balance. The painter has realised his conception with absolute felicity. Nothing could be added. Nothing could be taken away. Everything in the picture—composition, drawing, modelling, colour, the personality of the sitter, when the picture is a portrait—contributes to one end, and that is a unit of beauty. Can it be said of any of Whistler's portraits of young women that they fulfil these conditions as the portrait of his mother fulfils them? He may have denied a thousand times our right to interest ourselves in his mother's personality. Long after her name and his, perhaps, have vanished from the frame, men will look on this canvas and prize it as the portrait of an individual.

Somehow it seems quite natural, after reading this, that Mr. Cortissoz should have little sympathy with the Post-Impressionists, Cubists and Futurists. Cézanne, with his love of colour, made some "lucky hits;" Gauguin and Van Gogh gave evidences of a colour sense—but otherwise the author concedes them little of real significance. Matisse, in

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spite of a *flaire,* paints with an "undurated complacency." His *Panneau Rouge* is a "feeble impertinence." Genius, as the critic continues, will out, and yet

> if Matisse were the demigod he is assumed to be, there would be at least some hints of an Olympian quality breathed through his *gauche* puerilities. Picasso, too, the great panjandrum of the Cubist tabernacle, is credited with profound gifts. Why does he not use them? And why must we sit patient, if not with awe-struck and grateful submissiveness, before a portrait or a picture seemingly representing a grotesque object made of children's blocks cut up and fitted together? This is not a movement, a principle. It is unadulterated "cheek." . . . It is the dull sterility of this so-called "movement" that offers the chief point of attack for those who resent its intrusion into the field of art. Let the Post-Impressionists and their loquacious friends wax eloquent among themselves as to what constitutes beauty and what they may mean by the theories through which they assume to develop its secret. Their debatings are worthless so long as they go on producing flatly impossible pictures and statues. The oracular assertion that the statues and the pictures are beautiful and great is merely so much impudence and "bounce."

Many will recall, however, the stir these paintings made at the Armory exhibition, and lest one forget the importance of that memorable event, Mr. Cortissoz contributes many analyses of the other painters represented—especially in relation to American art. On the whole, he considers it was a "stirring exhibition." He has words of praise for Alden Weir, whose genius has been fertilised by French Impressionism. He has gained his place by a kind of "unconscious accretion," which directs his work more and more toward beauty and charm. The author is generous, also, to the Independents, on whom he offers the fatherly advice that "they cannot live by technique alone." In spite of the fact they have no "alluring dreams" and little invention he finds them genuinely robust, painting with zest, skill, energy and truth. Indeed, one gains the impression from many of these comments, as well as from his illuminating discussion of the architecture as exemplified by Burnham, Richardson, McKim and Morris, that American art has held its own, and is strongly assertive in many directions potential with possibilities.

Mr. Cortissoz's book, which is more than a record of opinions here stated, will shatter some of our pet illusions; but his own critical imagination is such that he does not rob the altars without offering new realms of beauty for us to approach. To gain even this much, if nothing else, is gratifying to the layman groping amid his own timid uncertainties of taste and selection.

George Middleton.

V

"The Life of Ethelbert Nevin"*

Mr. Thompson's book disarms criticism at the beginning. Almost all his life he knew Ethelbert Nevin intimately and this orchid-like volume is but a tribute—and a very exquisite one, withal—to that friendship. It is never critical but accepts what Nevin wrote as well-nigh perfect; nor, on the other hand, is it ever mawkishly sentimental; and it is not really a "Life" at all. What it does is to show us, largely through his own letters, charming pictures of Nevin in the various stages of his career—small boy, student in Boston and Berlin and then through the long struggle so much lighter in the case of this man than in that of most artists. For Nevin's music, almost from the beginning, fell on willing ears. Much topographical detail is glossed over, or omitted altogether, while Nevin the son, the husband, the father, the friend and the musician are lovingly and reverently dwelt upon. On the whole, Mr. Thompson's book is distinctly one that should make its appeal

*The Life of Ethelbert Nevin. From his letters and his wife's memories. By Vance Thompson. Boston: The Boston Music Company.

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to the composer's many friends rather than to the curious public.

And yet, like all biography, this tells a story that is interesting in itself. Born at Vineacre, his father's fine old country-place near Pittsburgh, Nevin early decided that music should be his life-work. His youthful ambition, to become one of the great pianists—was never quite fulfilled. He was, to be sure, an exquisite performer, but it was after the manner rather, of a Watteau, of an Austin Dobson. And so with his compositions. Loved and popular though they are, they do not seem to be made of the sterner stuff. To-day, twelve years after their composer's death, one hears them rather in the concert room than in the home, played more often than not by the young girl. To her, perhaps, the appeal of "The Rosary" is irresistible, but it is not so easy to forgive the astonishing eulogy by Madame Schumann-Heinck, which Mr. Thompson quoted with evident approval. Nevin himself, however, may have known better what he was doing. At any rate, in a letter to his wife he speaks of "That mean little *Narcissus*. . . . That nasty little *Narcissus*."

This is not the place for criticism of Nevin. It does not seem fair, however, to rank him with the greatest—not, for example, with MacDowell. He was ambitious, and had he lived he might have risen to greater heights. But he died at the age of only thirty-nine after a life, the most productive years of which were spent abroad—in Berlin, Paris, and at last in Italy. And so, in a way, it seems pitiful to find him writing in his diary: " . . . I have a horror of being a 'successful drawing-room song-writer,' with nothing else to back it up." He had much to "back it up" with; but was it enough?

But let us return to Mr. Thompson. It is a loving work that he has accomplished, a difficult one, and he has done it well. His is an intimate picture of a charming personality and of a sincere artist. The book is illustrated with interesting photographs and musical examples, but printed as it is on Cameo paper and bound in a curious brown silk, it presents a queerly exotic (yet not wholly inappropriate) appearance.

Alfred A. Knopf.

VI

Ruth Kedzie Wood's "The Tourist's Spain and Portugal"*

As for a speaker, so for a writer, is it supremest art to stop when one's audience wishes to hear more, to stop before the slightest suggestion of satiety has made itself felt. Mrs. Wood has revealed herself as possessor of this art, in that her first book left the reader with a very acute desire to hear more from her. And she manages to keep the appetite awake after each book, even in the difficult art of writing guide books, or books of travel, which shall be practically useful and yet have the certain something that renders them worthy of being read for the sake of the reading, not merely for the knowledge they impart.

In this third volume she has done for Spain and Portugal what she did so well before for Russia. Although this volume does not pretend to be more than a practical guide-book, it is written with a personal charm and sprightliness that have come to be recognised as this author's particular qualities. And, as before, she closes the book when we would like to have heard more. For we get only slight tantalising glimpses of the New Spain that is forming itself slowly out of the stagnation of arrested development, when the Old had outworn itself, and the New Day had not yet dawned.

The practical portions of the book are excellently arranged, tabled in such a way that the desired information can be located at once. Then, in the body of the narrative portions, the writer has adopted the useful Baedeker device of small type notes on steamer and rail connections, and side-excursions between the points of interest which have been described at length. This keeps the story

*The Tourist's Spain and Portugal. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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coherent, but does not overload it with detail.

One could wander through the Iberian Peninsula very pleasantly, guided by this little book. And one feels inclined to linger wherever the author wishes, whether it be among the wonderful Velasquez paintings in the Madrid Gallery or in front of some country tavern where the black-eyed youths and maidens are dancing. There are Murillos mentioned at which the art lover's eyes will glisten, and, in view of the excitement occasioned by the Sorolla Exhibition in New York, it will be interesting to hear the following remarks:

> Sorolla's huge vogue abroad is received with scepticism by his compatriots. They allude to contributory causes, and turn from this adept, who has done something new, to admire the works of confrères, who, though less original, are more seriously regarded in their own country than he.

Mrs. Wood brings so much personal interest and enthusiasm to everything she writes about, that it can hardly be said she favours one place more than another. And yet when one has closed the book, the pages about beautiful Cadiz, the White City by the Opal Sea, come back most often to the memory. We feel we have almost seen it ourselves, there has been so much ardour, so much reflected enjoyment poured into the writing about it.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VII

E. T. Cook's "The Life of Florence Nightingale"*

Sir Edward Cook defines the purpose of his detailed and interesting life of Florence Nightingale as an "endeavour to depict a character as well as record a career." This double purpose the author achieves admirably. One feels that Miss Nightingale herself would have been grateful for both the spirit and the manner in which it is done. The biographer, in fact, quite demolishes the popular conception of Florence Nightingale as a delicate aristocratic "Ministering Angel" distributing flowers and gentle words among the sick and dying in hospitals and on the field of battle. He replaces this sentimentalised vision by a vigorous and true portrait of a vital human personality, endowed with constructive, creative powers and real administrative genius. She is revealed to us as a woman of high purpose, believing implicitly in her "Call" to the service of humanity, but with little tolerance of any faith which did not express itself in works; a woman with tender, deep sympathy for all the sufferings of humanity, but impatient of sentimentalising reformers. Endowed with a passion for efficiency, she devoured statistics and facts, basing all her plans for betterment in any direction on careful investigation and detailed information. She had, apparently, "the infinite capacity for taking pains," but her insistence on a mastery of detail never inhibited her power to conceive the larger vision which they should serve. Details were obedient servants to her administrative genius. It was this rare combination of gifts which led Queen Victoria to say of her: "Such a clear head! I wish we had her at the War Office."

The author says that his book is "a biography and not a history." But, at least in his account of the earlier years of Miss Nightingale's life, we discover her a pioneer in the history of the Emancipation of Women. In reading these chapters one finds it almost incredible that such tremendous changes in woman's relation to the work world should have transpired within the lifetime of one individual. To-day the vocation of nursing is generally accepted by the most conservative as eminently suited to females even of gentle birth. But in her youth, Miss Nightingale's desire to become a nurse was met with much the same consternation and determined opposition by her family, that one would expect to find to-day if a

*The Life of Florence Nightingale. By E. T. Cook. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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young woman of high social position and wealth suddenly announced her intention of becoming a scullery maid. Miss Nightingale's family had wealth and social position: they gave to her all the advantages and opportunities which any young lady of her day could be expected to desire; education, travel, association with distinguished people and unending festivities both in town and country. Although Miss Nightingale heartily enjoyed all this as recreation, to contemplate it as her life-long occupation, began to pall upon her when still very young. Later this whole mode of life seemed unendurable, useless and futile. She felt that she lived in a gilded cage. Conscious within herself of latent powers, she endeavoured to satisfy her yearning for work with constant study. Thus she struggled to adjust herself to her parents' wish that she find happiness in the same life which rejoiced her sister's heart.

The following quotation from Miss Nightingale reveals how unendurable she found this life of idleness, "This *table d'hôte* of people," as she called the country house parties. Also it shows the futility of her family's efforts to cure her of her longing for work through foreign travel and social diversions.

The thoughts and feelings that I have now I can remember since I was six years old. It was not that I made them. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ my faculties, I have always felt essential to me, I have always longed for, consciously or not. Everything has been tried, foreign travel, kind friends, everything. . . . My God, what is to become of me? . . . O weary days, O evenings that seem never to end! For how many long years have I watched that drawing-room clock and thought it would never reach ten, and for twenty or thirty more years to do this. Oh, how am I to get through this day, to talk through all this day is the thought of every morning. . . . This is the sting of death. Why do I wish to leave this world? God knows I do not expect a heaven beyond, but that He would set me down in St. Giles, at a Kaiserwerth, there to find my work and my salvation in my work.

When she was thirty she made the following entry in her diary, which suggests how limited the field of opportunity was for a gentlewoman in 1850: "I had three paths among which to choose. I might have been a literary woman, or a married woman, or a hospital Sister." The reasons which Miss Nightingale herself gave for her refusal to marry one for whom she had a deep attachment, show the many-sidedness of her nature, and also reveal her ability to read herself unerringly.

I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction, and that I would find in him. I have a passional nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a moral, an active nature which requires satisfaction, and that would not find it in his life. I can hardly find satisfaction for any of my natures. Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passional nature at all events, because that will at least secure me from the evil of dreaming. But would it? I could be satisfied to spend a life with him combining our different powers in some great object. I could not satisfy this nature by spending a life with him in making society and arranging domestic things. . . . To be nailed to a continuation and exaggeration of my present life, without hope of another, would be intolerable to me. Voluntarily to put it out of my power ever to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life would seem to me like suicide.

It would seem from this note that in England, in the year 1850, there was little idea of the possibility of both marriage and work for a woman. Miss Nightingale was one of the pioneering spirits who, like Brand, had to give to their ideal all or nothing. She chose to give all to her work rather than give up the thought of work. She felt she must answer this inner urge to work and to express herself, even though she had not yet found the channel for her gifts. At thirty Miss Nightingale, however, reached the decision that she could no

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longer yield the direction of her life to her parents, dearly as she loved them. Through diplomacy and determined effort she brought them to consent to her study of nursing. From the moment she entered the hospital of Kaiserwerth, life took on new zest for her. She found renewed joy in life through her joy in work.

Thus it was that when the call came for her to go to Crimea, as the Superintendant of the Female Nursing Establishment in the English General Hospital in Turkey, she was prepared to undertake the task and to execute the work with such brilliant success. She returned from the Crimean War a figure of national prominence. But the Crimean War experience was in no sense the culmination of her career. Miss Nightingale herself regarded it merely as a beginning for the larger work to which she devoted the remainder of her life. She used the knowledge gained in this experience to secure improved conditions for the care of British soldiers, both in time of war and in peace. Her interest in the welfare of the British soldiers led to extended efforts for better sanitation in India. For forty years this question absorbed much of her time, and she regarded it as her most important contribution.

The work which to many, however, may seem her most far-reaching service was that in the field of nursing. Her biographer says she was the founder not of nursing, but of modern nursing. Up to her entry into this profession it was, generally speaking, on the plane of domestic service. It was regarded as a profession into which untrained females, who were not qualified for any other particular service, might enter. Some one has said, a little skill in poultice-making was a sufficient endowment. As might be expected from such low standards, the character of those who entered the service, aside from those in the religious orders, was far from high. It was generally accepted that nurses were, on the whole, dissolute and loose. Miss Nightingale realised that nursing was an art and must be raised to the standard of a trained profession. This she brought the public to perceive. On her return from Crimea a Nightingale Fund was raised as a testimonial to her services in the war. Out of this fund she established a training school for nurses which became a model for similar schools in many countries. Through these avenues as well as through her personal example and her book, *Notes on Nursing,* which went through many editions and was translated into many languages, she, more than any other individual, helped to place nursing on its modern basis.

Owing to the fact that she was a semi-invalid after the Crimean War, nearly all this later work had to be carried on through other individuals. She had to conserve all her forces and therefore denied herself to nearly all people except those who aided in the execution of her plans. She found it necessary, as she said,

> To make an art of life. That is the finest of all the Fine Arts. And few there be that find it. It was the one thing wanting to dear ——. She had the finest moral nature I ever knew, yet she never did any good to herself or any one else. Because she never could make Life an Art. I used sometimes to say to her: Do you mean to go on that way for twenty years packing everybody's carpet-bag? . . . I am obliged by my ill health to make Life an Art—to be always thinking of it. Because otherwise I should do nothing.

She had endless appeals made to her, of course. Many of these she turned over to her devoted Uncle Sam to answer. The notations as to how the demands should be met reveal, in a vivid way, the keen humour and quick perception she possessed.

> On the letter from a lady working at Cleever, who "loved and honoured" Miss Nightingale and looked forward to seeing her some day, the docket is: "Dear Uncle Sam: Please choke off this woman and tell her that I shall never be well enough to see her either here or hereafter." Another docket on a letter from a woman is:

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"Choke her off; my private belief is she merely wants a chance of getting married." To a reverend gentleman who had " a secret cure": "These miserable ecclesiastical quacks! Could you give them a lesson? What would they think of me did I possess such a discovery and keep it secret." . . . To a pious lady who sent a tract: "Please answer this fool, but don't give her my address." Miss Nightingale disliked tracts. She received great bundles of them for distribution at Scutari. "I said I had distributed them," she once confessed, "whether to the fire or not I did not say."

In the later years of her life she became blind, and thus had to be read aloud to, which she had unutterably detested in her youth. Her biographer says she never tired of hearing certain passages from Roosevelt's *Strenuous Life*. On December 5, 1907, when memory, sight and mental apprehension were rapidly failing her, she received the Order of Merit "in recognition of invaluable services to the country and to humanity." She was the first woman ever to receive this honour. On March 16, 1908, the Freedom of the City of London was conferred upon her, and although she signed her initials to the city's roll of honour, it is doubtful if she knew what she was being asked to sign. On August 13, 1910, she fell asleep at noon and did not wake again.

Fola La Follette.

VIII

Rudolph Herzog's "The Story of Helga"*

This book comes as a reminder of the truth that in dealing with the literature of another country we must not confine ourselves solely to a study of the master-minds, nor of those youthful high-soaring talents to whose exuberance of vigour the Bold seems to symbolise the New, to whom frankness often stands for truth. There are in Germany writers of many grades of ability who are as careful of their choice of subject, and their treatment of it as any New England schoolteacher could demand, who write for the Family Table and whose books any modern maiden can allow her mother to read. Of course, we do not look to such writers for anything new or striking, for any epochal stride forward in literary evolution. But they do their work well, and give pleasure to many. They fill a want in Germany as here. And Germany can afford it, for she has so many others who are not afraid to write as fancy dictates, and can still hope to sell their works.

The oddity about this book, however, is that its subject is one which often tempts the outspoken "modern" novelist, for it is one in which the heights and depths of human nature in a woman's soul can be touched. It comes as a decided novelty to find a new story dealing with the private life of a famous opera singer which does not present one picture, or touch one chord that would make the reading of it undesirable for the immature mind. Helga Nuntius can certainly count herself among fortune's favourites, unless, indeed, she suffered because romance came into her life so late. But her professional career had indeed fallen among roses. No struggles, no buying of place at the price she might not have cared to pay, no unpleasant suggestions, no envy nor intriguing, everything smooth as a summer sea. She comes to the conservatory, the professors say they can teach her nothing more. She studies faithfully for two years (in spite of this verdict), makes an instantaneous hit, is married and carried off from one highly paid engagement to another by a prodigy of a tenor who wants her because their voices blend perfectly together. But Helga grows weary of laurels shared with a husband who does not approve of emotion because it is bad for the voice in the long run. Life as a succession of express trains palls on her and she leaves Robert Braun, who certainly behaves like a gentleman and a kind-hearted business man of a tenor. Then love comes to her, and she

*The Story of Helga. From the German of Rudolph Herzog. Translated by Adele Lewissohn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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realises that even her beloved art can shine the brighter and have the deeper meaning when coloured by the light of emotion. It is all very charming and the gentle sentiment of the original is well rendered into English. The story is very much on the surface, but sometimes it is pleasant to spend an hour with the sweeter fallacies of life and to forbear to name in exact terms the depths below. We have any number of such stories written by our own people. But it does not come amiss to read the same sort of message from another nation at times. If it gives nothing absolutely new, it gives a great deal that is very agreeable.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

IX

Charles Vale's "John Ward, M.D."*

It does not need the virgin blankness of the title-page to tell the reader that this is a first work. Such recklessness of material, such spendthrift piling up of thoughts and ideas, is a sort of literary wastefulness which one indulges in only once. When experience teaches the craftsman the importance of elimination, the writer has already begun to realise that if he wants to keep on writing he must save something for the future, must not say all he knows in one book. The wastefulness in this novel is of a character which speaks well for the writer's power, however, and gives rich promise for his future when he shall learn economy. It is not an over-abundance of incident, the story moves on the inner plane rather than in the superficial external detail. But it is very much overwritten in a way that sometimes interferes with the sweep of the narrative, that hampers the orderly unfolding of a mental conflict of an unusual character. Unnecessary detail is underscored and enlarged upon, and the moments chosen by the author for his own philosophic utterances are not always well chosen. The very nature of this philosophy shows a mind which feels keenly and strives to reason on what it feels, but which has not yet reached that maturity that distinguishes, in reflection, the essential from the unessential, the true from the trite. In fact the book is so youthful in spots, and yet so powerful at times that it is decidedly interesting to the thoughtful critic. For it seems to give promise of a new talent with a future power of performance that may prove worth while.

As to the story; it deals with some incidents in the life of John Ward, physician in a mining community. Dr. Ward is a younger son of a noble family, but feels himself mentally estranged from his kin and his class. He has chosen the life of helpfulness in his arduous profession, and yet this very life brings him in contact with the woman who shakes his soul to its very depths. She is of his own class, but is not free when they meet. She has chosen to go her own way in life, as a very modern woman. Although she is unmodern enough to theorise about herself from the point of view of the standards of her class and to insist that she is "not normal" when she is merely a very normal woman who objects to being eternally a "lady." There is so much that is very youthful (or inexperienced) in the descriptions of their talk in moments of emotions, and in the portrayal of Ward's feelings, that it is only the real power in the writing, crude as it is, and crudely overladen, that keeps it safely beyond the borderland where it might provoke a smile. Yet when we have read it, we forget the detail that is hampering and we remember only the emotion that grips. Ward's strange gift of second sight is an element of importance in the story and leads him at last to renounce the woman he loves, even when the tie that binds her to another is cut by death. Ward's grandfather, Lord Daventry, is hardly human, but his remarks are often delightful. Most of the minor characters, and even the principals in off moments, speak quite naturally. It is only in moments of

*John Ward, M.D. By Charles Vale. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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stress that they cease to be human beings and become talking machines. It would be very much worth the author's while to study dialogue with some of the best dramatists of the day. As a rule, the more excited we get, the shorter are our sentences and the more simply human are the sentiments expressed. If at all, most people have leisure for rounded periods only occasionally. And epigrams are an after-dinner delight, but not a staple in our mental culinary department.

J. Marchand.

THE GREY WOOD

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THE grey wood stood,
Windy and whistling, with its winter dream;
Its leafy hood,
Tossed at its feet, shuffled into the stream.

Across its breast
Was drawn a band of crimson and of gold,
While in the west
The sunset's sullen fires, in rage, grew cold.

It gave a cry,
Then tossed its arms and let its huge head sink,
As 'thwart the sky
The wild geese drew their harrow, black as ink.

Then up and down
It moved its shaggy shoulders, and was still;
Slipped on a gown
Of mist and sat there, dimly, on the hill.

Till, silver-bright,
Out of the east there came a lamp of fire;
And in its light
It breathed again, and doffed its grey attire.

But all night long,
Wringing its hands, I heard it wail its love,
Weird, wild, and strong,
Unto the moon that moved cold-eyed above.

Then, nearing dawn,
I heard a dripping and looked forth to see:
The moon was gone,
And wood and sky were weeping wearily.

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THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

PART II—BETROTHAL

EVEN in the days of her extreme youth, Queen Victoria, owing to the fact that she was the reigning Sovereign, had to know much that is generally concealed from the young concerning the private lives and careers of their relatives. This is made abundantly clear in the extracts from her Majesty's private diary which have already been published.

In these intimate records, written by the girl Queen herself, we see that Lord Melbourne early decided never to treat his Royal mistress as a child. When she asked him a question he evidently answered her truthfully; and she must have asked him many questions concerning that group of princes and princesses who, even then, were already known as the "Old Royal Family." They were Queen Victoria's own aunts and uncles; and over those who were still living when she came to the throne she possessed, as Sovereign, very peculiar and extended powers. It was inevitable that they should play a considerable part, if not in her life, certainly in her imagination; and yet we hardly ever find them mentioned in the work she directly supervised and inspired—the life of the Prince Consort. Her fear, her contempt, her horror, of the way they had conducted their lives, her dread lest even their innocent follies, and their sad tragedies of the heart, should be repeated in the lives of her own sons and daughters, were perhaps only revealed to trusted friends in her old age.

It may even be doubted if Queen Victoria ever communicated to Prince Albert certain of the facts which had necessarily to be made known to her. Whether she did so or not, the course she very early set herself to pursue—a course, be it remembered, in which she persisted at a time when she seemed to lack courage and energy to go on even with life itself, that is during the years that immediately succeeded the Prince Consort's death—proved how determined she was to secure that the lives of her children should be entirely different from those of their great-uncles and great-aunts.

That her daughters, and later her granddaughters, should marry early, and make marriages of inclination; that her sons' wives should be chosen among princesses young, charming, sympathethic, and personally attractive to each prince concerned—this was one of Queen Victoria's chief and most anxious preoccupations. She may have tried to guide inclination, she undoubtedly tried to arrange suitable alliances, but in no single case did she ever seriously oppose a marriage based on strong attraction.

In that matter Queen Victoria was a typical Englishwoman. To her mind, a union between a young man and a young woman based on any other foundation save strong mutual love and confidence, was vile; and all through her life she wished ardently to ensure that those marital blessings which fall comparatively often on ordinary people, but comparatively seldom on members of the Royal caste, should be the lot of her immediate descendants.

It was natural that the Queen, with that eager enthusiasm which was so much a part of her character, especially in this still radiantly happy period of her life, should have welcomed the thought of a marriage between her eldest daughter and the future King of Prussia. She had formed the most favourable opinion of Prince Frederick William during his brief sojourn in England in 1851. He was a man of high and honourable character at a time when such virtues were rare among the marriageable princes of reigning families, and his parents were regarded by the Queen and

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Prince Albert as among their dearest and most intimate friends.

The Prince of Prussia had spent some time in England after the Berlin Revolution of 1848, and on parting from Madame Bunsen, the wife of the Prussian Minister, he had exclaimed: "In no other State or country could I have passed so well the period of distress and anxiety through which I have gone." During his stay he had become intimate with the Queen and Prince Albert—indeed, the Queen, as was her way when she trusted and admired, had grown to be warmly attached to him. She regarded him as noble-minded, honest, and cruelly wronged; and, what naturally endeared him to her still more, he showed great confidence in Prince Albert, apparently always accepting the advice constantly tendered him by the Prince.

All through his life Prince Albert had seen a vision of a Germany united under the leadership of Prussia, and it was delightful to him to learn that it was now open to him to enter into a close relationship with one whom he naturally believed destined to play a supreme part in the regeneration of his beloved fatherland. It is not generally known that Prince Albert had written a pamphlet entitled *The German Question Explained,* in which he propounded a scheme for a federated German Empire with an Emperor at the head. This pamphlet must have been either privately printed or withdrawn from circulation, for not even Sir Theodore Martin, when writing the Prince's life, could procure a copy.

This suggested marriage of the Princess Royal opened out to her father the fair prospect of being able to bring about by his counsel and assistance the realisation of his disinterested ambitions for the future welfare of Germany. The then King of Prussia was already sick unto death; the Prince of Prussia had now passed middle age; everything pointed to the probability that within a reasonable time Prince Frederick William would become ruler of Prussia and, incidentally, overlord of the German peoples.

There is good authority for the truth of the now famous story of "La Belle Alliance."

In 1852 the Princess of Prussia came to England on a short visit to her aunt, Queen Adelaide. The then Prussian Envoy, Baron von Bunsen, while waiting to be received by the Princess, turned over in her sitting-room some engravings which had been sent by a print-seller; among them was that of a painting of the farm-house at Waterloo named by the Belgians, "La Belle Alliance." In the same room was a portrait of the Princess Royal and one of Prince Frederick William. The Baron placed the two portraits side by side over the engraving, and when the Princess entered the room, he silently pointed out to her what he had done, and she saw the two young faces above the words, "La Belle Alliance." "A rapid glance was exchanged, but not a word was spoken," wrote Baron von Bunsen's son many years after.

As for the young Prince himself, when the question of his marriage had to be discussed, it was natural that his first thought, as also, it is clear, that of his mother, turned to England—to that affectionately united Royal family who were the envied model of all European Courts. The feeling of that day is indicated by a curious caricature, which was largely reproduced on the Continent. It shows a huge pair of scales. In one scale, high in the air, stand huddled together the then reigning sovereigns of Europe; in the other, touching the ground, proudly alone, stands the slight figure of Queen Victoria. Under the cartoon runs the significant words, "Light Sovereigns."

England alone among the nations had had no trouble worth speaking of in '48, and among the Princesses and Queens of her day it was believed that Queen Victoria alone possessed the faithful love of her husband.

The greatest obstacle to the marriage, though neither Queen Victoria nor Prince Albert suspected it, was the King of Prussia himself. It is plain that at

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no time did he favour the suggestion, and that at last he yielded was in response to a strong appeal made to him in person by the young Prince. But, even so, the King desired the matter to be kept secret as long as possible. He did not even tell his Queen, and his own immediate circle and Household only heard of the betrothal when it was being widely rumoured in the German newspapers.

General von Gerlach came to the King one day with a sheet of the *Cologne Gazette* and indignantly complained of the "absurd reports that were being spread about." It was said that the young Prince was going on to England from Ostend for the purpose of proposing for the hand of an English Princess. The King laughed aloud, and observed: "Well, yes, and it is really the case," to the amazement and consternation of von Gerlach.

While the matter was being thus discussed at Berlin, the Princess Royal was kept in absolute ignorance. But the Crimean War and the subsequent visit to France had quickened her sensibilities, turned her from a child into a woman, and made her in a measure ready for the event which was about to occur. It should, however, be plainly said—the more so because later historians have blamed Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in the matter—that neither of her parents was willing even to consider the idea of any immediate betrothal. On the contrary, they wished that the two young people should meet in an easy friendly fashion, and thus have a real opportunity of becoming well acquainted the one with the other.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia arrived at Balmoral on September 14, 1855. He allowed some days to elapse, and then, on the morning of the 20th, he sought out Queen Victoria and laid before her and Prince Albert his proposal of marriage. That proposal the parents of the Princess Royal accepted in principle, but they requested him to say nothing to their daughter till after she had been confirmed. It was their wish that, for some months at any rate, the young Princess should continue the simple yet full life of unconstrained girlhood. It was therefore suggested that the Prince should return in the following spring. The Queen also stipulated that the marriage should not take place till after the Princess Royal's seventeenth birthday.

After this interview with Prince Frederick William, Prince Albert wrote to Stockmar:

"I have been much pleased with him. His prominent qualities are great thought, straightforwardness, frankness, and honesty. He appears to be free from prejudices, and preëminently well-intentioned; he speaks of himself as personally greatly attracted by Vicky. That she will have no objection to make I regard as probable."

Prince Albert wrote the following day to Lord Clarendon, who was then Foreign Minister, informing him that he might communicate the news to the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, and to no one else. "Pam" was pleased to approve, declaring that the marriage would be in the interest, not only of the two countries, but of Europe in general.

Queen Victoria did not fail to communicate the important secret to her beloved uncle, King Leopold, observing that her wishes on the subject of the future marriage of her daughter had been realised in the most gratifying and satisfactory manner. Indeed, she spoke of the joy with which she and Prince Albert for their part had accepted the suitor, while she reiterated that "the child herself is to know nothing till after her confirmation, which is to take place next winter."

The days went on, and a sincere effort was made to keep what had taken place from the knowledge of the young Princess. Letters of warm congratulation arrived from Coblentz, as well as a very cordial message from the King of Prussia. Prince Frederick William's relations were quite at one with the Queen and Prince Albert as to the propriety of postponing the betrothal till after the Princess Royal's confirmation.

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But the plan so carefully made was not destined to be carried out. The Prince was very much in love, and, as the Emperor of the French truly observed in a letter to Prince Albert: "On devine ceux qui aiment." It was impossible to keep such a secret, and one which so closely concerned herself, from a girl as clever and mentally alive as the Princess Royal. What happened is best told in Queen Victoria's entry in her diary on September 29th:

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us, on the 20th, of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so, and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of 'good luck'), which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Girnoch, which led to this happy conclusion."

A few days later her father wrote to Stockmar: "She manifested toward Fritz and ourselves the most childlike simplicity and candour. The young people are ardently in love with one another, and the purity, innocence, and unselfishness of the young man have been on his part touching." To Mr. Perry, his English tutor at Bonn, the Prince declared that his engagement was not politics, nor ambition, "It was my heart."

At the time of her engagement the Princess Royal was not yet fifteen, and it was arranged that the marriage should take place in two years and three months.

In one respect the Princess was singularly fortunate. In the majority of Royal marriages, the bride has not only to make her home in a country where everything will be foreign to her, but she is sometimes even ignorant of the language, manners, and customs which she will have henceforth to adopt as her own.

The Princess Royal, however, had to undergo no such sudden initiation. To her Germany was in truth a second fatherland, if only as the birthplace of her beloved father. She had been as familiar with the German as with the English language from her birth, constantly writing long letters to German relations and friends, and keeping up—to give but one instance—a close correspondence with her parents' trusted friend, Baron Stockmar, who had for her the greatest affection and admiration.

In a letter quoted in his memoirs Stockmar says: "From her youth upwards I have been fond of her, have always expected great things of her, and taken all pains to be of service to her. I think her to be exceptionally gifted in some things, even to the point of genius."

This familiarity with the German language was very well as a foundation, but Prince Albert considered that there was much to build on it. The whole of the Princess's education was now arranged solely with a view to the life she was to lead as wife of the Prussian heir-presumptive. In addition to giving her, for an hour every day, special instruction in German political and legal institutions and sociology Prince Albert made her henceforth his intellectual companion, preparing her as if she was destined to be a reigning sovereign rather than a queen consort. Not only did he discuss with her all current international questions, but he read her the long political letters he received daily from abroad, and discussed with her what he should write in reply.

It was indeed a mental training which, particularly in those 'fifties which now seem so remote from us, would have been deemed only appropriate for the cleverest of boys in a private station. But Prince Albert had long known that his daughter was a good deal cleverer than most boys, and he was really running no risks in subjecting her to this intelligent preparation for her high destiny. As much as he could, he taught her himself, and such teaching as was entrusted to

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others he supervised with conscientious care.

In one of his letters to his future son-in-law, the Prince wrote: "Vicky is learning many and various things. She comes to me every evening from six to seven, when I put her through a kind of general catechising. In order to make her ideas clear, I let her work out subjects for herself, which she then brings to me for correction. She is at present writing a short compendium of Roman history."

In order to give the Princess a clear picture of German policy—or rather of German policy as Prince Albert then hoped it would become, that is, broad and liberal in conception and aim—he set her to translate a German pamphlet published at Weimar. This essay by J. G. Droysen, entitled *Karl August und die Deutsche Politik,* would be counted rather stiff reading even by experts. But the Princess seems to have done her task admirably, and the proud father sent the manuscript to Lord Clarendon, who was genuinely impressed by the way it had been translated. He wrote back to the Prince:

"In reading Droysen I felt that the motto of Prussia should be *semper eadem,* and in thinking of his translator I felt that she is destined to change that motto into the *vigilando ascendimus* of Weimar."

The statesman added the further tribute to the young translator: "The Princess's manner would not be what it is if it were not the reflection of a highly cultivated intellect, which, with a well-trained imagination, leads to the saying and doing of right things in right places."

(*To be continued*)

Of the India made familiar to hundreds of thousands of readers through Kipling's stories, Dr. Arley Munson, the author of "Jungle Days," a vivid record of the experiences of an American woman physician in India, will tell in a series of elaborately illustrated papers beginning in the March issue of THE BOOKMAN. *The first paper will deal with Anglo-India. It will tell of Simla, the Simla of the Gadsbys, of Mrs. Hauksbee and of Mrs. Reiver, will lead the reader round Jakko Hill in the trail of the Phantom Rickshaw, thence travelling on to Lucknow and Lahore, the latter Kim's native city.*

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending December 3d:

1. Threads of Gray and Gold. Reed.
2. A Plain Man and His Wife. Bennett.
3. John Barleycorn. London.
4. Old Greek Life. Mahaffey.
5. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
6. Mexico. Baerlin.
7. Critical Period of American History.
8. Panama Canal. Hall.

For the week ending December 10th:

1. A Plain Man and His Wife. Bennett.
2. African Camp Fires. White.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
4. Human Mechanism. Hough.
5. Foods and Their Adulteration. Wiley.
6. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto.
7. Crowds. Lee.
8. Plays. Strindberg.

For the week ending December 17th:

1. John Barleycorn. London.
2. Three Gifts of Life. Smith.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier.
4. African Camp Fires. White.
5. My Life. Keller.
6. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
7. Poems. Noyes.
8. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto.

For the week ending December 24th:

1. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre.
3. Across Unknown South America.
4. Threads of Gray and Gold. Reed.
5. Ethics and Modern Thought. Eucken.
6. Technique of the Drama. Freitag.
7. Poems. Tagore.
8. Principles of Accounting. Klein.

For the week ending December 10th:

1. Method and Methods in Teaching English. Goldwasser.
2. Moving Pictures. Talbot.
3. Civil Engineers Pocket Book.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
5. Out of the Dark. Keller.
6. My Wanderings. Barnebee.
7. Village Life in America. Clarke.
8. The Joyous Guard. Benson.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of December and the first of January:

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
4. Joan Thursday. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Sadhana. Tagore. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Gitanjali. Tagore. (Macmillan.) $1.40.
3. The Gardener. Tagore. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Crescent Moon. Tagore. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

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ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The House in Good Taste. De Wolf. (Century Co.) $2.50.
2. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.
3. Across Unknown South America. Savage-Landor. (Little, Brown.) $10.00.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mother Goose. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Tinder Box. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Through England with Tennyson. Huckel. (Crowell.) $2.00.
3. My Beloved South. O'Connor. (Putnam.) $2.50.
4. In Thackeray's London. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnson. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Valley of the Moon. London. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
3. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) $10.00.
4. Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Mother Westwind. 3 Vols. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $3.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Memories of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Goody Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.
3. Boy Mechanic. (Popular Mechanics.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. On the Seaboard. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.25.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. European Dramatists. Henderson. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
2. A Book of Short Plays. Macmillan. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
3. Gift. Rogers. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
2. The Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Making Over Martha. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
2. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Appleton.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) $2.50.
2. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead) $2.50.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.

DENVER, COL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
2. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. India. Loti. (Duffield.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Helen over the Wall. Gilchrist. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Uncle Sam, Wonderworker. Du Puy. (Stokes.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Down Among Men. Comfort. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) $1.30.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Jane Stuart Twin. Remick. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. Mark Tidd. Kelland. (Harper.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Back Country Folk. Hubbard. (Abe Martin Publishing Co.) $1.00.
2. The Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $12.00.
3. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Irish Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

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2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) $1.25.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. The Master's Degree. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.00.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Poems of Alfred Noyes. (Stokes.) $3.00.
3. In Thackeray's London. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) $3.50.
4. Harvest Home. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Happy Prince. Wilde. (Stokes.) $3.75.
3. Reddy Fox. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
6. Peg o' My Heart. Manners. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Works of Rabindranath. Tagore. (Macmillan.)
2. The letters of Charles Eliot Norton. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
3. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
2. Mother Goose. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. Jack the Young Cowboy. Grinnell. (Stokes.) $1.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.35.
5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Collected Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) $3.00.
3. Familiar Spanish Travels. Howells. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mother Goose. (Century Co.) $2.50.
2. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
3. The Wind in the Willows. Graham. (Scribner.) $2.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Peg o' My Heart. Manners. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy, (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
4. New Orleans: The Place and the People. King. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Shall Women Vote? Sams. (Neale.) $1.35.
2. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Crowell.) 50 cents.
3. Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.)
2. Messmates. Stevens. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Vision of Joy. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.25.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

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5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.35.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Boy Scouts Official Library. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. Fifty Years of My Life. Roosevelt. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Pigling Bland. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Young Homesteaders. Lincoln. (Wilde.) $1.00.
3. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Van Cleve. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) $10.00.
3. My Life with the Eskimo. Stefansson. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
4. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
3. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. To the River Plate and Back. Holland. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. The Life of Ethelbert Nevin. Thompson. (Boston Music Co.) $2.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Collected Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) $3.00.
3. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.

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JUVENILES

1. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
2. The Railroad Book. Smith. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Tales of Two Bunnies. Pyle. (Dutton.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
3. Zone Policeman No. 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $12.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
2. Kidnapped. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.25.
3. Peter Pan A B C. White. (Doran.) $1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The House of Happiness. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Making Over Martha. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.20.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
2. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) $1.30.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
2. Boy Mechanic. (Popular Mechanics.) $1.50.
3. Strike Three. Heyliger. (Appleton.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) 1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.35.
5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
3. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
2. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Page.) $1.00.
3. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Stanford Stories. Field and Irwin. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) $2.00.
2. Old Spanish Missions. Elder. (Elder.) $3.50.
3. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. San Francisco 100 Years Ago. Garnett. (Robertson.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peekaboo Book. Drayton. (Duffield.) $1.00.
2. The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Keeper of the Vineyard. Stanley. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Dark Flower. John Galesworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Valley of the Moon. London. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. Lahoma. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Poison Belt. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Under the Sky in California. Saunders. (McBride, Nast.) $2.00.
2. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
3. Miracles of Science. Williams. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Curious Lore of Precious Stones. Kunz. (Lippincott.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Treasure Mountain. Sabin. (Crowell.) $1.50.
2. Peter Pan A B C. White. (Doran.) $1.00.
3. The Four Corners in Egypt. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Insde of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Tinder Box. Daviess. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Sport and the Kid. Hager. (Lowman and Hanford.) 75 cents.
2. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
3. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Canoe and the Saddle. Winthrop. (Williams.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Briggs.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
4. Making Over Martha. Lippman. (Clelland & Goodchild.) $1.25.
5. Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Briggs.) $1.25. Behind the Beyond. Leacock. (Bell & Cockburn.) $1.25.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Briggs.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (McClelland.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Briggs.) $2.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Training for Efficiency. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Lost Line Limericks. Woodward. (Platt & Peck.) 50 cents.
4. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Army Boy Series. Kilbourne. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Tale of Pigling Bland. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Making Over Martha, Lippman. (Holt.) $1.20.
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Old Boston Post Road. Jenkins. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. The Southland of North America. Putnam. (Putnam.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Pigling Bland. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Goody Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.
3. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " " "	"	8
" " "	3d	" " " "	"	7
" " "	4th	" " " "	"	6
" " "	5th	" " " "	"	5
" " "	6th	" " " "	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

	POINTS
1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	305
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40	209
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	208
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	110
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35	97
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35	69

NOTE: In one of the lists for December *The City of Purple Dreams* was credited to M. Wilson Craig. Mr. Craig drew the frontispiece. The author is anonymous.

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